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THE LANGUAGE OF LIGHT.\*

SEPARATED by a gulf of more than ninety millions of miles in breadth, we are apt to suppose that there can be no direct means of communication between the sun and ourselves; yet the mails between London and Edinburgh, and the packets between Liverpool and New York, do not travel more regularly than do the messages between the great central orb and its little dependency, the earth. Across this huge abyss a regular "service" of intelligence has been estab-

lished, and day after day missives from the former are, without charge, delivered at our doors, or, indeed, deposited in our very brains. Not more surely do the pulsations of the invisible air suffice to convey to human ears all the varied utterances of the soul, from an infant's prayer or a whisper of love to the fiery eloquence which hurls an army to death or victory, than the vibrations of the ethereal medium around us suffice to transmit to human eyes tidings from foreign orbs and secrets from the sun which our fathers never knew and never even suspected. But these messages, streaming incessantly through space, are for the most part written in a cipher so delicate that it is no wonder if the art of interpreting it was left to be numbered amongst the world's latest acquirements. It is, in fact, one of the most striking accomplishments of the nineteenth century. When Joseph Smith, the Latter-day prophet, found (or professed to find) the golden plates which contained the text of the Book of Mormon written in a char-

\* (1.) *Kirchhoff's Researches on the Solar Spectrum and the Spectra of the Chemical Elements.* Parts I. and II. Macmillan. 1861-2.

(2.) *Philosophical Transactions.* 1861-69. Papers by Mr. HUGGINS, Dr. W. A. MILLER, Mr. LOCKYER, and others.

(3.) *Comptes Rendus hebdomadaires des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences.* 1862-68. Papers by PADRE SECCHI, MM. FAYE, JANSSEN, &c.

(4.) *Quarterly Journal of Science.* 1868-69.

(5.) *Spectrum Analysis.* Six Lectures delivered in 1864 before the Society of Apothecaries of London. By HENRY E. ROSCOE, B.A., Ph.D., F.R.S. With Appendices, Colored Plates, and Illustrations. London: Macmillan and Co. 1869.

acter utterly unknown to mortals, he discovered in the same depository (so the knave alleged) a pair of lenses or spectacles which enabled him to translate the hieroglyphics into his own native tongue. An equally simple glass instrument, far more authentic in its origin and vastly more honest in its functions, has enabled the philosophers of our day to render the celestial telegrams thus received into plain English, and to give us a real physical revelation from the skies. We are now in a condition to accept communications, in some measure, from stars and comets, from meteors and nebulae, and indeed from all the members of the heavenly host. From the sun especially—the orb to which we terrestrials naturally look with the most loyal concern as the lord of our system—despatches have been received which have not only excited the profoundest interest amongst men of science, but which cannot fail to awaken the curiosity even of those who may be disposed to regard our luminary in a more commercial spirit, as a public lamp requiring no cess for its maintenance, and a public warming apparatus needing no fuel to be paid for out of earthly funds.

At the first glance, nothing would appear more inexpressive than the characters employed in the construction of this Language of Light.

Doubtless, all our readers will have seen specimens of that enigmatical species of writing which came into vogue a few years ago, and which consisted of letters so elongated, and with their characteristic turns so mystified, that a sentence looked like an array of slender, meaningless strokes. Many of us will remember our surprise when, after examining the puzzle for a considerable time with pretty much the same result as if it had been a cuneiform inscription, a fortunate turn of the eye enabled us to seize upon its secret, and decipher it with the pride of Champollions. We were delighted to find that those fine hair-drawn lines resolved themselves into some virtuous precept like "honesty is the best policy," and even bore with complacency the discovery that they concealed a crafty advertisement of some tradesman's sewing machines.

But these spider-like characters were as intelligible as picture language com-

pared with the straight, subtle strokes which constitute the alphabet of the solar and celestial tongue.

The sun's spectrum is the horn-book employed. What that is will be best understood by supposing a strip cut out of a rainbow vertically, and fastened like a painting to the wall. The gorgeous tints which appear with such inimitable purity in the lustres on our mantel-pieces, or in the pendent prisms of our glass chandeliers, are parts of a similar spectrum, seen as it were by snatches, and varying with the position of the beholder. A white sunbeam, colorless in its entirety, may be broken up, or rather spread out like a fan, as it passes through some refracting substance like glass. Its component hues are said to vary in their refrangibility; the red being the least deflected from its path, the violet the most. To the popular eye there appear to be seven of these resulting tints, and to the philosophical eye of Newton their number was the same. But Sir David Brewster reduced them to three primaries—red, yellow, and blue—out of whose mixture by super-position the rest were composed; whilst other inquirers, like Professor Clerk Maxwell, have declared in favor of red, green, and blue as the factors of the whole.\* Upon this point, however, science has not yet definitely pronounced; for as the chromatic distinctions in the spectrum are arbitrary, each hue melting insensibly into its neighbor, there seems to be no reason why we should not admit the existence of countless colors, if the power of undergoing separate refraction is to be regarded as the test of a separate tint. But whatever science may have to say ultimately upon this question, most fortunate is it for mankind that the sun's light is not homogeneous; for if it had been incapable of division, either by reflection or refraction, the world would have been almost as dull of aspect and barren of loveliness as an arctic landscape when sheeted with snow. The solar spectrum may, in fact, be called our Charter of Beauty, as the great bow which God set in the clouds may be regarded as his illuminated covenant of promise with man.

\* "On the Theory of Compound Colors." Phil. Trans. v. 150, p. 77.

Neglecting all considerations of the calorific as well as of the chemical influences which are so wonderfully associated with the luminous principles in this "Manual of Light," let us proceed to examine the A B C of the new celestial language.

On scrutinizing the spectrum minutely, it will be seen that a number of dark lines are ruled straight across the illuminated strip. Some are fine and faint, others bolder and more distinct; whilst not a few, again, are so closely clustered that they seem to compose one solid bar. They follow each other in no regular order: there are parts of the chromatic field, as for instance a space in the yellow portion (the most luminous of all), where a single line or two only may be perceived; there are others where they appear in bewildering succession. Fraunhofer drew a map of the spectrum in which he laid down about 570 of these objects; but Sir D. Brewster prepared another, which comprehended more than 2,000! Some portions of this latter were executed with such extraordinary precaution, that the observer used a telescope lined with black velvet to stifle any reflected light, and washed the cornea of his eye to cleanse the lubricating fluid. It is a chart which a reader may best appreciate if he will imagine a park railing stretching for hundreds of yards, with the palisades varying in breadth from a straw to a milestone, and inserted at all kinds of intervals in a perfectly upright posture, but in such an eccentric way that, whilst the designer appeared anxious to keep out all intruders at certain places, he did not care what gaps he left at others. To distinguish these lines for the purpose of reference, Fraunhofer divided the spectrum into compartments, to each of which a letter of the alphabet was allotted, and when numbers were afterwards attached to the bars according to their position, an observer knew where to look for A 48 or C 83 with almost as much ease as a librarian would find the volumes correspondingly labelled on his shelves.

One important fact was soon ascertained, namely, that these remarkable lines, however irregularly distributed throughout the solar spectrum, were unalterable in their position. A 48 or C 83 was always to be discovered precisely

in the same prismatic color, and precisely at the same part of that color, so that the relative distances and groupings of the strokes were religiously maintained. Under whatever circumstances witnessed, whether on the top of a mountain or at the bottom of the atmospheric ocean, any particular line, if visible at all, was certain to occupy the same place, just as any given rail in a park-fence does whether seen through a clear sky or dimly discerned through a mass of fog. Professor Piazzi Smyth, when bivouacking above the clouds on his visit to the Peak of Teneriffe, found that the spectrum was not only greatly extended, but that certain bars, which at the sea-level appeared nebulous, lost all their mistiness at a height of 10,000 feet, and were "clearly resolved into their component lines," whilst others, similarly indistinct in their character, came into view in the prismatic space beyond.

How these streaks were produced was, of course, a question which no observer could well fail to ask. Were they due to some defect in the solar light itself, and did every golden beam that emanated from our luminary carry not less than 2,000 blemishes upon its brightness? Or did they indicate that portions of the ray had been absorbed or arrested in their passage through the atmosphere of the sun on the one hand, or of the earth on the other? Possibly they might arise from the interference of certain waves of light, which, neutralizing each other, as waves of light are known to do in various phenomena, would produce unilluminated intervals? But to these questions no satisfactory reply could then be given, and the black lines, which have since proved to be the rudiments of the great star-language, were at first noted as a curious but apparently insoluble puzzle in optics.

The sun, however, is not a monopolist in the matter of light. Other spectra may be had from other sources; and a comparison of these might perhaps serve to clear up the mystery, or, at any rate, to suggest some meaning in those enigmatical lines. Accordingly, in experimenting upon various artificial flames, it was discovered that their spectra presented peculiarities which, if not so complex, were yet as marked and persistent as those of the solar beam. These were

found to be of three classes. There is, first, a continuous prismatic strip which exhibits no special streaks, either of a dark or a bright description, the rainbow tints following each other in unbroken gradation; or, secondly, the spectrum may consist of a few bright bands separated from each other by dark intervals; or, thirdly, as in the case of the sunbeam, it may be composed of a colored field, with dark lines traversing it, and interrupting the continuity of its light. But in all these cases, whatever species of spectrum a given substance in a given state may affect, its characteristics are invariable, and its lines, whether bright or dark, make their appearance at the same part of the field, and at the same relative distance, with a precision which is infallible.

Now, on collating the spectra afforded by sundry artificial flames with the spectrum exhibited by the sun, it was perceived that numerous correspondences existed. When sodium was burned, for instance, it gave out a double line, which exactly answered to the line lettered D in the solar alphabet; and as no other substance was found to yield the same signature, and as sodium persisted in maintaining this cognizance under all circumstances, was it not a pardonable, though an extremely romantic, supposition that the line D in the case of our great luminary might indicate the existence of that metal in the Fountain of Light itself?

In drawing this inference, the reader will probably be disposed to consider that the inquirer was "jumping to a conclusion." He was taking one of those little speculative "leaps" to which Bacon refers as inevitable when the explorer has forced his way to the boundary of facts, and suffers his imagination, pardonably, because naturally, to make a slight sally into the region of surmise. But there were features in the case which soon rendered this inference almost mathematically imperative. Kirchhoff ascertained that not in one instance only, but in several, there was a complete coincidence between certain sets of lines exhibited in the solar spectrum and those which characterized sundry substances, such as magnesium, chromium, potassium, nickel, and iron. The latter metal, for example, when

vaporized, yields about 460 lines, and on comparing these with the prismatic sunbeam, a corresponding system is found to exist. Let it be observed that the question is not as to the disposal of 460 lines in regular measured succession. The ruling in one page of a book may tally exactly with that on another; but those 460 lines are stationed at varying intervals, they are arranged in diversified groups, and they differ considerably in breadth and distinctness. If two books should be found—a large one in London and a small one in Paris—with lines irregularly and capriciously ruled, page 25 in each having only half the usual number, page 34 having some of double thickness, page 90 having a set of blue or yellow ones, page 150 exhibiting either an entire blank or blanks of equal breadth, and so on throughout, every peculiarity in the lesser volume being repeated at the corresponding page in the larger, it would be in vain for us to designate this as an accidental resemblance; we should be compelled to assume that there was some community, or indeed identity of cause involved. But if in each of the chief capitals of Europe a book were discovered with a differing set of lines, and yet each page finding its representative in the great London ledger, that inference would become absolutely irresistible. Kirchhoff computed the probabilities of a casual coincidence in the case of the iron spectrum compared by him with the solar image as a solitary unit to millions of millions; what must they be where the ruling of several spectra finds an exact analogy in the answering pages of the great solar ledger?

But in the progress of inquiry, one very important and, as it has proved, very helpful distinction was detected. We have seen that spectra are broadly divisible into three classes. Those which afford a simple prismatic picture, untraversed by lines either dark or bright, constituting the first class, were found to proceed from glowing solid or liquid bodies. A ball of iron, platinum, or lime, heated to such a degree as to throw off white light, would yield a chromatic ribbon unbroken by any of the dark bars which streak the face of the decomposed sunbeam; but if by means of the electrical current or other



wise that substance were raised to a state of incandescent vapor, a magical change would ensue; a number of bright bands would start into existence, colored according to their position in the spectral field, but separated by obscure intervals, as if the greater part of the prismatic image had been suppressed, and a background of darkness substituted for the purpose of displaying those tinted stripes to the utmost advantage.\* The same element, therefore, which yields a spectrum of the first class whilst *solid*, presents one of the second species when converted into the gaseous or vaporized condition. But in so doing, it supplies a criterion of wonderful range and potency; for if a body situate at the distance of millions of miles should, when prismatically examined, deliver its light in the first form, we should be entitled to pronounce it a solid, or perhaps liquid, mass; whereas, if the light came to us as tinted bars traversing a darkened field, we should as certainly be entitled to declare it the product of incandescent gas. We have only to whisper the word comet (of which more anon) to suggest the force as well as application of such a distinction.

There is the third class, however—namely, that in which the prismatic colors are striped by dark lines, as we have seen is the case in the solar spectrum. Now, since the tinted bands produced by certain elements like sodium, magnesium, chromium, nickel, iron, were found to be represented in the solar beam by black bars, it seemed an obvious conclusion that some agency existed which suppressed the light precisely at the points where it might be expected to appear. How could this be explained? At a very early stage of inquiry, Sir D. Brewster had tried a suggestive experiment; for, having interposed some nitrous acid gas between the prism and the sun or a lamp, it was observed that the number and breadth of the lines were greatly increased. Rays, therefore, appeared to have been stifled in their passage through the acid fumes. But it was not until more extended researches

had been made that the fact transpired, that when the light from any highly-heated solid traversed a gas or vapor, the latter seemed to absorb or strike out those very lines which it was its function to produce—those very lines, in fact, which constituted its own peculiar signature. Thus, for instance, if when the vapor of sodium had written down the double line known as D, which may be called its initials, light from some intensely-heated solid, like lime, were sent through it, and then dispersed by the prism, that double line would be changed from yellow into dark. So strontium wrote down its name in letters which were partly red, partly orange, partly blue; but when treated in a similar fashion, this gay autograph was put into mourning, and came out in deep black. In short, with whatever tinted inks a volatilized element might subscribe itself in its own spectrum, the introduction of a commanding light from a second source, under the circumstances just mentioned—or the transmission of its own light through a layer of the same vapor in a cooler and non-luminous condition—darkened the characters as if they were written in the best japan.

But why does this erasure or reversal take place? In studying the laws of heat, we find a theory known as the theory of exchanges. This was initiated by Prevost, of Geneva, and has been ably extended in our own country by Dr. Balfour Stewart. Its fundamental principle is, that bodies are always radiating caloric to each other until an equilibrium is established, and that, consequently, any given substance which wishes to maintain a constant temperature must receive back as much as it disburses. The same principle has been applied to light.

"An incandescent gas," says Professor Roscoe in his admirable treatise, "which is giving off only certain kinds of light,—that is, whose power of emission is finite for light of certain definite degrees of refrangibility—must have the power of absorbing those kinds of light, and those kinds only. This is what we find to be the case with the luminous sodium vapor: it has a very high power of emission for the D rays, and it has a proportionately high power of absorption for that kind of light; but for it alone. And we see that every substance which emits at a given temperature certain kinds of light, must pos-

\* There is only one known exception (in the case of solid erbium) to the principle, that where bright bands appear, there the spectrum is discontinuous.

ness the power at that *some temperature* of absorbing the same kinds of light. Now, we know that the same kind of law holds good with the other vibrations known to us—the vibrations of the air, which we call *sound*. We are all acquainted with what is called *resonance*. When we sing a particular note in the neighborhood of a piano, that same note is returned to us. The particular vibrating string which can emit that note has the power also of absorbing vibrations of that particular kind, when proceeding in a straight line, and emitting them again in all directions. We are not, therefore, without analogy in the case of sound, for the absorption and emission of the same kind of undulation by the same substance."

Let us now see what position we have reached. It is ascertained that each substance, when volatilized and in a luminous condition, exhibits certain bright lines or combinations of bright lines in its spectrum, and that these constitute its trade-mark, which, unlike our human cognizances, is never (so far as is known) pirated by others. If two materials should be mechanically mixed, or a chemical compound should be burnt in the same flame, both elements will force their ciphers into the prismatic field: thus, when a single grain of lithium was vaporized in conjunction with thousands of sodium, the distinctive red and yellow lines of the former were ticked off as certainly as those of the latter. When brass is similarly treated, the zinc discloses itself in bright streaks of red and blue, whilst the copper (the other constituent) tells its own tale in letters of brilliant green. We have also seen that these luminous lines are convertible into dark stripes under certain circumstances, and that in several cases the colored characters evolved by terrestrial substances find their equivalents in the great solar spectrum. Further, we have secured a test by which it can be ascertained whether the body yielding light is in a solid or a gaseous condition; and with such resources placed at our disposal, it is manifest that spectrum analysis may reveal to us many things which have hitherto been hidden both in the heavens and on the earth.

As our business lies more with the celestial than the sublunary applications of this power, let us simply observe, in reference to the latter topic, that some new and unsuspected elements have al-

ready been discovered by its means. In 1860, Bunsen detected a strange metal, which he christened *cæsium*, in consequence of the appearance of two splendid blue lines in the prismatic field. In 1861, from information received from the same source, he captured another lurking element, bearing, like the former, so much resemblance to that singular substance, potassium, as to render them, in some respects, perfectly undistinguishable. In the same year, a magnificent green spectral line, appropriated to no known substance, led to the unearthing of a third metal, thallium, by Mr. Crookes, and this proved of so soft and leaden a character that it could easily be cut with a knife. Subsequently, a blue and violet line gave notice of the existence of a fourth new metal, on which the name *indium* has been conferred, and indications of another stranger have very recently been announced by Mr. Sorby.\*

But in dealing with old-established elements, a single fact will illustrate the potency of the new art of analysis. An instrument which could reveal the presence of the thousandth part of a grain of sodium in a given flame would prove of marvellous merit; but here is one which has actually detected the hundred and eighty millionth part of a grain. Under circumstances where there was not the smallest reason to suspect the existence of that substance or any of its salts, its spectral autograph has appeared, to the surprise of the observer, and shown him that it steals into innumerable flames, and infests the atmosphere with startling ubiquity. Speaking of lithium, a substance which previously held no rank amongst chemical bodies, on account of its rarity and apparent insignificance, Professor Roscoe observes that it now proves to be one of the most widely diffused of the elementary bodies. "Lithium not only occurs in very many minerals, but also in the juice of plants, in the ashes of the grape, in tea, coffee and milk, in human blood, and in muscular tissue. And who knows what part this hitherto rare substance may not play even in the animal economy? It has been also found in meteoric stones, in the water of the Atlantic ocean, as well as in

\* From specimens of Zircon. "Chemical News," xix., p. 121.

that of most mineral springs and many rivers. It is present in the ashes of tobacco, and, if we hold the end of a cigar in the colorless flame, we may always notice the red lithium line when the light is examined with a spectroscope." To what numerous uses, then, in the laboratory or the workshop this new creature of science may be applied, it would be impossible to predict; but in matters of analysis, in the detection of poisons, in questions of adulteration, and in various chemical and manufacturing processes, it must prove of prodigious utility. Whilst iron, for example, is undergoing conversion in the Bessemer apparatus, lines come and go, as the operation advances, and from these the workman can tell at what particular moment the blast should be stopped. "The apparition of a group of lines, and of an isolated line in the violet-blue portion of the spectrum, marks a particular reaction, during which the soft iron is being formed, and these lines disappear sooner than all the others; their appearance and disappearance seem, therefore, to indicate the termination of the process."\*

In physiological questions, too, it is impossible to say what services may be extracted from this instrument; for Professor Stokes has shown how it may be employed to detect differences in the blood, and Mr. Sorby has proved that the thousandth part of a grain of the red matter in a blood-stain may be readily recognized by its means.

Now, on discovering the great fact that each element had its own prismatic signature, as each human being has his own peculiar handwriting, it became a matter of intense curiosity to ascertain, by collation of spectra, what materials were prevalent in the sun. Sodium, as we have seen, was speedily detected, for the coincidence of its spectral lines with those in the solar light had long ago been noticed by Fraunhofer. How extensively this substance is employed on our globe will be understood, when it is remembered that its salts are amongst the most useful we possess. One of them, chloride of sodium (common salt), is, perhaps, the most popular and universal condiment known amongst men; and though there are

some savages, the Damaras, Bathurst Islanders, &c., who are said to have no liking for the article, yet the instinct of the race seems to have led to its consumption all over the planet. Its prodigious importance in the waters of the ocean is only of secondary consequence to its value upon the land. Sodium, in fact, is so wonderfully diffused that we cannot brush a coat, or dust a book, or stamp on a carpet without raising a sufficient quantity to make itself discernible by means of a sensitive spectroscope. Then, too, magnesium, calcium, aluminium, barium, and manganese have been revealed in the solar atmosphere. Some of these are familiar constituents of our terrestrial rocks; and when we think of the part which lime plays on our globe—of our chalk cliffs and marble quarries—we feel as if a strong mineralogical tie were established between the sun and ourselves. Hydrogen seems to be the only gas whose presence is unequivocally proved. Oxygen and nitrogen have not been detected, though, says Professor Ångström, "we have no right to pronounce definitely upon the absence of these two bodies." Chromium, cadmium, strontium, cobalt, titanium, have been inventoried as part of the sun's chemical furniture; and we find indications of copper, zinc, and nickel, all metals of excellent character and eminent utility amongst us mortals. Better still, as we have seen, iron appears in splendid profusion. In our sublunary latitudes, the value of this ore is beyond the power of computation. Here it is the king of metals. Used for the construction of our homeliest domestic and agricultural implements, it also composes the largest part of our manufacturing automata, and, in the shape of the steam-engine, gives body and limbs to the potent vapor which constitutes the soul of machinery. It can be applied in such a number of forms—cast iron, steel, wrought iron—and under such exquisite modulations of temper, that it is fit for the most varied duties—whether we wish it to serve as an anchor to hold a ship, or as a delicate spring to drive a watch. Locke might be a little too enthusiastic when he asserted that, if this substance were annihilated, "mankind would be reduced in the course of a few ages to

\* "Quarterly Journal of Science" (1869), No. 17, p. 111.

the wants and ignorance of the ancient savage American;" but who will not agree with him, when he describes the man who first made known the use of the mineral as the "father of arts and the author of plenty." We can almost suppose that the ancient Britons had some presentiment of its national importance when they wore iron rings, as modern Britons wear rings of gold; and is there not something very significant in the fact, that this metal is an ingredient in our very blood? It is as if Nature had said to us: "Neither of the noble metals, my children, as you call them, are worthy of being introduced into your veins; but iron has so many honorable offices to fulfil in the economy of your globe, and is such a human sort of mineral withal, that we will domesticate it in your frames, and make it part and parcel of yourselves." "The French," says Dr. Lankester, "after burning their friends, take the ashes, and extract the iron, and convert it into a mourning ring, which they wear in memory of their dead friends."

One fearful deficiency, however, we are bound to mention. There is no gold! There is no silver! So far as can be ascertained, neither of these precious substances appears to exist in the atmosphere of the sun. Just imagine the effect which such an announcement would produce upon some of our inveterate mammon worshippers! The first question these gentlemen would put, if an astronomer were playfully to ask them to emigrate thither, would doubtless be, "How are the inhabitants off for gold?" If told that there was good reason for supposing it to be paved with the shining metal, as was the case with London streets in the days when young provincials were allured to the capital by the fame of its boundless wealth, many a miser would begin to speculate upon the possibility of reaching the opulent orb. But when told the truth by the spectroscope, it is easy to figure the look of consternation, nay of positive disgust, which would settle upon his face. "Excuse me," he would say, "I have a great respect for iron. I am thoroughly alive to the virtues of that valuable ore. In point of practical worth, it certainly transcends the more glittering metals for all homely purposes. For spades and ploughshares, for hammers and fire-

irons, it is of matchless utility. We cannot, I know, have our pumps made of silver, or our boilers of beaten gold; but a world where the coinage is all copper, or the guineas are no better than brass farthings, is no place for a mortal who believes in a genuine circulating medium, and who has profound faith in nuggets from Ballarat and dust from the valley of the San Sacramento. Pardon me if I say I am not the man for such a sphere. It might answer for an old Spartan of the Lycurgan dispensation, who was contented to be paid in iron cash when he had anything to receive; but, I consider, an orb in which there is no gold (not even in the shape of gold leaf), and no silver (not even sycee or otherwise), is quite a disgrace to the heavens, and I must decline being banished to such a worthless world, for I should regard it as the Botany Bay of the Universe."

Far more fatal, however, is another hiatus which occurs in the solar spectrum. There are no signs of water—none of moisture! One short, withering sentence, from the pen of M. Janssen, who made the prismatic indications of aqueous vapor his special study for some years, seems to sound the death-knell of an orb which we naturally regard as the capital of our system, and would fain find endowed with properties in harmony with its metropolitan splendors. "Dès aujourd'hui (says he) je puis annoncer que cette vapeur ne fait pas partie de l'atmosphère solaire!"\* For a waterless world, so far as we terrestrials can conceive, there seems to be no hope—absolutely none! Can we do otherwise than think of that terrible M. Janssen as the representative of the fourth angel, who emptied his vial into the sun, power having been given him to scorch and destroy?

Upon one point, therefore, the spectroscopic telegrams have conveyed dismal tidings, as they have communicated delightful intelligence upon others. They have dispelled the idea that the sun could be the habitation of creatures bearing any substantial resemblance to the denizens of our earth. The heat which could vaporize iron, copper, and other refractory elements, must be pro-

\* "Comptes Rendus" (1866), vol. lxiii. p. 294.



digious. We can scarcely imagine an Armstrong gun melting into air, a Nasmyth hammer floating as a cloud, or a bronze statue rising like an exhalation from its pedestal. But as the solar spectrum exhibits a forest of dark lines, it is obvious that there must be an inner source of light, glowing with such intense fervor that the atmosphere, which is hot enough to keep even metals in their volatilized condition, is yet cool in comparison. If the solar light came from the photosphere, the spectrum would exhibit bright bands, and the body of the sun, shielded by some intermediate envelope, might still be a fit theatre for beings constituted in some measure like ourselves. But the *corpus* of our luminary must presumably be of such a fierce temperature that the greatest marvel is to conceive how any materials can support the heat without flashing into vapor. "The most probable supposition (says Kirchhoff) which can be made respecting the sun's constitution is, that it consists of a solid or liquid nucleus, heated to the temperature of the brightest whiteness, surrounded by an atmosphere of somewhat lower temperature." Much, therefore, as we may feel disposed to deplore this conclusion, we must remember that by banishing existence from the central orb, we do not destroy the dignity of its functions. It is still the giver of light and life to a large retinue of worlds; for there is not a blade that grows, or an animal that breathes, or a muscle that works, or a brain that thinks, or a physical event that transpires within the limits of the System, which does not owe its force or vitality in some degree to the beneficent emanations from the sun. And, after shining on for ages in unselfish splendor, it is no unfair presumption that a body so richly stored with elements like our own may become the seat of intelligent existence, just as our earth is supposed to have passed through a long apprenticeship to fire before it became a fit receptacle for organized life.

Not the least mysterious event which marked a total eclipse of the sun was the sudden appearance of certain red prominences, which seemed to flash out like flames from the rim of one or other of the meeting orbs, as if in anger at the

*rencontre*. Often seen, but never pointedly scrutinized till 1842, they were reported upon by several astronomical detectives who watched the splendid obscuration which occurred in that year. Baily, in particular, made use of the few precious moments allowed on such occasions to note their peculiarities, and compared them to "mountains of prodigious elevation," tinged with a peach-blossom hue, and looking like Alpine peaks when their snows are colored by the rising or setting sun. Nor was this simile supposed to be without substantial foundation, for, long before, Flamsteed had pronounced them genuine mountains, and unhesitatingly rooted them on the border of the moon. But when, in a subsequent eclipse (1851), one of these excrescences was found to be shaped like a Turkish scimitar, with one of its edges of a rich carmine color, as if just dipped in infidel blood—or, to use the figure of Professor Airey, seemed to be curved like a boomerang—it was clear that no solid hills (at least none of terrestrial make) could maintain such an unstable and unnatural form. When, too, it was calculated that the same protuberance must be from 40,000 to 70,000 miles in height, if it grew out of the body of the sun (and the "great horn" seen in the eclipse of 1860 was rated at 90,995 miles), it became necessary to give up all faith in the existence of such monster mountains. Besides, there appeared to be some reason for suspecting that these masses were not altogether motionless, but changed their shapes or attitudes, even during the short time allowed for observation, in a manner quite unexampled amongst our Alps or Andes. Still more, when one of these objects, a triangular body, was observed to be quite detached from the sun's disk, it was impossible to believe that any solar Skiddaw or Mont Blanc could be capable of floating like a balloon in the air.

What, then, could be the meaning of these mysterious projections, which showed themselves in some parts as single prominences, in others as long serrated ridges; which had been compared to pyramids, volcanic cones, tongues of flame, sabres, sickles, boomerangs, dogs' tusks, and the teeth of a saw, and which were so gorgeously



tinged that they were variously described as appearing in pink, peach-blossom, crimson, carmine, blood-red, rose-colored, or splendid scarlet attire?

Before the arrival, however, of another celestial field-day, as these grander eclipses may be styled, astronomers were prepared to deal with the phenomenon upon more satisfactory terms. The art of photography had been applied to other purposes than those of furnishing fops with their *cartes* in twenty different postures, and of stocking albums with likenesses of our friends smiling benignantly at things in general. Portraits of the sun and moon had been taken; why, therefore, should not these prominences be pinned down to some sensitive plate, and studied at leisure, instead of surveyed with a hurried and excited glance? Accordingly, when the eclipse of 1860 arrived, Mr. Warren De La Rue took off a set of impressions from the two bodies whilst their interview was in progress, and these, especially when collated with others obtained by the Padre Secchi at a different station, settled the question as to the orb to which the protuberances belonged. Appearing at first on the eastern edge of the sun when the moon's disk became coincident with that edge, they vanished as the obtruding body advanced; whilst similar excrescences came into view on the opposite rim, and gradually increased in size as the darkened intruder rolled on its way. In other words, roughly illustrating the point, if we slide over the face of a watch a piece of cardboard of commensurate dimensions, moving it from right to left, the figures, eight, nine, and ten (or still better, the minute lines beyond) will of course be eclipsed as it advances, whilst, by virtue of the same motion, the opposite figures, three, four, and five, with their projecting minute lines, will come into sight. It was, therefore, obvious that these peculiar projections were solar, not lunar appendages; and equally so, that if really attached to a body situate at a distance of more than ninety millions of miles, it would be impossible for us to regard objects of such prodigious altitude as solid eminences on its surface. A mountain is a mere pimple on the horizon when the first distant glimpse is obtained. And not only were the mys-

terious prominences thus photographed, but others which were not visible either to the naked-eye or by the aid of a glass were detected in these novel *cartes de visite*; they were caught in the camera, though undiscovered in the telescope.

Again, in August, 1868, the astronomers were on the alert. Another state eclipse was on hand, and vessels were freighted with *savants* and scientific instruments to do full justice to the event. But amongst these instruments was one of far more wonderful power than the magic glasses, into which the old sorcerers professed to look in order to discover the secrets of the universe, and upon this potent implement the observers now relied to afford them some information respecting the excrescences in question.

Nor were they wholly disappointed. The bright lines which appeared in the instrument showed that the prominences were composed of gas, and of gas in a state of incandescence. Far from being mountain masses, built, like our own peaks, for the express recreation of Alpine Club-men, those ridges and pinnacles were found to be vapor instead of solid matter, and glowing with flame instead of carpeted with snow.

But was this gas one of our home-bred productions, or some peculiar element unknown to our sublunary chemists? Upon this point, unfortunately, the results were far from decisive, the various observations differing so considerably with regard to the positions of the lines, that no safe conclusion could be deduced.

Meanwhile, the question had been asked, Why tarry for such rare and transitory transactions as total eclipses of the sun? Those fantastic excrescences could not be dependent upon the interposition of a distant body like the moon; they are not meteor-flags hoisted in honor of the event, but may always be flying, just as the stars are ever glowing over our heads, though their scintillations are drowned in the splendors of the day. The difficulty was, of course, to bring the rosy protuberances into view, instead of suffering them to be overpowered by the sun's lordlier rays. It is always easy to produce an artificial eclipse, choosing your own time and place, without the trouble of going to

Spain or India; but though a crown-piece might suffice to cover the whole body of the sun if held at a due distance from the eye, it would not occasion any notable obscuration of the light diffused throughout the heavens at large. What was wanted was a dark background, which would enable the delicate radiance of the rose-colored prominences to make its way to the observer in spite of the illumination proceeding from the sun's disk, and of that which is scattered through our atmosphere.

Acting upon this impression, Mr. Norman Lockyer began to "fish" round the sun's edge in 1866 with his spectroscope, in the hope of detecting the prominences. But in this coasting expedition he was unsuccessful, as his instrument was not equal to the duty required. One of more competent calibre was procured after considerable delay, and on the 20th October, 1868, four days after its arrival, he obtained his first decisive communication respecting the nature of those gaseous mysteries. "Not without excitement" was it received; for how could a person be calm when opening a telegram from the sun with news so long expected, so long delayed. "Three beautifully-colored lines of light were visible: one a glorious red, stretching away from the line designated C in the spectrum of the sun's edge; another, a delicate yellow one, corresponding to no visible dark line; and still another, a green line, almost in prolongation of the line F."

There could be no doubt as to the true position of these lines, for the observer was enabled to compare them with the spectrum proceeding from the sun's proper light, so that both the cipher and the key were spread out at once before his eye.

Now, what do the lines C and F denote in the spectral alphabet? They indicate the existence of hydrogen, and of hydrogen in a state of incandescence. The colored prominences previously ascertained to consist of gas were proved to be composed of the lightest and in some respects one of the subtlest and most active elements we have in our chemical repertory. But the solution of one mystery in science is only the suggestion of another—so boundless are the wonders of creation, and so unfathomable the skill of Him who built the universe. What

could be the meaning of protuberances formed of one of the most restless and volatile of gases? It was impossible that they could be fixed and persistent excrescences upon the sun. It might be difficult to note the changes in their shape during the few moments allowed for observation whilst an eclipse was in progress; but now that they could be examined on leisurely terms (however indistinctly), any alterations would certainly become perceptible. Accordingly, it was found that their figures were fickle and unsteady, and that they must be regarded as great gushes of hydrogen, the gas being projected to a height which indicated forces and activities far beyond any terrestrial agencies with which we are familiar.

Most people are fond of noticing coincidences (some of manufacturing them), but it is certainly a striking fact that, on the very day on which Mr. Lockyer's discovery was communicated to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a notification of a similar character was received from a perfectly independent source. Thousands of miles away, the same idea had presented itself to the mind of that terrible M. Janssen, one of the French scrutineers in charge of the eclipse of August, 1868. Three bright lines produced by a solar prominence exhibited themselves to his view during the transaction, and the observer having asked himself why he should not enjoy the pleasure of seeing those lines on ordinary as well as on state occasions, and having been able to discover no satisfactory reply, resolved to force a repetition of the phenomenon at his leisure. Most successful was M. Janssen. For the next seventeen days he compelled those ghostly things to come and go in his prism almost at command, dealing, in fact, with them as if he had prolonged the eclipse for more than a fortnight. That Mr. Lockyer was entitled to priority in conception as well as experimentation, there can be no doubt, but that M. Janssen had arrived at the same results by an original route is equally certain; and to both, therefore, must be ascribed the credit of having conducted one of the most delicate and finely imagined investigations of the age. Nor does it at all detract from their merits that the same three expressive lines were witnessed in

August, 1868, by the Eclipse Commissioners who had been despatched to India; the force of the discovery lay in the compulsory measures they had applied to the prominences, just as we should set him down as a clever man who could point out a proceeding by which we could bring all, or any of the stars into view at noonday.

But this was not the whole of the information Mr. Lockyer obtained. In cruising round the sun's border, outside what is called the photosphere, he observed that there was a region which always yielded the same spectrum as that of the prominences, and that this appeared to be part of a continuous envelope. In other words, it became necessary to conclude that the great luminary was encompassed by a shell or atmosphere of hydrogen several thousands of miles in depth, resting on the true photosphere; and that the red protuberances "were heapings up" of this gas, or vast outbursts of the fiery element. To this region Mr. Lockyer has applied the title of chromosphere, as it is the quarter in which all the "various and beautiful colored phenomena of the sun" are exhibited. The probable existence of some such envelope had, indeed, been faintly foreshadowed by Professor Grant and M. Le Verrier, but its actual presence and its precise constitution had not been ascertained. Mr. Lockyer may therefore be regarded as "the first who ever burst into that silent sea." And a noble subject for speculation does that flaming ocean present, with its restless waves, and its billows rolling more than mountains high. "Souvent en quelques minutes," says Janssen. "ces immenses masses gazeuses se déforment et se déplacent." In ten minutes Mr. Lockyer saw one of these huge forms vanish, though it could not be less than 27,000 miles in length.

But if the spectroscope can thus reveal the hieroglyphics inscribed on the sun's disk, and even in its chromosphere, ought it not to afford us some information re-

specting the fixed stars, though immeasurably more remote? Distance should not drown their story, since, as their rays penetrate to us, they speak alike the same language of light. The first telegrams received through the interpreting instrument showed that they were suns also, each in his own particular sphere, and therefore possessed spectra as definite as that of their brother who pilots our own fleet of planets through the voids of space. They exhibited a many-hued prismatic field, striped with dark bands and clustered groups of lines. Dr. Miller and Mr. Huggins experimented upon that imperial orb, Sirius, once noted for its ruddy aspect, now for its almost silvery splendor. They found the spectrum furrowed from end to end with lines of considerable delicacy. Amongst these were some of a more emphatic character. The star obviously possessed an atmosphere which was flushed with a variety of substances in a vaporized condition. Sodium was unmistakably present, for the well-known double bar appeared. So was magnesium, for the three green lines which denote this body were plainly written down in the despatch. Our best metallic friend on earth, iron, showed itself by sundry familiar signs. Amongst the more conspicuous streaks were two, F and C, which indicated hydrogen, and this with more intensity than the corresponding characters in the solar alphabet. But the telegram also spoke of elements for which we have no recognized analogues upon earth; two marked lines in the violet especially being undecipherable by any solar or terrestrial key. When that brilliant and honorable orb, Aldebaran, was examined, evidences of many minerals—mercury, bismuth, antimony, tellurium—were discovered in addition to the sodium, magnesium, calcium, and iron which are so popular in the chemistry of the stars; gold, even, has been suspected—indeed, the atmosphere of this star appears to be a perfect treasury of valuable elements.

(To be concluded.)

Fraser's Magazine.

#### POACHING ON MONT BLANC A DOZEN YEARS AGO.

AFTER spending one of the hottest July days that I can remember in roaming about the gardens and galleries of Ver-

sailles, I returned to Paris in time to dine with an old friend and start in his company by the night mail to Dijon and

Dôle on our way to Geneva. At 4.30 a.m. we were stepping into the *malle-poste* which in 1857 afforded the swiftest means of reaching our destination. The little vehicle could only take three passengers, but was urged along all day at the full speed of four horses, which were never allowed to walk even in the steepest parts of the ascent. Now I am not going to act the part of a Conservative *laudator temporis acti*, so far as to deny the advantages of railways over coaches in general; but I have no hesitation in asserting that those who now wriggle over the rails through dark tunnels and profundities from Ambérieux to Geneva can have no kind of conception of the marvellous treat which awaited those who approached it over the summit of the Jura. Our only companion was a very agreeable and cultivated Frenchman, who turned out to be the préfet of the department through which we were passing. From Les Rousses the horses were kept at an ambling trot up the long slopes of the mountain: the appearance of the country was very dull and monotonous, but we could see that we had attained a considerable height; presently the gentle trot upwards was exchanged for full speed, and our French friend said, "Regardez maintenant, vous allez voir quelque chose."

The préfet was right. We flew round a corner, and in an instant saw, as it were by enchantment, a new and more beautiful world. The whole Lake of Geneva, with its more than fifty miles of length, lay stretched out before us and beneath, a vast crescent of sky-blue shining under the cloudless canopy of heaven. At our feet were the green slopes and picturesque villages through which lay the remainder of our road; and, far across the lake, high above the intervening ranges of Savoy, Mont Blanc and his attendant peaks rose in spotless beauty through the deep blue sky. In no part of the world have I ever seen so sudden a transition from absolute dulness to indescribable perfection; but as the railroad keeps far away, it is highly probable that what we saw will never more be beheld by the speed-loving generation of tourists. With a sensation as of having seen heaven opened before our eyes, we rapidly descended to Geneva and arrived there at four o'clock.

Mont Blanc was our destination, and the following evening found us at Chamouni, where we were welcomed as old friends at the Hôtel de Londres by M. Édouard Tairraz and his good-tempered wife. The Hôtel d'Angleterre had not yet flaunted its banners and its balconies over the surrounding buildings: and comparative simplicity was the order of the day. But amidst this comparative simplicity there existed one enormity, which we were resolved to resist: the extortionate tariff and tyrannical code of the guides cried aloud for redress, and we had come with the secret purpose of striking at least one blow at the system, and anticipated no small amusement from the attempt. The guides had established a kind of trade's union in its most objectionable form; good and bad were all equally inscribed on the roll, and those who wanted their services must take them in order as they came. It was of no avail to plead old acquaintance with one whom you knew by past experience to be in every way a superior man; in vain did the best men complain that their better education, their greater linguistic or scientific knowledge was thrown away: they were all levelled by the obdurate roll, and you must take whoever was pointed out by that detested document. The men who could thus tyrannize over one another and over the public in one way could of course do so in other ways, and they established a system of charges which was outrageous enough to be ridiculous if it had not been too annoying to laugh at. By this Draconian code every traveller who wished to go up Mont Blanc was obliged to take four guides, and if the party consisted of two or three friends they must take eight or a dozen guides as the case might be. Each of these men received one hundred francs, so that every traveller had to pay 16*l.* to begin with, besides extravagant charges for feeding the party and numerous extras which were sure to be tacked on at the end. On the whole it may be considered that 25*l.* apiece, the usual total, was rather a large payment for a couple of days' amusement in the ascent of what is after all the easiest of the very high mountains of the Alps: at all events it was eight times as much as we had paid in the previous year for the much more difficult ascent of Monte



Rosa. We knew that a party of plucky Englishmen had lately discovered a new route from St. Gervais, and succeeded in reaching the summit of the mountain without the assistance of guides beyond the top of the Aiguille du Gouté. The regulations of Chamouni were not binding upon the inhabitants of St. Gervais; but we wished to do something towards bringing the old route more within the reach of the aspiring public, especially on account of the great advantages offered by the hut of the Grands Mulets over the cold and dreary halting-place upon the somewhat formidable Aiguille. We spent the first day in a leisurely ascent of the Brevet, which enabled us to study "the monarch" for several hours with our telescopes, and gave our legs the first stretching after a long imprisonment in London. The next day we increased the good effect upon our own limbs, and saved two Americans a certain number of francs by undertaking to be their amateur guides to the Jardin. This was good practice, and we then began the preparations for our main undertaking.

A man named Bossoney held what in diplomatic language would be called the portfolio of guide-chef; that is to say he sat behind a table in a little room called the Bureau des Guides, where he was engaged in the perpetual study of the book of the roll, like Buddha absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections. He was a hard man, one who would like to reap without sowing; and we knew that poaching in his preserves would be considered an unpardonable offence. Nevertheless the thing was to be done; and, as Englishmen are rightly taught to study the means by which their forefathers obtained liberty, so ought the rising generation of mountaineers to know and appreciate the difficulties gone through by their predecessors before the complete establishment of the right by which they are now enabled to break their necks as they please, and in such company as they may select for themselves.

We knew that any revelation of a wish to ascend Mont Blanc accompanied by any amount of supplication would be perfectly useless with M. Bossoney; we therefore had recourse to subtlety and throwing dust in his tyrannical eyes. We

walked quietly into the lion's den with a "Bonjour, monsieur Bossoney." "Bonjour, messieurs," he replied.

We proceeded to tell him we had an idea of going to the Grands Mulets, but we had heard that the tariff was higher than we liked paying—

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to pay.

He told us, as we knew well enough, that we must have four guides between us, and pay them forty francs each. "But, my dear Monsieur Bossoney, you know we have both had some experience of the high mountains; we have both made the ascent of the great and terrible Monte Rosa; surely you will allow us to make such an expedition as that to the Grands Mulets with a smaller number of guides than if we were raw novices who had never been beyond the Montanvert."

We might as well have spoken to the winds. The inexorable Bossoney replied that such was the *règlement*, and though he might perhaps have wished if possible to make an exception in our favor, yet there was nothing but to submit. It was like the Mussulman repeating, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." Pretending to be convinced of the propriety of his reasoning, we shifted our ground and asked who would be the guides whom the tender mercies of the roll would intrust with our preservation. He saw that we were knocking under, and with a gracious smile upon his unprepossessing face he looked into the mystic scroll, and informed us that the favored individuals would be Zacharie Cachat, Jean-Pierre Payot, Michel Simond, and Pierre-Tobie Simond. It so chanced that my companion had on a former occasion been satisfied with the last of these men, and I knew by repute that Cachat was one of the best men in Chamouni. So we submitted with apparent reluctance, and said something corresponding to "what must be, must."

The next thing to be done was to order Zacharie Cachat, as the leading man, to come to the hotel for instructions for the morrow. For fear of anything going wrong, we took good care not to let M. Édouard, the landlord, have an inkling of our scheme; and even the faithful Auguste Balmat, though an independent friend, was kept in equally total darkness. In due time Cachat was confronted in the



bureau of the hotel with ourselves and M. Édouard, who was in his normal state of slight confusion, arising from a superabundance of champagne. He was alive to business, but he preferred that his wife should sit down at the desk and do duty as scribe. Hearing that our intention was to go to the Grands Mulets next day, and to take a fitting amount of food for the occasion, he looked very solemn; and, waving his hand with much dignity to his better half, he said, "Écrivez donc, madame." Pondering for a moment, as if he were going to dictate terms of peace to a conquered nation, he told her to begin the list with two chickens, two bottles of St. George, four bottles of Beaujolais. The worthy man was evidently getting into the regular swing, but we saw he was starting from false premises: it was quite evident that the supply proposed by him would be altogether inadequate for the refreshment of the party during the two days which would be required for the fulfilment of our scheme. I stopped him therefore by remarking that we did not intend to return the same day; that, in fact, our great object was to see the sun set from the Grands Mulets; and that, as we could not recross the glacier after dark, we should be obliged to spend the night there and have the additional satisfaction of seeing the sunrise next morning. In fact we should want provisions for two days instead of one.

"Ah! vous voulez concher là haut?" said M. Édouard. "Eh bien! donc, madame, mettez le double." So the provision list started afresh with four chickens, four bottles of St. George, eight bottles of Beaujolais, and so on, tapering off with the usual additions of tea, coffee, sugar, &c., which, being charged at fabulous prices in proportion to the amount supplied, form very profitable though humble items in a Chamouni bill. It was lucky, however, that we had given no sign about Mont Blanc, as everything would have been doubled again.

Business over, we had nothing to do but enjoy ourselves for the evening; and after dinner wandered out into the flowery fields to watch one of those magnificent sunsets which are so deeply impressive among the mountains. Darkness was fast approaching in the valley when the summit of Mont Blanc was still

glorious with the last light of its rosy crown; and it was with no small pleasure that we looked with confidence for fine weather in the morning. It was intensely interesting to watch this splendid object, and to think of the delightful excitement which we hoped to derive from it in the coming day. If we succeeded in reaching the summit, and if old Bossoney spied us with his telescope, how great would be his wrath, and how great would be our satisfaction in laughing at his beard!

Next morning, about ten o'clock, we made a very quiet start, carefully avoiding the rather ostentatious death-or-victory kind of appearance which used frequently to characterize mountaineering parties in the days when transcendents of Le Mont Blanc were sufficiently rare to have their names inscribed on shields against the wall of the hotel. We let the men straggle out of the village, and followed them at our leisure, feeling our tendency to inward chuckling slightly tempered by the knowledge that the enemy might still anticipate our intentions and spoil our sport. We were not quite easy at the sight of a fifth man having joined our four guides; he might be an emissary of the detested Bossoney sent to frighten our men from playing any tricks with the supreme government of extortioners. Cachat's explanation that it was a porter hired by the guides themselves to assist them in carrying up wood and provisions restored calm to our troubled mind, and we began to feel as poachers must be supposed to feel when they have successfully dodged the gamekeepers. So we go happily over the well-known path, twining through the rich shade of the fir-trees, cheered by the ripple of lively streams, and climbing between beds of pink rhododendrons, till we begin to leave all vegetation behind, and the last few straggling scraps of half-dead pines warn us to pick up sticks while we can, if we have any wish for hot supper and warm feet that night on the Grands Mulets.

Each one was now condemned, like the mythical Man in the Moon, to carry his own faggot, as we filed round the narrow path which leads towards the Pierre de l'Échelle and the upper part of the Glacier des Bossons. Reaching the former in about three hours after leaving Chamouni, we prepared for an early dinner on the

mountain-side. Up to this moment we had not allowed a word or a sign to give the slightest indication to our guides that there was anything behind the scenes: we were only supposed to be quietly going to the Grands Mulets, the situation of which, at about 10,000 feet above the sea, I presume to be pretty generally known. But, as the simple feast drew to a conclusion, and the guides looked merry over the red wine, we thought the hour had come for revealing our aspirations, and we asked them whether they would go with us to the summit of Mont Blanc, in defiance of Bossoney and all his works. Old Simond's rather dry face relaxed in a moment; Zacharie's sagacious eye twinkled with delight: and the younger men tossed their hats in the air with shouts of satisfaction. We then found that we were not the only members of the party who had been enjoying the possession of a secret. The guides, who knew that we had both had tolerable experience among the mountains, came to the conclusion that we could not be going to content ourselves with the Grands Mulets, and had secretly supplied themselves with all that would be required for the ascent of the monarch himself.

This was so far highly satisfactory, and loud was the laughter as each man of the company produced his contribution of hidden stores. Tobie Simond was, I think, the man who brought from within the lining of his coat a canvas-sided lantern, which folded up flat, but which when set into proper form would be invaluable for examining crevasses in the early morning. Others had packed long snow-gaiters under chickens and bread, and one had brought a packet of prunes, knowing that at great altitudes nothing is so comforting to the mouth as the continual sucking of their stones. Seeing that all due precautions had been taken, we proceeded to draw up a solemn treaty. It was agreed that if the four men liked to go with us to the summit we would pay them each the conventional hundred francs, though nothing would have induced us to take eight men, according to the rules, on the same terms. They wanted us at first to promise to pay any fines that might be imposed upon them for breaking the rules, but we absolutely refused, remarking that they could easily do that out of the difference be-

tween a hundred francs and the forty which would be their pay to the Grands Mulets only. We carried the day upon this point, and were thinking what should be settled next, when old Simond, the Nestor of the party, who seemed deeply pondering, suddenly brought down his hand with a violent slap upon his knee, and with the energy of a sudden inspiration, proceeded to unfold a scheme, the ingenuity of which was worthy of a better cause.

"Listen to me," said he in effect, "I will show you in a moment what should be done; follow my advice, and neither the gentlemen nor ourselves will have to pay fines. Voyez donc! We are seven men in all, is it not so? Two gentlemen, four guides, and one porter. Well, my friends, suppose that one guide remains at the Grands Mulets to keep the porter company, while the two gentlemen and the other three guides go to the top of Mont Blanc. Ha! do you not see? Depend upon it that Bossoney and other people will be looking out to-morrow morning, and with their telescopes they will count *five* men upon the summit, but there is no telescope in Chamouni that can make them see the *difference between one man and another* at such a distance as that. We will return home in the evening, and we will tell all the world that one of the gentlemen ascended the mountain in company with the full number of four guides, but that the other gentleman was ill and remained at the Grands Mulets, with the porter to take care of him. So shall we not have to pay fines at all. Is it not so, my friends? Have I not spoken the words of wisdom?"

The wily orator "paused for a reply;" his proposition was received with the hearty applause of his comrades, but we were obliged to remark that though he might have spoken the words of wisdom, they were certainly not the words of truth. We could have nothing to do with lying, and they must boldly take their chance of the consequences of discovery. *Magna est veritas.* Besides, our special object was to show the absurdity of the rules, and we wished to tell everybody that we had proved it by making a successful expedition without obeying them. Another very sufficient reason for rejecting the old fellow's proposal was the recollection that Bossoney, in spite of

other shortcomings, was not such a fool as to believe the story. It would have been very difficult for myself and my friend to decide who should play the part of the "malade imaginaire," for Mont Blanc puts a brand as of a red-hot iron upon the faces of those who invade his noble head.

The little congress broke up in a very happy frame of mind: we had all made up our minds to ascend the mountain, and we felt that the delight of the expedition would be doubled by its illegality. Everybody knows that "stolen joys are sweetest." So the knapsacks and the fagots were picked up again from their stony bed, a rickety ladder was found and dragged forth from its usual hiding-place under the Pierre de l'Echelle, and away we went across the glacier. It was in a terribly torn and broken condition, and a novice would have been puzzled as to how he should get upon it at all: a series of vast blocks and melting pinnacles of ice at the edge of the glacier seemed to separate us from the smoother region beyond, but Cachat soon solved the problem by marching up to one of the thinnest of the obstructions, in which the melting process had formed a sort of central window. This was widened by a few blows from his axe, and we safely passed through this eye of an ice-needle, which led us to the well-known and magnificent route across the glacier. We were sometimes picking our way along a white ridge with a deep blue chasm on each side of us, beautiful to behold; sometimes scrambling among blocks of ice at the bottom of a crevasse into which they had tumbled, and looking carefully upward to see if any more were ready to follow their example and alight upon our heads; finally, when all other means of progression failed, we had to appeal to the ladder as the only means of clearing an otherwise impassable obstruction.

So far, so good. The scrambling was to us only an additional charm in the day's adventure, but a far more serious difficulty was suggested by the appearance of the weather. Wild ugly clouds, which at first contented themselves with sailing far over our heads, began now to show unmistakable signs of coming to close quarters; and presently we found ourselves pelted by an unmerciful mixture of hail and rain. The hail, however

was a good symptom; in a short time the air grew cooler and brighter: and as we labored up the last snow slopes to the hut upon the Grands Mulets, we could see the rain-drops on the edge of the roof glittering like diamonds in the restored sunshine. The sunset was glorious, as the sky was by that time perfectly clear. Of the thousands who have watched from below the magnificent spectacle of departing day among the high Alps, comparatively few can have experienced the sensation of forming, as it were, a part of the rosy-tinted picture. It is, however, an experience well worth the making. The sun was still above the horizon for us, while the shades of evening were fast closing around Chamouni in the depths of 6,500 feet below the wild rocks where we were sitting. Presently the sun made its last grand expiring effort: the gloom beneath us increased, but our airy perch was glowing with deep rosy light, and nothing could be more marvellous than the contrast presented by the dull gray upon one side of every rock, and the flush which warmed the other side with transcendent glory.

The dark shadow crept up the mountain towards our feet; extinguishing the last glow upon the Grands Mulets, it passed upwards to the summit of Mont Blanc, and the night of death reigned upon the cold white mountain. I know of few things so deeply impressive as the sudden transition from the red glow upon a lofty mountain at sunset to the ghastly white which immediately succeeds it: it is painfully suggestive of the strong man subdued by him who rides upon the pale horse.

Well, let the dead bury their dead: one day was gone, and we had not much time to prepare for the next, which we naturally expected would be one of the most interesting and exciting in our lives. *Le jour est mort. Vive le jour!* We prepared supper in the hut after a very primitive fashion; a fire was already burning in the little stove, over which was an iron bowl, stuffed full with snow as a preliminary to soup. We and our guides sat upon the floor, doing justice to the landlord's cold meat and chickens, and throwing at intervals into the seething cauldron, not exactly "liver of blaspheming Jew," but goodly drumsticks, with lumps of mutton and bread. Somebody

suggested the addition of wine, and a bottle of Beaujolais was instantly poured into the broth. In due time this rather singular mixture was boiled into a warm and comfortable nightcap, and I doubt if any production of the Palais-Royal was ever more thoroughly enjoyed. The stars were shining in fullest splendor when we took a last peep at the weather; and the moon, though hidden from us by the intervening masses of the *Monts Maudits*, lighted up the opposite *Dôme du Goûté* like a wall of silver. About half-past nine o'clock we lay down upon the boards with knapsacks for our pillows; one guide at a time sitting up to whittle at the sticks and feed the fire. Under the combined influences of hard beds and excitement, neither I nor my companion contrived to get a moment of sleep. We knew, however, that a good deal of rest and strength is derived from the mere fact of lying still, listening to the guides breaking up wood and snoring alternately by the weird light of our little fire. At last our chief cook gave vent to a snore of such astonishing and almost superhuman force that with one loud laugh all the rest of the party gave up the pretence of sleep, and, finding that midnight was near at hand, began to prepare for departure.

Coffee and eggs were cooked, long woollen gaiters were produced, and the lantern was set in order among many a lively jest about our enemy *Bossoney*, who was slumbering in the valley, and, like charity, thinking no evil as to what might be taking place so far above his head. About half-past twelve everything was ready: one by one we filed out of the hut, fastened together about three yards apart by the rope round our waists, the first man carrying the lantern and keeping a sharp look-out for crevasses. The search became very interesting now and then, when near the base of the *Dôme* we found ourselves among cavernous clefts imperfectly covered with snow, and requiring some care to avoid what would at all events have been a disagreeable smothering in the cold hours of the morning. We passed steadily upwards to the *Petit Plateau*, hurriedly crossed the débris of fresh avalanches of ice from the séracs of the *Dôme*, and about four o'clock found ourselves among the vast sublimities of the *Grand Plateau*

just as the summit of *Mont Blanc* full in front of us was tinged with the first touches of that glorious rose-color which generally promises a successful day. It was a moment of the purest delight. There was no difficulty in choosing a place for our temporary camp: we were on a huge plain of spotless snow, in as firm and excellent condition as could be desired. So down went knapsacks, and squatting round them in a ring, we proceeded to breakfast upon part of their contents. The pipe of contemplation followed, during which we leisurely looked over the work before us. How magnificently rose the mountain, still 5,000 feet over our heads, glistening under the deep blue sky, and now of a certainty within our grasp!

The whole party being in very lively spirits, we began to think that as the expedition had commenced with illegality it might as well conclude with irregularity. Why should we go up by the ordinary safety-seeking route of the *Corridor*, when the long-deserted slope of the *Ancien Passage* tempted us to the excitement of following a track which we heard had never been pursued since that day in 1820, when *Dr. Hamel's* guides were killed in attempting it? What says *Cachat* to this proposal? He makes a careful observation with the telescope, and then delivers an oracle to the effect that the snow up there to the right of the *Rochers Rouges*, is in such good condition that we may try the experiment without fear of avalanches. Any one at all conversant with the general view of *Mont Blanc* will know that the route we proposed is far more direct to the summit, though considerably steeper than the ordinary one. It was only abandoned in consequence of the danger of avalanches from such a highly inclined slope. Little did we then care for extra steepness; and, with the sage *Cachat's* opinion against any present danger from the state of the snow, we resolved to go up by the *Ancien Passage*, and complete the tour by returning down the *Mur de la Côte* and the *Corridor*.

The greater part of our provisions were here left behind in knapsacks, only a small store for a treat being taken with us to the summit. We went straight across the *Grand Plateau* in a line for the mountain, and soon began a steady



climb up a slope of firm snow. The inclination was at first moderate, but it soon became steeper, and the comfortable snow was exchanged for so hard a surface that step-cutting was necessary. Before long, the slope grew steeper, the ice harder; we had to make much deeper steps for safety, and began to think of old saws about the unprofitableness of short cuts. The progress was slow, and hours were passing; still, whenever we raised our heads, there were the same vast blocks of ice about the summit of the Rochers Rogues, looking scarcely nearer or larger than when we had selected them as landmarks from the plain below. At length, however, we approached the base of an enormous buttress of ice which presented a perpendicular wall of glistening blue to the height of nearly 100 feet. We had calculated on being able to pass to the left of this splendid obstacle, and steps were accordingly cut slantingly, with great care, up the surface of a slope which we found with a good instrument to have an inclination of  $60^{\circ}$ . As the guides, however, knew no more than we did of the route we were taking, it was less surprising than disappointing to find on laboriously reaching the left corner that we were cut off from that side by inaccessible profundities of ice. Meanwhile a severe north wind had been rapidly increasing, and most of us began to feel the bitterness of severe cold in a situation where it was impossible to quicken our movements or to trust our feet out of the steps. Cachat himself seemed particularly suffering and anxious. However, as all progress was cut off on the left, we were compelled to turn to the right, and he began to make the best of the way. The situation was peculiar, and rather calculated to try the nerves of a man who knew that he was frost-bitten and falling below the mark. He led the way, hoping to warm himself by the hard work of cutting steps horizontally along the base of the wall. We followed him cautiously, all taking the utmost care of the rope; our left shoulders touched the vertical blue ice, while, on our right down went the slope which, beginning at an angle of  $60^{\circ}$ , swept clean away to the Grand Plateau, nearly 4,000 feet beneath. Presently he turned round to me, and asked for a drop of brandy

from my flask. This I gave him, and he cut a few more steps, but he then turned round again and said sorrowfully, "*Je n'en peux plus.*"

Payot was next behind me in the line, so he went to the front; but it required all our care and steadiness to untie him from his own place and pass him forward to the front of the discomfited Cachat. Once there, he soon finished the task: we passed the obstacle safely with the aid of a few more steps; and, turning its corner, soon reached a moderate slope which brought us to the Petits Mulets, a small rocky point near which our route meets the ordinary one from the Corridor. Here we halted for a while and examined the case of poor Cachat: he took off his boots and stockings and found both his feet completely frost-bitten. He said he could go no farther, but would stay behind on the sheltered side of the rock, and rub his feet with snow while we completed the ascent of the mountain.

The sky was now cloudless, and our faces were fast burning with the light of a July sun upon the snow; but the cold of the furious north wind was terrific. Its penetrating power may be inferred from the fact that when I took out my thermometer at this point, it stood at  $12^{\circ}$  below freezing point, though it was in a wash-leather case and had been all the morning in the inside breast-pocket of a strong coat buttoned close to my body. Leaving our chief in the snuggest place to be found among the rocks, we pushed upwards, with the comfortable knowledge that we had no further difficulties to contend with, if only we could keep ourselves from being blown away into space. The upper slopes of Mont Blanc are easy enough: we had nothing to do but to go ahead independently of one another, and the wind was our only enemy. My companion had a fur cap, with sides to protect his ears and tie under his chin. I tied my wide-awake on my head with a handkerchief; and while one hand held the alpenstock, the other was employed to keep my coat, waistcoat, and shirt from the fate of being scattered to the winds. It was useless to speak to one another; even a shout could not be heard easily amid the terrible noise of the wind, roaring over ridgy snow and driving countless pieces of detached ice over its hard and irregular surface. My



feet were perfectly insensible by reason of the cold; but, as I was otherwise in such good condition as to feel no difficulty or inconvenience in the ascent, I found that I could dispense with the ordinary use of my alpenstock and turn it to considerable profit in another way. Carrying the friendly pole with the iron point uppermost, I made a vigorous thrust with the wooden end at each foot as it came in turn to the front. This is a device which I recommend with the utmost confidence to those who may find themselves in similar situations. Small changes delight those who suffer from monotony; prisoners love to watch the evolutions of a spider; and so I found a distinct interest in hammering my own feet during the least agreeable part of the expedition. There was a certain amount of sport in the uncertainty of hitting or missing, and there was much comfort when at length a slightly stinging sensation announced returning life. The only drawback was that a few days afterwards my feet appeared covered with bruises to attest the accuracy of my aim; but amongst communities who are in the habit of wearing shoes and stockings it will be admitted that such a consideration is a "trifle light as air."

In this fashion I steadily pushed up the *calotte* of the mountain till, lifting my eyes for a moment, I found that no one was in front, no one was near me. Looking back, I was horrified to see my friend some distance below, lying on his back with the guides standing over him. I ran down to him as fast as I could against the wind, and was not a little glad to find that he was only suffering from a sudden fit of that strange vertigo which is occasionally experienced at high altitudes. A few drops of brandy and a few moments' rest completely restored him to his normal strength and activity. We made a vigorous rush, and presently were brought to a stand-still by finding that there was nothing more to climb. Our feet were on the summit of Mont Blanc, and our eyes ranged over the plains and mountains of North Italy. An attempt to stand in such a wind on the highest crest of snow would have involved the probability of some of the party being blown over the precipices of the Peteret; so we crept cautiously down a few feet on the southern side, and seated

ourselves comfortably on the snow. We were facing the sun, and completely sheltered from the wind. It was peace after the noise and uproar of a battle,—a battle waged against the noisiest and most turbulent of the spirits of the air.

Ah! how pleasant it was to pile arms by sticking our alpenstocks into the snow, to empty the provision-knapsacks, and to sit down upon them with our backs to the sunny side of the dazzling crest! The only casualty was poor Zacharie Cachat, whom we had been obliged to leave far below us, kicking his frozen feet against the rocks. He had started with such a complete appreciation of the fun involved in a poaching expedition, that we were very heartily sorry to miss his ruddy face when in the hour of triumph we drank the health of the guide-chef with the liveliest of ironical cheers. We fastened the thermometer facing the sun; but though it was now ten o'clock on a cloudless July morning, the mercury did not rise above 24° Fabr. during the half-hour which we spent upon the summit of the mountain. The terrible *vent du Nord* made itself felt, even though we were sheltered from its direct violence. Only a few feet over our heads we could hear at short intervals the hissing, crackling noise caused by volumes of dry snow and loose pieces of ice being driven by the blast in those long white streamers which, seen against the dark blue sky, are described in the valley by the expression—"Le mont Blanc fume sa pipe." The wind seemed irritated by our having escaped from its grasp, and by the gayety and happiness which prevailed in our little party as we proceeded to smoke our pipes also on the sheltered side of the snow-roof. It began to throw out skirmishers with the object of turning our flank; and one of them, coming round the corner with a savage puff, succeeded in blowing down my alpenstock, which at once began to roll over the steep snow-slope at our feet. In an instant I jumped forward to catch it before it could make a fatal leap over the boundless precipices which form the southern side of the mountain; but one of the guides stopped me with a scream of terror, and then made it sufficiently plain that it was better for me to lose my alpenstock than to run the risk of breaking my neck in an attempt to recover it.

There seemed much reason in this line of argument; so, though I felt a little sulky at being interrupted in what I intended for a rather brilliant dash, I resigned myself to the fate of my trusty weapon in the same way as some people are said to resign themselves to the misfortunes of their animate friends. It had only a few yards to roll: then it clicked against a rocky edge; and in the next moment was out of sight, bounding from crag to crag until perhaps its iron spike acted as a skewer to one of "those few sheep" which nibble the wilderness at the base of the Peteret, many thousands of feet below.

I did not allow myself to be seriously disturbed by the prospect of descending without this customary assistant to the human legs: we were engrossed in utter enjoyment of the situation. Let us think about this matter for a while; for, depend upon it, whatever scoffers may say to the contrary, it is well worth while to spend a scrap of one's earthly life upon the summit of Mont Blanc. Those who have been there are not likely to forget the spectacle revealed to them; and to those who have not been there, or in some similar situation, it is almost useless to attempt description. I would rather confine myself to an analogy. Doubtless most people must at some time or other have watched one of those majestic clouds, gray below and turret-clad with white above, rising almost to a point in the clear summer sky; and wondered what would be the sensation of riding on the highest summit among the celestial blue: the top of Mont Blanc will probably explain it to them. The height is sufficient to present the eye with a panorama of about two hundred miles in every direction, so it is easy to take a map and calculate what may be seen in favorable weather, though it is impossible to describe how marvellously the various objects are transfigured by the effects of atmosphere and distance. The principal phenomenon to be recorded on this occasion was one that I never saw before or since during a considerable experience of the High Alps. The sky was cloudless, so that we could delight ourselves with observing range after range of snowy mountains, and tracing deep valleys leading to the Italian plains; but everything in the marvellous landscape

was tinged with a delicate shade of pink, as if we were looking upon a wonderful world through the medium of a rosy gauze. Others must decide if we were right, but we arrived unanimously at the conclusion that this unusual and almost mysterious appearance must be connected with the fact that the air around us was charged with infinitely fine spicula of powdery snow, flying wildly before the wind.

Before leaving our magnificent throne it may be worth while to examine for a moment the position of those worthy but most misguided individuals who apply the *cui bono* principle to mountains, and ask with solemn air, "Did the ascent repay you?" To ask such a question of a true mountaineer is simply to insult him, as completely as we should insult a pious man by asking him whether, after all, he really thought it worth while to go to heaven. Repay? Repay for what? We were neither sick nor sorry. We had not been fatigued or uncomfortable, and if time had permitted we should have liked to remain all day where we were, in the enjoyment of a happiness that was perfect. It must be admitted that the wind was very cold: this, however, was no serious inconvenience, and may be dismissed as trivial. Though the barometer stands at sixteen inches on the summit of Mont Blanc, representing an abstraction of nearly half the atmosphere, yet we were not conscious of any effect whatever from the rarefaction of the air. We had not felt any desire to halt in the upper regions of the mountain, but went steadily up; and, as I have said before, were astonished at finding ourselves so easily on the topmost ridge with nothing in Europe above us.

So at least we thought at that time. A touch of sorrow might have mixed with our satisfaction if we could then have dreamed that in these latter days a generation would arise to blaspheme the supremacy of Mont Blanc in Europe, and to declare with trumpet sound that the Caucasian Kasbek and Elbruz shall reign in his stead. There was something cruel in this part of the excellent work done by our three Alpine brethren; but on the other hand it is very comforting to find that they have done some thing towards dispelling another delusion. In recording the fact that at a height of three

thousand feet above the highest of the Alps, they found no more inconvenience from the rarefaction of the air than if they had been upon the Rigi, they tend to establish a hope that properly trained and healthy men may some day reach far greater altitudes than have yet been touched on the Himalaya and the Andes. Even if Mount Everest and Kinchinjunga may remain invincible, surely some one will be found to complete Humboldt's work on Chimborazo, or to look down upon Bolivia from the heights of Sorata and Illimani. As the modest nature of our expedition was inconsistent with champagne, we had no opportunity of testing the statement that all the contents of the bottle would fly away in a fountain as soon as the cork was removed: and as we had no pistol with us, we were not able to prove that the noise made by firing it would be almost, if not quite, inaudible: but we satisfied ourselves that, as we could detect no change in the force of our voices, the pistol would in all probability have produced its customary sound.

And now for the descent. After nearly three quarters of an hour's enjoyment of the situation, we jumped to our feet and remounted the short snow-crest which had formed our sheltering wall. The old enemy was waiting for us; and as one by one we rose above the ridge, the savage wind swept torrents of highly dried snow and fine spikes of ice into our devoted faces. This was of no consequence, however, on such a summit as Mont Blanc, the *calotte* of which is entirely free from dangerous places: we had nothing to do but to shut our mouths, keep our clothes on our backs, and rush down as fast as we could to the rocks of the Petits Mulets. There we found poor Zacharie Cachat in much worse plight than we had expected, and it was probable that it would have been wiser if he had kept in motion by going on with us. All his efforts to restore circulation to his feet had failed, though he had been rubbing them with snow in the most sheltered spot that he could find, and he now looked pale, and seriously alarmed. We were of course very anxious about him; but his courage rose to the occasion, and he determined to meet a grand danger with an heroic remedy. He packed up his boots and stockings, and declared

that he would go down the mountain barefoot, as the only way of saving his feet! Such a proceeding could not but remind me of the Irish reptiles disappearing before St. Patrick, when

The snakes committed suicide,  
To save themselves from slaughter.

But Zacharie was firm, and we started.

From this moment we turned away from our route in the morning; and, instead of descending by the long icy slopes which we had found so difficult in the Ancien Passage, we now made for the head of the Mur de la Côte, with the object of returning by the regular route, and so completing an interesting circuit of the Rochers Rouges. The state in which we might find the surface of the famous Mur was a matter of some importance to us. Cachat's barefooted state, and my divorce from my alpenstock, would have been awkward drawbacks if we had been obliged by hard ice to cut our steps down an incline which averages about 45°. Fortunately, this was not necessary. We found a good coating of snow half-way up to our knees; and, after a little caution in the steepest part of the slope, we finished this stage of our descent with a laughing run down into the entrance to the Corridor. We were in another climate. The white streamers of snow in the blue sky showed how the north wind was furiously rushing and charging over the slopes where we had so lately fought and beaten him; but now we were in perfect peace. The masses of the Monts Maudits and the Tacul barred us completely from the north and east; the sun was beaming intensely upon all the spotless white around us; the air was perfectly still, our faces began to burn, and we found ourselves transported, as it were, from the Arctic regions into the soothing temperature of a hot-house.

As we had ascended by another route, there was no track to guide us on the way down: by some mistake we got too far to the right, and found ourselves entangled among some of the most gigantic masses of ice that I have ever seen, separated by caves and crevasses of the purest blue. To have such a sight was a full reward for the annoyance of losing our way for about half an hour: presently, by dint of some gymnastic efforts,

we emerged from the glacial chaos somewhere nearer to the Grands Mulets than we ought to have been, at the head of a long steep slope, leading straight down to the Grand Plateau, on the further side of which we could see with a telescope the little heap which we had made with our knapsacks in the early morning. There was a question among the party as to whether we should at once descend the snow-slope, and take our chance of what we might find at the bottom. Cachat was naturally rather out of spirits; but Payot, after a few minutes' inspection, sat down on the edge, and lifting his feet in orthodox fashion, was seen sliding over the snow at a pace which soon landed him safely on the plateau. We could guess how far he had descended by the smallness of his apparent size at the bottom, and then we all started off joyously in the same fashion. A few moments of that sensation, which is caused by a dream of flying down a staircase of everlasting length, were sufficient to place us by his side; and a few moments later, we were all camping happily on the snow round the provisions which had been left below in the knapsacks. Then we put the rope on once more, and quickly descended over the long snow-slopes which were fast melting under the heat of a blazing, grilling sun; and the consciousness of excruciating pain conveyed to poor Cachat the happy intelligence that his feet were returning to life, though much scarified by the ice. We paid a brief visit to the hut on the Grands Mulets, packed up our snow-gaiters and remaining possessions, found the ladder by the side of the great crevasse, and safely re-crossed the Glacier des Bossons. The excessive heat was melting the ice-pinnacles at a rate which made great care necessary as we picked our way among their overhanging crests, and occasionally we had to insure quickness and accuracy of foot as we passed the most threatening places; but, as usual, a reasonable amount of precaution succeeded in landing us on terra firma, where rhododendrons and gentians welcomed our return. Cachat exhibited the horny soles of his feet, scored by the ice into a state resembling that of the crackling of roast pork, and resumed his boots and stockings with a grim remark that the heroic remedy had been in some degree

successful. At the first convenient spot we made a halt to take stock of the party.

My companion and myself were in perfect order, but it now appeared that Payot and Tobie Simond were partially blind, especially the former. Old Simond was the only one of the four who was in as good condition as when he started: nothing seemed to hurt his wiry frame. Some goats were browsing near us, and he at once led a party to capture some of them; milking them upon the palm of his hand, he rubbed the milk into the eyes of his suffering companions, declaring that to be the best of all possible remedies. In spite of everything, however, we were obliged to lead Payot down for the remaining three hours which separated us from Chamouni. The unusual severity of the wind in the upper regions had greatly added to the effect of the burning glare experienced for so many hours upon the spotless snow: the two men had to spend the next day in a dark room, with no light beyond that which may have been contributed by their pipes. Cachat afterwards informed us that, still persisting in heroic remedies, he had occupied much of the same time with his feet in a pail of ice and water: in a day or two he recovered so completely that he was able to accompany us for the next six weeks in a constant round of mountain adventures, during which he seldom felt any pain in his feet, except when he was more than usually warm and snug in his bed. So there was no great harm done, and general hilarity was in the ascendant.

As we had anticipated, the telescopes of Chamouni had suddenly revealed the fact that a party of men had, in opposition to all notions of propriety, and in defiance of the puissant laws of the locality, dared to present themselves on the summit of Mont Blanc. We had left in a perfectly quiet and unobserved fashion on the previous day: the whole village turned out to look at the offenders when they appeared about seven o'clock in the evening. Groups of surly-looking men, representing the inferior majority of the Chamouni trade's union, glared and growled at us as we crossed the bridge; but we soon had the satisfaction of being shaken by the hand and heartily congratulated by several of the best and most educated of the fraternity, who, as



is generally the case in similar circumstances, objected to being put on a level with inferior men, and welcomed those who would do anything to emancipate them from tyranny by helping to break through the code which enforced it. The landlord and his wife, who certainly owed us no great gratitude for taking steps by which we accomplished our expedition at less than half-price with about a third of the usual provisions, showed the most generous satisfaction at our success, and supplied us and our guides with abundant libations of gratuitous champagne. That night we held high festival till a late hour; and next morning, with the small exception of badly burnt faces, found ourselves all the better for Mont Blanc.

Our chief guide was punished by the guide-chef with the loss of two or three turns on the rôle; but as we employed him till near the end of the season, this infliction had no effect upon his serenity. The others were fined twenty or twenty-five francs each, which left them with quite sufficient margin to be happy. We lodged a formal protest with the intendant at Bonneville, which, though it produced no immediate redress, must have served as one nail in the coffin of the ancien régime, which was soon after successfully attacked by the president of the Alpine Club, with the powerful aid of D'Azeglio, and mountaineers were relieved from the most oppressive and ridiculous of the Chamouni rules. The process reminds one of an African picture, in which an elephant is assaulted with spears till his body presents the appearance of a porcupine, and he yields beneath the force of constantly irritating wounds.

Only one thing remained to complete our happiness before quitting Chamouni at the end of a week or ten days, which were spent in a succession of delightful excursions upon the glaciers and general defiance of the obnoxious rules. We wished to bid a fitting adieu to our chief enemy, M. Bossoney. With this object we walked one rainy morning into the Bureau des Guides, and found him in a circle of admiring friends. His gloomy

countenance looked eminently surly as we greeted him in a cheery fashion, and told him that we understood it was the custom to present a certificate to those who had made the ascent of Mont Blanc from Chamouni.

"Non, messieurs," he replied; "on ne donne pas un certificat qu'à ceux qui ont fait l'ascension selon les règles."

We declared that we had seen a copy of the certificate in question, and knew that it must be given upon requisition to those who had gone up the mountain from Chamouni, though not to those who had ascended from another quarter. He was as obstinate as a mule; but the rain poured down pitilessly, and we had plenty of time to dispute the point. We prevailed by reason of our importunity, and compelled him to give each of us a magnificent document which we shall keep to our dying day. It consists of half a sheet of large paper, crowned with a fancy picture of the top of the mountain, and a group of men in every conceivable attitude, shouting with delight. Bossoney was obliged to fix his own sign manual to a statement that we had made the ascent, and he gave it with an air expressive of his intense desire that it might poison us. With stately mockery, we wished him the compliments of the season, and retired from his august presence.

Think not that because a mountain has been previously ascended, perhaps full many a time, it thereby loses all its charm for the next comer. The first pioneer doubtless has a particular kind of pleasure which is all his own; but let us never forget the truth that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Try your muscles and bronze your face upon the snow-fields and precipices of Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa, and as years creep on you will not repent of your exertions. Those who have been among the glories of the High Alps will carry with them a fund of sunny memories which will serve to brighten up many a dull day and cheer their hearts as they warm ancient toes over a wintery fire.

St. Paul's.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

If one could create an expurgated edition of history, one might put Madame

de Pompadour out of sight; but alas! the eighteenth century, and even the French



Revolution, cannot be understood without taking her into consideration. She was possessed of greater power in Europe than any woman of modern times, with the exception, perhaps, of Elizabeth of England, and Catharine of Russia. She was the Sultana of France for twenty years, with the Sultan in leading-strings. Therefore history, with a blush, is obliged to chronicle the doings of the Pompadour.

The President Hainault,—who was one of the little coterie of friends who formed the consolation of the deserted Marie Leckzinska,—met this destructive creature first in 1742.

"I found at Madame de Montigny's," he writes to Madame du Deffaud, "one of the prettiest women I ever saw, Madame d'Etioilles; she knows music perfectly; she sings with all possible gayety and taste; she has composed a hundred songs, and acts the comedies at Etioilles on a stage as good as that of the Opera."

Destiny seems to have marked her out from her cradle and educated her for the sultana form of existence. She was, as is well known, originally a Mademoiselle Poisson by birth, Jeanne Antoinette Poisson. Her mother was beautiful, but depraved. Her nominal father, M. Poisson, was the son of a peasant. M. Poisson became chief clerk to the famous speculators,—the brothers Paris Davenney,—who, as contractors for the army, had accounts with the French War Office which were found fraudulent. M. Poisson was fixed upon as the chief culprit, and condemned to be hung, a fate which he escaped by flight, and he was hung only in effigy, and lived to get his pardon by intercession with the authorities. He was a cynical, intemperate, vulgar person, who would naturally never have attracted the notice of posterity but for the notoriety of his nominal daughter. She took care to keep him as far away from Versailles as possible; where, however, he would come sometimes, and put her elegance to the blush. On such occasions, however, she always treated him with respect, and, moreover, she paid his debts, gave him one estate, and got him another.

He took little notice of Jeanne Antoinette, however, till her strange fortune was made; but left her, and his wife, and a boy who bore his name, and became

the Marquis de Marigny, to the charge of M. le Normant de Tournehem, the veritable father of Jeanne Antoinette, a rich fermier-général, who took every pains, and spared no expense, in educating the little Poisson;—for Jeanne Antoinette was one of the most graceful and charming of blonde-haired children, and already full of intelligence, wit, and vivacity. Her mother from the first styled her "*un vrai morceau de roi*," and was enchanted with the possession of so bewitching a daughter; and this the more, as when Jeanne was at the age of nine, a fortune-teller, one Madame Lebon, prophesied that she should become mistress of Louis XV. There can be no doubt about the fact, for in Madame de Pompadour's accounts there exists the record of a pension granted to one Madame Lebon, for having predicted her future elevation. M. de Tournehem gave his protégée an education in which nothing was neglected but morality. She had the very best of masters for every accomplishment suitable to a royal Thais or Aspasia. Jelyotte, of the Opera, instructed her in singing and the harpsichord; Guibaudet, in dancing; Crébillon and Lanoue, in belles-lettres and declamation. She was taught to be a most graceful and accomplished horse-woman, and to draw and engrave on copper and stone. Her playing and singing were such, even as a girl, as to excite veritable enthusiasm; so that in society on one occasion, when Madame de Mailly, the first mistress of Louis XV., was present, the reigning favorite rushed at her and clasped her in her arms with admiration. Such are the strange contrasts which destiny loves to exhibit,—the present and the future mistress of Louis XV. embracing each other!

How beautiful she was may still be seen in her portraits by La Tour, Boucher, and others. She was tall, voluptuously and finely made, with the whitest and smoothest of skins; her eyes were brown and brilliant; her teeth were white and small; her arms round and perfect; her hands beautiful and fine; her blonde hair, which she wore only half-disguised with powder, rippled beyond her white temples in the freshest of little waves; and her small mouth was closed with delicate lips, which had an infinitive cherry-like freshness and fullness, till they became pale and withered

with the convulsive bitings which the never-ending affronts and agitations of her Versailles life produced. Her enemies, male and female, at Versailles, in later days, watched the daily withering of these lips, and the gradual emaciation of the round lines of her once-blooming cheek, and found comfort. We must add to these charms of person her taste for dress and for elegance of all kinds, which was exquisite for the time. In matters of this nature she was accepted as sole arbitress; for no porcelain vase, no sedan-chair, no pen, no slipper, nothing noticeable in dress or furniture, comes from those days without speaking of the Pompadour. Notice in the portrait of La Tour, at the Louvre, the serried rows of light lilac bows of ribbon, called in those days "*nœuds de parfaits contentements*," which are arranged across the little low bodice over one of the most graceful of bosoms, with the lace-trimmed, flowered satin body of her dress cut and scalloped away on either side, and think of what the Pompadour must have been when she was dressed.

Such charms at nineteen were sufficient to turn the head of the nephew of M. de Tournheim, M. le Normant d'Etiolles, and he wanted to marry her; but his parents held the immoral reputation of the Poisson couple in such loathing, that they refused to hear of the match. Nevertheless, their scruples were overcome, as such scruples are too often overcome, by money. M. de Tournheim was very rich, and offered to give half his property at once to the young couple, and to settle the other half on them, and the marriage was made.

This was Mademoiselle Poisson's first promotion in life,—a step which made her subsequent elevation possible. As Mademoiselle Poisson, she could hardly hope ever to become reigning mistress of Louis XV., but as Madame le Normant d'Etiolles, with the entrée into the gilded salons of the great financial people,—her husband was a *fermier-général*, as was her uncle,—she felt sure of gaining a reputation as one of the most charming women of Paris, and of making her name reach the king's ears;—for to be royal mistress, and nothing else, was the object of her ambition. It seems strange that when so many great and beautiful ladies, constantly under the eye of the king, were aiming at this position with-

out success, that this little bourgeoisie should have set her heart upon it, and have succeeded without much difficulty; but there seems to have been a most wonderful conspiracy of destiny, of chance, of all occult and evil influences, to make the Pompadour succeed, and she did succeed. And yet, leaving morality aside, her position as Madame le Normant d'Etiolles was infinitely superior to that for which she longed. She was respected, and might have been adored, by the most distinguished men in France. Her husband was not handsome, but he was passionately devoted to her, and was an upright, honorable man. She had a fine town house, and a splendid country house at Etiolles, near Corbeil. Diplomats and men of letters crowded to her salons. She was fêted and incensed without a thought of self-interest in those days by such men as Voltaire, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, Bernis, and Maupeou. During the three or four years that she lived with her husband she had two children; one of whom died, indeed, an infant, but the other, a daughter, was full of grace and promise. On all this her ambitious spirit looked with contempt. Without a thought for the man she had married, she was scheming to break up forever his life of domestic prosperity and happiness, and to deliver him over to the loves of opera-girls, while she herself should mount to a throne of illicit glory,—where her soul should be devoured by daily and hourly jealousy, anguish, fear, and despair, and be subject to never-ending horrible agitations, to agonizing tensions and clenchings of the nerves, to devouring of the lips and convulsions of the heart,—all in the presence of malignant, envious, and triumphant eyes.

She began to play for her stake very soon after her marriage. As often as the French king went to hunt in the forest of Sénart, near Corbeil, he was sure to be met by a ravishing creature, either on horseback or in a pony carriage, dressed in the most fairy-like fantasies of blue and rose hunting dresses. But these were the passionate times of the royal favor of Madame de Châteauroux, with whom Louis was then too deeply engrossed to allow him to take much notice of the devices of Madame d'Etiolles. However, Madame d'Etiolles' little stratagems

were not unnoticed by the Châteauroux, for one evening, in her apartments, when the Duchesse de Chevreuse asked the king if he had seen la petite d'Etiolles, Madame de Châteauroux walked up to her and stamped with her red heel so fiercely on Madame de Chevreuse's foot, that the poor duchess fell down in a faint; and shortly after, at the motion of Madame de Châteauroux, notice was sent to la petite d'Etiolles that she had better desist from appearing at the king's hunting parties at all.

Destiny, however, removed the superb Châteauroux, with her haughty graces and her domineering airs, out of the way of Madame d'Etiolles. The duchess died the tragic death we all know of in the Rue du Bac, just as she had arrived at the very zenith of her ambition. And not long after, at a grand masked opera ball, in Paris, a lady in a blue domino excited the curiosity of the king, with witty and caustic speeches, and when pressed to unmask, showed him the sprightly features of the lady of the forest of Sénart. She withdrew at once, however, into a circle of friends, contriving to let fall her handkerchief, which the king picked up and threw after her,—upon which, of course, the universal mot was, "*Le mouchoir est jété.*" Madame d'Etiolles happened,—destiny again!—to have a relative in the palace, one Binet, in the very handy situation of valet de chambre to the king, and through Binet's mediation, Madame de d'Etiolles became very shortly lodged in the Palace of Versailles, in the very apartments of Madame de Mailly, the enthusiastic admirer of her harpischord performances, and was supping with the king, and the Duchesse de Lauraguais, the Marquise de Bellefonds, the Ducs of Ayen, Richelieu, and Boufflers, in the little cabinets.

Before, however, Madame d'Etiolles had effected her purpose of getting lodged in Versailles as titled mistress, there was necessarily a preliminary period of seduction and negotiation, during which she had got her husband invited away into the country, to the house of a M. de Savalette. When the poor man was about to return to Paris, his uncle, M. de Tournehem, came and found him, and broke the news to him that his wife was now the mistress of the king. At this M. de Etiolles fell down in a faint.

As soon as he returned to his senses, his desperation was so great that it was feared he would commit suicide. For some time all weapons were taken out of his way, and the inconsolable husband at last, after vainly threatening to go to Versailles and tear her away out of the arms of the king, wrote a suppliant letter, begging her to return, with all the energy of affection and despair. Madame de Pompadour, whose heart must have been made of rock-crystal, had the brutality to show this letter to the king; but Louis XV. disappointed her by saying coolly, "Madame, you have a husband of excellent principles." Nevertheless, it was thought advisable to remove M. de Etiolles from Paris, which it was easy to do, since he was a *fermier-général*, and provincial employment in the south was given him. After being seriously ill with grief, he ultimately succeeded in entirely curing himself of all love for a heartless woman, and in a year and a half he returned to Paris. Madame de Pompadour had been a wife to him for about four years. Of their two children, the son died in infancy, and the daughter lived only to the age of eleven. Madame de Pompadour had taken the precaution of having a separation deed drawn out at the Châtelet, on the 15th of June, 1745, immediately after her instalment in the château of Versailles.

During the absence of her husband in the south, Madame d'Etiolles had become, by letters patent, the Marquise de Pompadour, and it was during this journey that, at one of the provincial dinner-tables to which the *fermier-général*, in consequence of his position, was a frequent guest, he was observed by a country gentleman, who had noticed the civility with which the stranger had been everywhere treated, and had asked his neighbor who he was. "*Pouvez-vous l'ignorer?*" said his neighbor; "*c'est le mari de la Marquise de Pompadour.*" The simple country gentleman knew nothing of either M. d'Etiolles or the newly-created Madame de Pompadour, but wishing to be civil to a stranger, seized the opportunity of a moment's silence to rise, glass in hand, and address M. d'Etiolles thus:—"Monsieur le Marquis de Pompadour, voulez-vous bien me permettre d'avoir l'honneur de saluer votre santé?"

Not, perhaps, in all history can be found an example of such a domination as that which Madame de Pompadour established over Louis XV. He was really her superior in knowledge of affairs and of men, and in capacity. For Louis XV. was by no means an ordinary man. He had great talents, and was capable of energy in emergencies. What, then, was the secret of Madame de Pompadour's power over him? It was this. He was governed by his indolence, his ennui, and his sensuality;—and she undertook to govern these. If he was her superior in capacity, she was his superior in will, and he was only too happy to give up to a mistress the power he would never have confided to a minister. But to make her hold on him secure, she had to study his character, and to humor his weakness, to a degree which has never, perhaps, been surpassed. All her energies, all her quickness of perception, were watchful day and night to keep him in her bonds, and to this she sacrificed every dignity and delicacy of woman. For it was not only for the king that she had to play daily and nightly the parts of Circe and of Scheherazade. She had to defend herself day by day against the contrivances of her enemies, who were incessantly scheming to force a new mistress on the king. Many, and painful, and long were the agonies she had to endure on this score. Not that there was one pang of jealousy mixed up with such agonies! They were the mere convulsions of ambition on the brink of destruction. The beautiful Madame de Coislin gave her many a bitter hour; but her most dangerous rival was the Duchesse de Choiseul Romanet,—who, indeed, extracted from Louis a promise that the Pompadour should be dismissed. But Madame de Choiseul Romanet was betrayed by her own cousin, M. de Stanville, afterwards the Duc de Choiseul; for which service the Pompadour took charge of his advancement, and ultimately made him prime minister. After incalculable pangs and fears of this kind, Madame de Pompadour devised the most ignoble system for attaching the king to her, which it ever entered into the head of a woman to adopt towards a lover. Conscious that the king's passion for herself had faded away, and that she was in no position to recall it, she determined to

provide herself other mistresses for the king, but mistresses from whom she would have nothing to fear. A great lady might become a rival, and oust her from her place; but she took care that the small houses of the *Parc aux Cerfs* should not have for inmates any dangerous rivals. Yet still the Pompadour had to be on her guard. Even here a too-fascinating creature, younger than herself, and of superior beauty, might step in. And though she was thus defended, the ladies of the court were still dangerous to her. Should a true rival turn up, adieu to all the splendors of Versailles, to her *loge grillée* at the theatre, where she sat alone with the king,—adieu to the seats for herself and suite in the royal gallery of the chapel of Versailles,—adieu to the crowd of daily worshippers, grands seigneurs, duchesses, and others who crowded to her antechamber every morning, in attendance on the goddess of fortune, whom one turn of the wheel would throw into the mire from which she sprang,—adieu to the long days with the king at La Muette, at the Trianon, at Choisy, at Marly, where, like a veritable queen, she sat by her royal lover and talked with him for hours in face of the whole court,—adieu to the splendid gifts of New Year's Day, to ivory tablets jewelled with diamonds, marked with the arms of France, and containing notes of 50,000 francs, and to other presents, like that of the great diamond of the Duchess of Orleans, valued at 80,000 livres,—adieu to the gorgeous household state which she maintained,—when once the royal exchequer should be closed against her! Her groom of the chamber was a Chevalier d'Henin, a gentleman of one of the best families of Guienne, who unblushingly waited in her antechamber, and when she went out walked by the side of her sedan-chair with her mantle on his arm. Her waiting maids were two ladies of good birth. Her steward was a lawyer who wore the cross of Saint Louis. Even the very footman who waited behind her chair at table was a chevalier de Saint Louis; and her yearly expenses have been calculated at one million livres at the least. The most dangerous rivals, however, she ever had to fear at court, in her capacity of prime enchantress to the king, were the king's own daughters. The king began to find a charm in their



society, which menaced the influence of Madame de Pompadour. The whole royal family naturally detested her, with the exception of the queen, who was too good natured to detest anybody; and the daughters of Louis,—Loque, Coque, Chiffe, and Graille,—made a desperate attempt to be as amusing as Madame de Pompadour, and to supplant her by drinking champagne most jovially at the royal supper-tables; but Madame de Pompadour managed to render all these little stratagems nugatory by forestalling the princesses in the occupation of an apartment at Versailles, which placed her in closer communication, by a secret staircase, with those of the king.

The king, indeed, with the exception of the time he gave to hunting, and to his visits to the *Parc aux Cerfs*, passed nearly his whole life with his sultana. He went into her apartments early in the morning, was present at her toilette, remained with her till the hour of mass, came back with her after chapel, then took soup or a cutlet with her, and did not withdraw till six in the evening. On hunting days he was away, of course, but he supped with her. All Madame de Pompadour's talents of conversation, all the devices of an inventive mind, were put in action to amuse her sultan; all the little tittle-tattle of Paris and Versailles, all the scandal of the time, came rippling from her fluent tongue into the ears of a king who was the greatest conceivable lover of gossip, and most curious of every small detail of private life;—one of whose greatest pleasures, indeed, was the perusal of private letters, selected and unsealed for him in the cabinet noir of the Paris post-office. The king, as is well known, was so much at a loss for occupation, that at one period of life he took to needle-work and tapestry, at another to wood-turning with a lathe; and at Madame Pompadour's, when he had nothing better to do, he would have a delinquent domestic of his mistress's household called up before him for cross-examination, and on one occasion he cross-questioned a footman for two hours, who was accused of having stolen some lace. After talk and scandal, the marquise fell back on her musical accomplishments, and with that perfect grace she possessed, sang and played to the king on various instruments. She had especially the tact

of applying herself to the royal humor, of being gay when he was gay, and being serious when he was serious. On these latter occasions it was, however, sometimes not so easy for her to go wholly with the royal caprice. On one occasion, when the king's humor, as often was the case, took a gloomy semi-devotional turn, he entered her apartments with a volume of Bourdaloue in his hand, and expounded to her the serious reflections which the reading of the sermon had called up, and proposed to re-read the sermon in company with her. The marquise naturally had a frightful dread of any signs of reformation in the king, and she refused to hear the discourse most energetically, and tried to change the subject of conversation, upon which Louis went off to his own apartments, saying, "*Eh bien, je m'en vais donc chez moi continuer ma lecture,*" leaving the marquise in a state of tears and inexpressible anxiety.

The astonishing favor with which the mistress was regarded naturally created crowds of enmities and jealousies. The royal family was, of course, among those most hostile to the Pompadour. As for the queen, she had long given up all hope of reclaiming her husband, and she was as content to see her place occupied with the Pompadour as by anybody else. Indeed, Madame de Pompadour did all she could, by every kind of forethought and attention, to conciliate Marie Leckzinska, and the queen was touched by her humility, and thought that she might be better off thus than with a haughtier rival.

Marie Leckzinska's good-will was a wonderful protection for the mistress, who made use of the amiability of the queen to fortify her position as much as possible. She got permission to ride in one of the queen's carriages when the court changed its residence, which gave the favorite a position in the eyes of the public very different from that she would otherwise have held; and Marie Leckzinska made no objection to her seat at chapel in the royal gallery. In matters of religion, however, the queen's conscience did not permit her to be so lenient. She refused to allow her husband's mistress to carry one of the church vessels in the ceremony of the Cène, or to be one of the quêtesuses on Easter Sunday.

Marie Leckzinska too, in one instance, showed some pleasant malice in her way

of receiving Madame de Pompadour, which proved that she was not so resigned as she appeared to be outwardly. Madame de Pompadour entered her apartment one day, before her little court, to pay her respects. She bore a large basket of flowers in her fine hands and arms, without gloves, as etiquette required. As she stood in front of the queen, after making her obeisance, the latter, in a cool way, out loud, and with measured voice, proceeded to make a running commentary on the beauties of the marquise, as though the Pompadour were a statue or work of art, which justified the taste of the king. Her complexion, her eyes, her fine arms, were all the subject of a praise which could not be taken as flattering from the superiority of tone in which it was administered; and finally the queen requested the favorite, as she stood in that awkward attitude, with her basket on her arm, to sing something. It was vain to refuse. The queen insisted, to the surprise of the company. Madame de Pompadour sang forth, with all the force of her fine voice, a monologue from Glück's "Armida": "Enfin il est en ma puissance." Marie Leckzinska changed color at this audacious outburst, and her whole court hardly knew what attitude to assume. But the poor queen was too used to humiliation to show any resentment; and not long after she made a visit to Madame de Pompadour at her château at Choisy, at the invitation of the king, who had never been seen to be so attentive to her as on that evening;—which so delighted Marie Leckzinska that she was heard to say, "Je ne m'en irai d'ici que quand on me chassera."

Not so pleasant, however, were the relations of the favorite with the younger members of the family. The young Dauphin, when obliged to give her the accolade of etiquette, thrust out his tongue at her on one occasion, and was banished from court for some time in consequence. All the royal children sought to mortify her as much as possible,—as on one occasion, when they rode in the same carriage to a hunting party with her, and never addressed her a word during the whole ride. But Madame de Pompadour revenged herself fully in her quiet way; for, as the Dauphin grew up, and naturally wanted to assist in the advancement of his friends and attendants,

he found Madame de Pompadour before him at every step. She was informed of every vacancy, every office at court, in the army, or in the administration, to be given away, and when the Dauphin applied to the ministers for a protégé, he was always informed that it had already been promised to a relative or dependent of Madame de Pompadour; and on one occasion, when a protégé of the Dauphin cried out at the injustice of a nomination over his head, he was, in spite of M. le Dauphin and his protestations, sent off to cool his indignation to the state prison of For l'Evêque.

Once or twice only did the Dauphin and the princesses manage to score a point against her. Madame de Pompadour had, however, to put up with an occasional checkmate from the fine spirit of raillery of some of the old noblesse, who refused to pay court to this bourgeois mistress. The Prince de Conti and she were always at war. She hated the prince because he directed the secret diplomacy of Louis XV., into which she could gain no initiation. The Prince de Conti was, moreover, one of the most capable and honest men in the kingdom, but would do nothing to conciliate the favorite. He was obliged to visit her, nevertheless, one day on the king's business, when she omitted to offer him a seat. The interview was in her bedroom, so the prince coolly seated himself on her bed, saying, "Voilà, madame, un excellent coucher." The marquise behaved just the same to another great seigneur, M. de Beaufrémond, who on the occasion tranquilly stretched himself in an arm-chair. The most audacious repartee of this kind, however, came to her from the Marquis de Souvré, one of the most witty courtiers of the time. The marquis, in an easy way, seated himself on the arm of her own chair till he had concluded his conversation. Madame de Pompadour complained to the king, who spoke about the matter to M. de Souvré. "Sire," replied he, "j'étois diablement las, et ne sachant où m'asseoir, je me suis aidé comme j'ai pu." Louis, who was always good-natured and loved a joke, laughed loudly at the reply; and the marquise could get no redress on M. de Souvré. As for smaller people who offended her, it is well known she filled half the Bastille and other state prisons in Paris.

Everybody has heard of Latude and his attempted escape from the Bastille, where he was shut up for forty years at the original motion of Madame de Pompadour; but it is not so well known that his heirs, in 1793, brought an action for damages against the family of Madame de Pompadour for the imprisonment of their father, and that they obtained a verdict in their favor, condemning their opponents to the payment of 60,000 livres, only 10,000 of which, however, were paid.

It may be said that all the world, both within Versailles and without it, were the enemies of Madame de Pompadour,—excepting only they who were attached to her by some obligation past, or the hope of some favor to come; and at the slightest cloud of disfavor her enemies raised their heads and redoubled their endeavors to oust her from her position. To retain a hold upon the king was in itself sufficient occupation for the energies of any ordinary woman, but beyond this she had to be ceaselessly on the watch to guard against the contrivances of the world without; and when we add to all these occupations that of ruling the ministers, making foreign alliance and treaties, and governing or misgoverning the country, it must be conceded that her office was no sinecure.

It is a matter of history that no minister was, in the long run, able to hold his place against her, and she disposed of the first dignities of state and the command of armies just as it suited her caprices. Orry, the Contrôleur-Général, accustomed to the frugal administration of the Cardinal Fleury, having remonstrated against the fresh burst of prodigality of the king towards his new mistress, was replaced by M. de Machault d'Arnouville, a creature of her own;—who, however, having fallen under her suspicions at the time of the Damiens assassination, was then also dismissed. The Marquis d'Argenson, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, having put her out of patience by stammering, was sent into exile. His brother, the Comte d'Argenson, the Minister of War, a more obsequious character, having opposed the Austrian alliance, was dismissed after some years of service. But the greatest difficulties she had to encounter were in the resistance of the Comte de Maurepas, the chief minister, and the Duc de Richelieu, the first gen-

tleman of the chamber. Maurepas, relying upon the support of the rest of the royal family, his own facilities for making work come easy to the king, and the general elasticity and caustic frivolity of his character, believed he was a match for the Pompadour, and would make no advances or concessions to secure her favor. Indeed, she attributed to him, and apparently with reason, some of the worst Poissonades which circulated about Versailles. The king, indeed, had a real affection for the frivolous Maurepas; but the minister was soon obliged to give way, and to acknowledge the slippery nature of the ground on which he stood. Louis being all day with the Pompadour, the minister was necessarily obliged to seek the monarch in her apartment to confer with him on matters of pressing importance; but the favorite always contrived so to engross the attention of the infatuated monarch, that he barely gave M. de Maurepas the slightest sign that he was listening to him. If at any time Maurepas contrived really to interest the king, the Pompadour cried out, "Allons donc, Monsieur de Maurepas; vous faites venir à Sa Majesté la couleur jaune. Adieu, Monsieur de Maurepas." On another occasion she insisted on M. de Maurepas' annulling a certain lettre de cachet which he had signed. "Il faut, madame, que Sa Majesté l'ordonne." "Faites ce que madame veut," rejoined the king. Maurepas, in his light way, turned these unpleasant scenes into ridicule, and revenged himself by the bitter sarcastic verses which he had an especial talent for writing; and they followed in swift succession, each one more bitter than another. There came forth at last an epigram whose point turned on a malady of the favorite. She bounded into fury and exasperation, and went off to Maurepas herself to demand the names of the authors of the chansons. "Quand je le saurai, madame, je le dirai au roi." "Vous faites peu de cas, monsieur, des maîtresses du roi." "Je les ai toujours respectées, madame, de quelque espèce qu'elles fussent." After this the Pompadour was determined on his dismissal at any cost. She affected to believe that Maurepas intended to poison her, for there had been a silly report that Maurepas had poisoned Madame de Châteauroux. She slept always with her phy-

sician, Quesnay, in the next room, and with antidotes near to her. She would never eat or drink at table till the dishes or wines had been previously tasted before her; and after wearying the king for some time with such affectations, the weak monarch gave way, and exiled Maurepas to Bourges. It was not so easy for her to get rid of the Duc de Richelieu, who himself, with his libertine, light, courtier air, was almost as indispensable to the king as the Pompadour. Nevertheless, on one occasion when the Duc de Richelieu, as first gentleman of the chamber, had opposed the whims of the Pompadour, the king said to him at his débotté, "M. de Richelieu, combien de fois avez-vous été à la Bastille?" "Trois fois, sire," said Richelieu, with a fallen face. She was not able to prevent Richelieu from obtaining some of the most important military commands; but whenever he met with any such success, she prevented the king from giving him the gracious reception he expected. Thus when he returned all glorious after the taking of Minorca, all that Louis said to him was, "Maréchal, vous savez la mort de ce pauvre Landsnalt,"—one of the royal huntsmen;—and he added, "Les figures de Minorque, sont-elles bonnes?"

Madame de Pompadour, to say the truth, made the less opposition to a command being given to Richelieu, since she hoped some great failure would bring about his disgrace. "M. de Richelieu, il est assez fanfaron pour vouloir se charger de cela. Il mettra autant de légèreté à prendre une ville qu'à séduire une femme; cela serait plaisant. Il lui faudrait quelque bonne disgrâce pour lui apprendre à ne douter de rien." The miseries and reverses which the incapable creatures of Madame de Pompadour, who were made ministers and generals, brought upon France, are marked in the history of France in characters of blood and shame. The people of France and of Paris knew well enough the authoress of all these calamities, and if she could have been caught at times in the capital, they would have torn her to pieces. In the days of her parasite Machault, there were printed papers distributed about the streets of Paris,—"*Rasez le Roi, pendez Pompadour, rouez Machault.*" And as for the Poissonades, as the bitter verses were called which were written

against her, both Versailles and Paris were flooded with them.

To console her, however, somewhat for these violent pasquinades, Madame de Pompadour could have recourse to a large collection of verses of an opposite character, composed by her friends, men of letters and others. At the head of these was Voltaire, who burnt a good deal of coarse incense at her shrine, and was rewarded by being made historiographer of France, an academician, and gentleman ordinary of the chamber.

The Pompadour, indeed, never forgot the pleasant hours she had owed to men of letters before her arrival at her anomalous place of power, and she was willing to befriend any writer when she could. She would have done something for Rousseau, the Genevese owl, as she called him, had not his savage independence repelled her; though the letter which is commonly attributed to him, on the subject of a hundred louis rejected with indignation, is spurious. Marmontel, however, was her great favorite, and every Sunday he, in company with the Abbé de Bernis,—afterwards Cardinal de Bernis,—and Duclos, paid her visits at her toilette at Versailles, and he was indebted to her for his seat in the Academy. She gave Piron, the author of the "*Métromanie*," "*qui ne fut jamais rien*," a pension of 1,000 francs.

Montesquieu was indebted to her for some acts of considerate kindness. Her protection of the publication of the "*Encyclopédie*" is well known. Musicians, sculptors, painters, architects, and artists of all kinds found in her liberal support. She was herself a clever draughtswoman, and engraved in a mediocre way on copper. On her former talent Voltaire made the best lines he ever wrote for her; they contain a "*divin*" or a "*divine*," of course:—

"Pompadour, ton crayon divin  
Devrait dessiner ton visage:  
Jamais une plus belle main  
N'aurais fais un plus joli ouvrage."

A good many of her engravings are preserved at the Bibliothèque Impériale in Paris.

Madame de Pompadour had barely been mistress of the king for two years when she began, like Madame de Maintenon with Louis XIV., to despair of her resources for amusing an unamusable king,



and called in the theatre to her assistance. She remembered the success which she had achieved on the stage at Etioilles, and she proposed to establish, and succeeded in establishing, the theatre in the château, known as the "Théâtre des Petits Cabinets." To obtain a place among the audience, was one of the great objects of ambition at Versailles. The owners of the greatest names were refused, and the Maréchal Duc de Noailles, in consequence of a refusal, retired for some time in disgust from Versailles. Naturally, therefore, the honor of playing in the troupe was still more solicited. A certain Marquis de V—— gave an important place to a dependant of Madame de Pompadour, on the sole condition that he should play the part of exempt de police in one of Molière's pieces. If we may trust accounts, the acting was universally good, not only in farces, vaudevilles, pastorales, &c., but in high comedy; and finally a tragedy of Voltaire's, "Alzire," was triumphantly performed.

At the inauguration of this theatre, Madame de Pompadour not only sang and played in several parts, but encountered audaciously the perils of the ballet; and at the end of the performance, on one occasion, Louis said, enraptured, "Vous êtes la femme la plus charmante qu'il y ait en France."

The cost of this theatre was something frightful! In one year the accounts of the Duc de la Vrillière reached 230,203 livres. The king,—who, after the first novelty had worn off, often yawned horribly at these performances,—at last suppressed the theatre at Versailles, and it was transported to the château of the marquise at Bellevue.

The effect of the accounts of the performances on the public mind raised apprehensions, and it was supposed the monarch was influenced in his decision by the following passage, in a pamphlet of satirical sketches, after the fashion of Labruyère;—

"*Lindor*, trop gêné dans sa grandeur pour prendre une fille de centimes, se satisfait en prince de son sang,—on lui bâtit une grande maison, on y élève près un théâtre où sa maîtresse devient danseuse en titre et en office; hommes entêtés de la vanité des sauteuses lauderelles, ne pensez pas que le dernier les Gygès soit mort en Lydie."

But the theatrical extravagances of  
NEW SERIES.—Vol. X., No. 3.

Madame de Pompadour were nothing in comparison with the millions and millions she squandered away in buying estates, in altering or decorating old châteaux, in constructing new ones. Her largest château was at Crecy, but she had others at Compiègne, Fontainebleau, Saint Ouen, Montretent, La Celle Saint Cloud, at Bellevue, two at Versailles, two or three at Paris, of which one was the palace known as the Elysée. Her last acquisition was the vast estate belonging to the Marquis de Menars, and she even contemplated purchasing the principality of Neufchâtel from the King of Prussia, as a place of retirement in case of disgrace or the death of the king. The furniture of all these châteaux was of course of the most expensive kind. She was a mine of gold for the tapissiers of the time; and the fêtes she got up at her various residences for the amusement of a blasé king, cost fabulous sums. Every effect that bright illuminations, fireworks, artificial water, gondolas and barges, mummeries and masquerades in silk and satin, and silver-spangled gauze and feathers, could produce, was tried upon the king, and very frequently without success.

She founded, however, two institutions, both of which have been beneficial to France. Of the first, the whole credit of invention and execution is due to herself,—the manufacture of porcelain at Sèvres. The other institution was the military school of the Champs de Mars.

The public hatred against the favorite increased with the duration of her reign, and rose to an alarming intensity during the disasters of the Seven Years' War, in spite of all the pains she took to increase the number of her partisans and flatterers. Madame de Pompadour now spoke of retiring to her estates. Even she felt overwhelmed with the public detestation. She never travelled at this time except well accompanied, and in her journey from Choisy to Versailles went in the middle of a squadron of horsepatrol. Louis himself began to feel a little. He exclaimed querulously, "On me nommait ci-devant le Bien-aimé; je suis aujourd'hui le Bien-haï." He made no attempt at reform, however, though the state of the public mind was such that he no longer ventured to cross Paris, and had a road made by which he might

go to Compiègne without going through the capital. The road was called the *Chemin de la Révolte*, and still bears its name.

To console the marquise, she was allowed ducal honors at court, the tabouret in the presence of the queen, the ducal mantle to her coat of arms, and the velvet hammercloth to her carriage. The public execrations had their effect upon her, however; for she endeavored to change her position in respect to the king, and towards the court. She desired now to maintain only innocent relations with the sovereign, but had no thought of resigning her position as confidential friend and prime minister in petticoats, with her magnificent monopoly of state patronage. She wished, in fact, to preserve all the golden fruit of her immorality, and to have all the honor due to immaculate virtue.

She put in play an immense deal of hypocrisy and double-dealing to achieve her purpose, and, after one first great repulse, she partially succeeded. Her chief aim was to be named by the queen as one of her ladies of honor, after which the world could have nothing to say to her residence at Versailles. She made this request, but the queen naturally replied that she could not receive her, as she lived apart from her husband and never took the Communion. With every protestation of repentance, and of an intention to lead a devout life in future, Madame de Pompadour applied to a confessor,—no ordinary one,—but a confessor of the order from which the kings and queens of France were wont to select their spiritual advisers,—a Jesuit,—le Père de Sacy. But the Père de Sacy was inflexible. He refused to give her absolution. He declared that however innocent might be her actual relations with the king, yet her very presence at Versailles was a scandal on religion and on morality. Madame de Pompadour was irritated against the confessor and his order, and dismissed him; and hence arose one of the causes of grievance which induced her to support Choiseul in the expulsion of the Jesuits from France.

However, in the end, she accomplished all she wished; for the first objection any confessor would make to her would be that she had left her husband. She

contrived, by a hypocritical letter of repentance to M. d'Etiolles, and an offer to return, to extract a refusal from him to receive her. It is true she had him warned beforehand, by M. de Soubise, that the king would be much displeased if he accepted her offer; but this did not operate at all with M. le Normant d'Etiolles, who, since he had been driven by her conduct to sanction illegitimate connections, had become passionately attached to a lady of the Opera. M. d'Etiolles said he wholly forgave his wife, but could not possibly receive her back. Madame la Marquise was now a triumphant, repentant creature. She had done all she could to repair her little sins, and, with all the confidence of rejected virtue, she secured a more convenient confessor, who gave her absolution and the sacrament, and the queen was outwitted;—for the only two objections she could make to the Pompadour's request were thus answered. She was presented, consequently, to the queen, after her nomination to a place in her household, in 1756. But the next year she was in a greater danger than ever of losing her position, on the occasion of the wound received by the king from the hands of the assassin Damiens.

She expected every moment to receive orders to start, for she knew the king had a horror of dying in a state of mortal sin. She was deserted by all the world but her brother, who had become through her influence the Marquis de Marigny, Madame du Hausset her *femme de chambre*, and the Abbé de Bernis. Machault, the *garde des sceaux*, who owed his advancement entirely to her, observed that the king never mentioned her name, and took care to avoid her until he received word from the king to give commands to Madame de Pompadour to leave forthwith.

Her agitation was horrible. Orange-flower water was given her, to soothe her, in a silver cup; for her teeth clenched together so convulsively that she would have crushed a glass. Another hour, and Versailles and its splendors and the golden millions of France would exist no more for her. Her part was played out. No marvel so ambitious a nature ground her teeth in nervous desperation. Nevertheless, in this agony of grief, her trunks had to be packed up. The carriages

were ordered, and the coachmen were on the boxes, when la petite maréchale, —the wily, little, unscrupulous Maréchale de Mireport,—the bosom-friend and confidante of the Pompadour,—she who is said to have taken cherry-stones from the Pompadour's mouth as she ate cherries one day in her carriage, to save the favorite's gloves, entered, and cried, "What's all this? What do these trunks mean? . . . Qui quitte la partie la perd." And the marquise remained to triumph once more over all her enemies.

A comment on this crisis of the Pompadour's career is to be found in the correspondence of the Cardinal de Bernis with M. de Choiseul,—both her creatures, and both afterwards prime ministers by her choice. The virtuous indignation of the ecclesiastic at the enmity of the court to his patroness is edifying:—

"Le roi a été assassiné, et la cour n'a vu dans cet affreux événement qu'un moment favorable de chasser notre amie. Toutes les intrigues ont été déployées auprès du confesseur. Il y a une tribu à la cour qui attend toujours l'extrême-onction pour tâcher emprunter son crédit. Pourquoi faut-il que la dévotion soit si séparée de la vertu? *Notre amie ne peut plus scandaliser que les sots et les fripons. Il est de notoriété publique que l'amitié, depuis cinq ans, a pris la place de la galanterie.* C'est une vraie cagoterie de remonter dans le passé pour l'innocence de la liaison actuelle: elle est fondée sur la nécessité d'ouvrir son âme à une amie éprouvée et sûre, et qui dans la division du ministère est le seul pont de réunion. Que d'ingrats j'ai vus, mon cher comte, et combien notre siècle est corrompu!"

But such agonizing emotions,—the intense anxiety and watchfulness of her daily life, the never-ending fatigue and weariness which the necessity of being, at every moment, "up to the mark," which her position required, was daily telling frightfully on the marquise. She herself said that her life was terrible,—*"C'est un combat."* She was, in fact, from morning to night, dancing the tight-rope over a fall to her as horrible as that of Niagara; and the rope, too, might be cut at any moment. She gave way sometimes, and sank down in floods of tears before her brother or Madame du Hausset. She was, however, resolved to die game; and if we can admire spirit and a defiant independence, minus morality, the Pompadour has a right to be admired.

The faded favorite became so ill at last that she was a pitiable object. All the fine lines of her form, the childlike roundness and softness of her limbs, the infantine freshness of her features had passed away. She was a mere skeleton,—all elbows, and shoulder-blades, and collar-bones; and her smooth, pure cheek and forehead were channeled by care, fatigue, and pain, with hideous wrinkles, which she tried to conceal with a thick crust of artificial white and red. All that remained of her old beauty was to be found in her fine brown eyes, which grew larger and more brilliant with the decay of her person and the emaciation of her face. Alarming symptoms followed close on each other with increasing gravity. The palpitation of the heart became so violent that she had fits of suffocation, till at last her energetic will could no longer support her enfeebled, diseased form, and on a visit to Choisy she was obliged to give way and take to her bed. Louis XV., to do him justice, did not show himself unfeeling as long as she lived. On the contrary, he paid her every attention, and consulted her on public affairs up to the last; and after he had left Choisy for Versailles, the duty of the first gentleman of the chamber was to bring him news of the health of the dying favorite. It was only after she was dead that he made the unfeeling speech which has been recorded of him; and, bad as the man was, it is clear he often said worse things than he meant out of sheer cynical bravado.

The doctors who were called in gave her a slight respite, during which stage of amelioration she was brought to her apartment at Versailles; but everybody and, with others, she herself knew that her case was hopeless. She met death with great courage, regarding it after all as a deliverance from a life which it was impossible to continue; while her presence of mind and her head for business never failed her up to the last. She received her friends graciously as long as she had breath; and made one of them a present of a gold snuff-box, engraved with verses she had composed a day or two before. On the very morning of her death, being warned of her approaching end, she read over her long will and codicils attentively, and dictated a fresh codicil with a number of additional lega-

cies to friends. She had named the Prince de Soubise, her unfortunate general in the Seven Years' War and closest male friend of twenty years' standing, her executor. After this she had herself dressed, had some rouge put on her cheeks, and prepared to receive death as she would have received the king. The Chief Master of the Post-Office, who daily made reports to her of secret correspondence, came and was received as usual,—*"pour travailler avec elle."*

On the departure of the gentleman from the Post-Office, the curé of the Madeleine de la Ville l'Évêque, at Paris, was introduced. She accounted herself his parishioner, since her hôtel was in his neighborhood. She talked cheerfully to him for some moments, and, as he was about to go, detained him with a smile, saying, *"Un moment, Monsieur le Curé; nous nous en irons ensemble."* She died very shortly after this pretty speech, at the age of forty-two years and six months.

As for Louis XV., the queen wrote to the President Hainault, a few days after, *"Au reste, il n'est non plus question ici de ce qui n'est plus, que si elle n'avait jamais existé. Voilà le monde; c'est bien la peine de l'aimer."* Indeed, the king had long ceased to think of her as anything else than an encumbrance. He was tired of her, but had not had the courage to send her away, convinced that a dismissal would be to her a death-blow. He had wept himself ill for Madame de Vintunille, and had wept also for Madame de Châteauroux and Madame de Mailly; but he had not a tear for the Pompadour. Perhaps he reproached her for having made him what he was,—the most despised king in Europe; and this he certainly would not have become under the management of either of his former mistresses,—for all the Nesles had some grandeur of soul. The property of Madame de Pompadour, all with the exception of the legacies, went to her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, who was the most estimable member of her family, and who died childless; after which it went to a relative who had

formerly been a drummer in the army, but for whose advancement she had provided in her lifetime. The quantity of furniture she left was so enormous that the sale of it lasted a year, and the auction-room where it was sold was the great sight of Paris during all that time. *"It seemed,"* says a writer, *"that all the regions of the earth had paid tribute to the extravagance of the marchioness."*

The body of the worn-out favorite was deposited in a vault at the church of the Capuchins in the Place Vendôme, which she had purchased from the great family De la Trémouille, where she had then lived, to have herself buried alive if the king should leave her. She had already deposited there her mother and her daughter; and, as the Princess de Talmont said, the great bones of the La Trémouille family must have been astonished at finding themselves in company with the fish-bones,—*les arêtes*,—of the Poissons. Many pretty epitaphs were made for her, of course, and some, indeed, of a character not presentable in the present day, notwithstanding their drapery in Latin hexameters. It would be unjust even to the memory of a light woman to leave out of account that part of the mental agony which wore her to a skeleton, arising undoubtedly from remorse at the ill-success of her political schemes, and for the calamities of the Austrian alliance, and the Seven Years' War which she brought upon her country. And it would be unjust not to state that in later years she strung the whole forces of her nature to endeavor to repair some of the mischief she had done, and to open a career of victory for France. But as she had exiled all the most capable advisers of the crown from the Government, and was served only by the servile and the incapable, her own maceration was of little use to her country. England, however, owes a great deal to Madame de Pompadour, for Chatham had free play over the whole world with the Pompadour as petticoat minister of France.



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## THE EVER-WIDENING WORLD OF STARS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.,

AUTHOR OF "SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM," &amp;c., &amp;c.

As the science of astronomy has advanced, the ideas men have formed respecting the extent of the universe have gradually become more and more enlarged. In far-off times, when astronomers were content to judge of the conformation of the universe by the appearances directly presented to their contemplation, the ideas formed respecting the celestial bodies were singularly homely. We read that Theophrastus looked upon the Milky Way as the fastening of the stellar hemispheres, which are "so carelessly knitted together, that the fiery heavens beyond them can be seen through the spaces." Anaximenes believed the heavens to be made of a kind of fine earthenware, and that the stars are the heads of nails driven through the domed vault formed of this material. And even Lucretius, whose views of nature were so noble, has referred without disapproval to the bizarre theory of Xenophanes that the stars are fiery clouds collected in the upper regions of air.

While the Ptolemaic system of astronomy was accepted there were no means of forming any trustworthy views respecting the extent of the stellar universe. If the earth were ever at rest we could never know how far the stars were from us; and therefore the old astronomers were free to invent whatever theories they pleased as to the scale on which the sidereal scheme is constructed. It was only when the earth was set free by Copernicus from the imaginary chains which had been conceived as holding it in the centre of the universe that it became possible to form any conception of the distances at which the stars lie from us. Indeed Tycho Brahé immediately pointed this out as an overwhelming objection against the new theory. "Are we to suppose," he argued, "that the stars are placed at such enormous distances from us as to seem wholly unchanged in position while the earth sweeps round the sun in an orbit millions of miles in diameter? If this amazing theory were true, the stars

would be hundreds of millions of miles from us, a view which is utterly monstrous and incredible."

But strange as this new view appeared, it gradually gained ground. It became presently so well established that when Cassini discovered that the earth travels in a much wider orbit than Tycho Brahé had supposed—so that the stars were at once thrown many hundreds of millions of miles farther from us—astronomers still held to the new order of things. "With Briarean arms," as Humboldt has described their labors, the fellow-workers of Cassini thrust farther and farther away "the heaven of the fixed stars," until the immensity of the universe grew so beneath their labors, that new modes of expressing its dimensions had to be adopted. They were not satisfied with the obvious circumstance that the stars seem to remain unchanged in position as the earth sweeps round the sun. They tested this apparent fixity of position with instruments of greater and greater power,—yet always with the same result. They made observations ten, twenty, even fifty times more exact than Tycho Brahé's, and the fact that they still detected no change of position signifying nothing less than that the universe of the fixed stars is ten, twenty, even fifty times farther from us than Tycho Brahé had imagined.

Thus when Sir W. Herschel began the noble series of researches amid the stellar depths which has rendered his name illustrious, the world of stars was already one of inconceivably enormous extent. Yet so widely did he increase our appreciation of the vastness of the universe, that it has been thought no exaggeration to say of him, that, "he broke through the barriers of the heavens." "Cælorum perrupit claustra," says his monument at Upton, and every student of astronomy who has carefully examined Herschel's labors, understands the justice of the expression. For consider what Herschel did. When he began his survey of the heavens, astronomers had proved indeed that the nearest of

the fixed stars lie at enormous distances from us, and some of the more advanced thinkers had begun to form noble speculations respecting the relations of the stars which lie beyond the sphere of those visible to us. But it was reserved to Sir W. Herschel to apply exact observations to the unseen star systems. He literally gauged the celestial depths. With a telescope whose light-gathering power probably extended the range of vision to about eight hundred times its natural limit, he swept every part of the northern heavens. He estimated the depth of the system of stars in every direction by a simple and natural process. For, like all great thinkers, he struck out modes of inquiry which, the moment they were presented to the world, seemed so obvious, that the wonder was how they remained so long undetected. He said that precisely as the quantity of water passed through by the sailor's lead-line marks the depth of the sea, so the number of stars which can be seen when a telescope of given power is turned towards any part of the heavens is a measure of the depth of the sidereal system in that direction. In individual cases, indeed, the law may not be true, just as the sailor's lead-line may light on the peak of some sunken rock, and so give no true measure of the general depths of the sea in the neighborhood. But when the average of a great number of such "star-gaugings" is taken, then we may feel tolerably certain that on applying the simple rule devised by Herschel we shall form no inaccurate estimates of our system's extent in any direction.

Thence arose his great theory of the stellar system. He showed that our sun is but one of an immense number of suns, distributed in a region of space resembling a cloven disc in figure. When we look along the thickness of the disc we see the enormous beds of stars, which lie around us in that direction as a cloud of milky light, which so comes to form a cloven ring round the heavens. But when we look out towards the sides of the disc, where the stars are less profusely scattered, we see between them the black background of the sky.

Then Herschel extended his researches to those strange objects called the nebulae. He showed that where astrono-

mers had reckoned tens of these objects there were in reality thousands. And he found that a large proportion of the nebulae can be resolved into stars. He held that these, therefore, may be looked upon as external universes, resembling that great system of stars of which our sun is a member. We need not, at this point, dwell upon the distinction which Herschel drew between nebulae of this sort, and those objects which he held (and as we now know, justly) to be true clouds, formed from some vaporous substance, of the actual nature of which he forbore to express an opinion. Let it suffice to remark that in whatever mode those vaporous nebulae might be supposed to be formed, it was clear to Herschel that they cannot be held to lie *necessarily* beyond the system of the fixed stars, as he held to be certainly the case with the stellar nebulae.

Since Herschel's day a multitude of important discoveries have been made. His son, the present Sir John Herschel, carried the system of star-gaugings over the southern heavens, having first trained himself to the work by verifying Sir William's northern star-gaugings. The eminent astronomer Struve and others have applied a series of tests to the basis of Herschel's theory of the universe. Increased telescopic power has been applied to the examination of the nebulae. And lastly, a mode of research more wonderful than the boldest pioneers of science had ventured to hope for has been applied to determine what the stars and nebulae really are, nay even the very elements of which they are constituted.

Therefore we stand in a position so far in advance of that to which it was in Herschel's power to attain, that the attempt to modify his theories need no longer be thought to savour of undue boldness. Half a century does not pass without bringing a vast extension of knowledge, and certainly the last half century has been no exception to this rule; inasmuch that could the great astronomer take his place again among us, and become cognizant of the vast strides which his favorite science has made since he left us, he would be the first to point out that many of his views required to be modified or even to be wholly abandoned.

For instance, let us consider the meaning of the following observation made by

the younger Herschel. While "sweeping" the southern heavens, this eminent astronomer noticed occasionally the existence of faint outlying streamers belonging to the Milky Way, yet not only irresolvable into stars, but so exceedingly distant that he could scarcely speak of them as really visible. He was *sensible* of their existence, but when the eye was turned directly upon them they vanished, inasmuch that, he says, "the idea of illusion has repeatedly arisen subsequently," yet when he came to map down the places where these phantom star-streams had been detected, he found that they formed regular branches of the galactic system.

Now these outlying star-streams prove first of all that the star-system is not disc-shaped, but spiral in figure. Between the stars which form the ordinary streams of the Milky Way, and those which form the phantom streams there must lie regions in which stars are either altogether wanting or strewn with much less profusion than in either the nearer or the farther stream.

But this is not the only nor the chief conclusion which may be drawn from the existence of the almost evanescent star-streams. According to Herschel's views the stars which compose those streams are only faint through enormity of distance. They may be as large as our sun, many of them perhaps far larger. And between them there may yawn distances as large as those which separate us from Arcturus or Aldebaran. Now this being so, the outlying parts of our own sidereal system being removed so far from us as to be all but evanescent in Herschel's splendid reflector—how much greater ought to be the faintness of the sidereal systems which lie outside ours! If the nebulae are really such systems, and made up of suns like our own, then not only ought Herschel's great reflector to fail in rendering them visible, but even Lord Rosse's noble mirror would require to be increased a hundred-fold in power before we could see them. For clearly the nebulae, which appear as mere tiny specks upon the vault of heaven, must be very much farther away than the confines of our system, if they are comparable with it in size.

Therefore we must have "of two things one." Either the confines of our sidereal system are constituted very differently

from the parts in our neighborhood; or the nebulae are constituted very differently from the sidereal system. We say, of two things one, meaning that one of the two views *must* be true; but it is plain that there is nothing to prevent both being true.

We may next come to the inquiry whether these views are severally supported by any special evidence.

Now as to the first, it happens that the southern heavens surveyed by the younger Herschel afford evidence such as Sir William Herschel was not possessed of. The former has seen places in the southern skies where the outline of the Milky Way is so sharply defined, that even in the telescope the sudden change from a background of black sky to the sprinkled light of the galaxy is not lost. One half of the field of view will exhibit the former aspect, the other the latter. Now if we consider a cloud, or a dense flight of birds, or any cluster of objects exhibiting a well defined outline, we see at once what that well defined outline means. It signifies that the eye is directed along the edge or surface of a distinct cluster of objects—in one case globules of water, in another birds, and so on—and the idea is at once precluded that the eye is *within the cluster* of whatever sort that cluster may be. Therefore the theory that the sun forms one of a system of stars spread pretty uniformly over a disc-shaped space must be given up; for were it true, the approach to the Milky Way would always be gradual.

When we add that in the southern skies the Milky Way presents the most fantastic configuration, here expanding into fan-shaped masses, there winding about in a multitude of strange convolutions, here suddenly narrowing into a bright neck or isthmus, there exhibiting a nearly circular vacancy, it becomes clear that the galaxy cannot have the figure assigned to it by Sir W. Herschel. It must consist of streams and sprays of stars at different distances. Such streams by their fantastic convolutions serve to explain all the peculiarities of the galaxy's structure.

And next, have we any evidence that the nebulae are not really beyond the galaxy, but are mixed up with the sidereal system? It appears to me that we have.

Sir William Herschel noticed that there are places where the nebulae are much more densely crowded than elsewhere, and he was disposed to suspect that precisely as the stars by their aggregation form the zone of the Milky Way, so there is a zone of nebulae. But when Sir John Herschel had completed the survey of the heavens it was found that a very different law of distribution made its appearance. Instead of being collected in a zone or band around the heavens, the nebulae are arranged in two distinct but irregular clusters, separated by a well-marked zone almost entirely free from nebulae. *And this zone coincides almost exactly with the Milky Way.*

What are we to understand by so special an arrangement as this? A modern astronomer says it clearly proves that the nebulae do *not* belong to the star-world; but I can see no escape from an exactly opposite view. A simple illustration will serve to exhibit the nature of the case. Suppose a person found a space of ground on which gravel was arranged in the form of a ring, and that rough stones were thickly spread over the whole space except the gravel ring, would he conclude that there was *no* association between the arrangement of the gravel and the arrangement of the stones, because few stones were to be found on or near the gravel? Would he not rather find in this peculiarity distinct evidence that there *was* some association? He would, we think, argue that the gravel had been collected into one place and the stones into another, in pursuance of *some one particular scheme*. The corresponding conclusion in the case of the stars and nebulae would clearly be that the stars had been drawn together in one direction and the nebulae in another, out of a common world of cosmical matter. In other words we should look on the nebulae as members of the same system or scheme that the stars belong to.

And here it may be asked how the conclusion thus deduced from the arrangement of stars and nebulae can be said to tend to enlarge our views of the world of stars. On the contrary, it might be urged, the views which had prevailed before, presented us with nobler conceptions of the universe. For we were able to recognize in the thousands

of nebulae which flock the dark background of the sky, sidereal systems as noble as that of which our sun is a member; and in the existence of countless star-systems we had a spectacle to contemplate before which the human intellect was compelled to bow in its utter powerlessness and insignificance: whereas it seems as though the new views would reduce the scope of our vision to a single galaxy of stars, unless some few members of the nebular system may still be looked on as outer star-schemes.

But on a closer inspection of the views I have been maintaining, it will appear that they largely enhance our conceptions of the scale on which the world of stars is constructed. Until now it has been held that the telescopes which man has been able to construct enable us to scan the limits of our sidereal system, and to pass so readily beyond those limits as to become sensible of the existence of thousands of other schemes as noble as our own or nobler. But if the new views should be established, we should be compelled to recognize in the world of stars a system which our most powerful instruments are not fully able to gauge. The clusters of stars, whose splendor has so worthily excited the admiration of the Herschels, the Rosses, the Struves, and the Bonds, must be looked upon as among the glories of our own system, and indicative of the multiplied forms of structure or of aggregation to be found within its boundaries. As of late, our conceptions of the wealth of the solar system have been enhanced by the discovery of numberless new objects and new forms of matter existing within its range, and co-ordinating themselves in regular relations with the earlier known members of the system, so we seem now called on to recognize in the stellar world an unsuspected wealth of material, a hitherto unrecognized variety of cosmical forms, and an extension into regions of space to which our most powerful telescopes have not yet been able to penetrate.

But now I would call attention to a peculiarity of the southern skies which, while apparently affording conclusive testimony in favor of the new views, has unaccountably (in my opinion) been urged as an argument tending in quite another direction. There are to be seen



in those skies two mysterious clouds of light, which were called by the first Europeans who sailed the southern seas the Magellanic clouds, and are now commonly spoken of by astronomers as the Nubeculæ. Examined by the powerful telescope of Sir John Herschel, these objects have been found to consist of small fixed stars and nebulae, grouped together without any evidence of special arrangement, but still obviously intermixed,—not merely seen projected on the same field of view.

These strange objects have given rise to many speculations; and among the definite views put forward respecting them is one recently expressed in a most valuable communication to the Royal Astronomical Society from the pen of Mr. Cleveland Abbe, an astronomer who has labored in the sound school of the Poulkova Observatory. Having recognized in the peculiar arrangement of stars and nebulae above referred to, an argument that the nebulae lie beyond our system, Mr. Abbe suggests that the Magellanic clouds are two of the nearest of the nebular systems, which thus exhibit larger dimensions than their fellow-schemes.

The basis of this, which may be termed the positive theory of the Nubeculæ, is the hypothesis which may be termed the negative theory. Whatever these objects may be, astronomers have said, they are quite distinct from the sidereal system, nor are the nebulae seen within them to be looked upon as fellows of the other nebulae. For in the Nubeculæ we see what we recognize nowhere else, the combination namely of clustering groups of stars and freely scattered nebulae. It is the characteristic (still I am quoting the theory) of the sidereal system that where its splendors are greatest nebulae are wanting; it is the characteristic of nebular aggregation that it withdraws itself in appearance from the neighborhood of clustering star groups. But in the Magellanic clouds neither of these characteristics is to be recognized; therefore these objects are distinct from either system.

Nor has another argument been wanting to indicate the distinction that exists between the Magellanic clouds and the other splendors of the celestial vault. Sir John Herschel, sweeping over their

neighborhood with his 18-inch reflector, was struck with the singular barrenness of the skies around them. With that expressive verbiage which gives so great a charm to his astronomical descriptions, he forces on our attention, again and again, the poverty of the regions which lie around the Nubeculæ. "Oppressively barren" he describes them in one place; "the access to the Nubeculæ on all sides is through a desert," he says in another. And this peculiarity thus established by the certain evidence of an observer so able and trustworthy, has been held by many to imply in the clearest and most distinct manner that there is no connection between the Nubeculæ and the stellar system.

To me the evidence afforded by the barrenness of the regions round the Magellanic clouds points irresistibly in the opposite direction. Why should some outer system, free as is assumed of all association with our own, occupy that peculiarly barren space which so attracted the attention of Sir John Herschel? But if we look on the coincidence as striking in the case of one, how much more remarkable will it appear when the only two outer systems of the sort thus brought within our ken are associated in this way with the most singularly barren region in the whole heavens! Surely the more natural conclusion to be drawn from the phenomenon is that the richness of the Magellanic clouds and the poverty of the surrounding districts stand to each other in the most intimate correlation. Is there not reason for concluding that those districts are poor because of the action of the same process of aggregation which has attracted within the Nubeculæ a larger share than usual of stellar and nebular glories?\*

It need hardly be mentioned that the former argument, on which the distinction between the Nubeculæ and other celestial objects has been founded, is disposed of at once if we recognize the stellar and nebular systems as in reality forming but a single scheme. Not only

\* Sir William Herschel has recorded a peculiarity respecting nebulae which is worthy of mention in connection with the facts above considered. "I have found," he says, "that the spaces preceding nebulae were generally quite deprived of stars, so as often to afford many fields without a single star."

so, but the Nubeculæ afford a striking argument in favor of the latter view. To return to the somewhat homely illustration made use of above. Our conceptions of the original association between the stones and the gravel arranged in the manner indicated would certainly be strengthened, or would even be changed into absolute certainty, if we perceived in a part of the ground two heaps in which stones and gravel were intermixed. When I add that there are two distinctly marked nebular streams leading towards the Nubeculæ, as well as several well-marked star-streams tending in the same direction, the evidence of association seems irresistibly strengthened.

If these views be accepted, we shall have to look upon the world of stars as made up of all classes of clustering aggregations, besides strange wisps and sprays

extending throughout space in the most fantastic convolutions. Then also, while dismissing the idea that the nebulae as a class are external systems, we may accept as highly probable the conclusion that some of the spiral or whirlpool nebulae really lie far beyond the confines of our system. For we see in these objects the very picture of what the new views show our sidereal system to be. *There* are the spiral whorls corresponding to the double ring of the Milky Way; there are faint outlying streamers corresponding to the phantom star-streams traced by Sir John Herschel; there also, are bright single stars and miniature clusters,—nay, there also may even be recognized large knobs or lobes of clustering stars, forming no inapt analogue of the Magellanic clouds.

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London Society.

#### SOCIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Soon we shall have no social superstitions, I suppose. They are destined, no doubt, to disappear with political superstitions and religious superstitions—or what people are pleased to consider as such—in the natural course of the abolition of most things. How many have gone in our own time!—or in a time within the experience of men and women still among us, and familiar at least in a reflected light.

The superstitions to which I refer, are not very important perhaps, but they mark changes in manners, and changes in manners mark changes in a great many other things. A great number have gone, as I have said. The superstitious observance of the custom of getting drunk after dinner, for instance, is among the disappearances. A great many people still get drunk, it must be confessed; but they usually pay the homage which intoxication owes to sobriety, and deny or conceal the fact. There used to be a superstition among a certain class of fine gentlemen that it was “bad form”—or whatever was the equivalent phrase of the period—to be able to do anything for one’s-self, and that a state of utter apathy and indifference to things in general was the surest mark of good breeding. There may be such men about now, but they are very

carefully cut, I should think; and a negative condition of mind and body would certainly not in these days be considered a sign of *bon ton*. There was a superstition once in favor of snuff-taking. Long since the days when a snuff-box was as necessary an appendage to a gentleman as his shoe buckles, the habit of putting it to use was still general, and it has disappeared only in the present generation. During the rule of snuff, smoking was the exception; and though the latter had many votaries, the “vice” was a secret one—to be indulged only in out-of-the-way places. A stable or a harness-room was thought quite good enough, and the tap-room at a low tavern most appropriate. When rooms were set apart for the purpose at clubs they were always the worst in the house; and up to so late a period as to be called the other day there was no smoking-room at one of the leading clubs in London. Now, not only are smokers in clubs luxuriously provided, but every house of sufficient size and pretensions—in the country at any rate—has an apartment available for the weed; and in connection with billiards ladies endure it with a charming docility—developed in some cases, so scandal declares, into the most practical expression of tolerance. In the old times only the most hardened offend-

ers would venture to smoke in the streets or public places. I need scarcely say how this superstition has been disposed of in these days, when Royal Princes lead the way, and a Royal Duke may be seen on most mornings on Constitution Hill in company with an enormous regalia.

There was a superstition prevalent for many years that a gentleman could not be properly costumed unless half strangled in an enormous stock. This machine was wonderfully and fearfully made, with a slight pretence of elasticity, but intended evidently to keep the head up, and promote an appearance of dignified apoplexy in the wearer—with the occasional effect of a divergence from appearance into reality. The custom originated through the "most finished gentleman in Europe" not being proud of his neck; and it became so rigorous as to ruin any man who refused to follow it. There is only one known instance of such hardness, however, and that is in the case of Lord Byron. It is generally supposed that society set its face against the poet because he was supposed to be an immoral man, to ill-treat his wife, and exhibit a vicious tendency in his writings. I believe nothing of the kind. Society at the time made pets of men who were far worse than Byron was even supposed to be, who got on no better with their wives, and who set quite as vicious an example in their lives as Byron was alleged to set in his writings. Society cut Byron because he turned down his collar, and that is the whole fact of the matter. Had he worn a stock he would have been one of themselves, and they would have forgiven him as they did other people.

Stocks are seldom seen now, except in the army, where, in a certain but not sufficiently modified degree, they are still the rule; at the discretion, however, of commanding officers, who may allow them to be dispensed with if they think the relaxation necessary or desirable. Nobody, in fact, wears a stock in these days unless he is obliged to do so, except a few fogies who cling to the superstition as a link to life.

"What do you think of my uncle?" asked a man not long since of his friend, with whom he was walking in Pall Mall. They had just met the gentleman in question.

"Think of him!" was the contemptuous reply; "why he wears a stock and buckles it behind—that's what I think of him."

You see by this little incident the kind of feeling that stocks excite in the present day.

If there are superstitions among men there are superstitions among women, you may be sure, and among the latter as among the former there have been a great many that are now exploded. As regards dress and deportment there was one connected with the ideal of a lady which seems to have no believers in these times. A lady was supposed to be arrayed in the plainest manner—to wear robes of the soberest colors and the simplest cut. Anybody who deviated from the rule was supposed not to be a lady; and the French, who set the fashions then as they do now, were far in advance of the English in this respect. That this superstition no longer prevails need scarcely be pointed out. The change in the present direction has been accompanied too by some incidental superstitions which have also come to an end—or very nearly so. One was that ladies in order to attain elegance in skirts must be encased in a steel cage, absurdly—considering the derivation of the word—called a crinoline. Another was founded upon the idea that a lady could not appear out of doors without wearing upon her head a preposterous contrivance, which, had it been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii, or in some such place, without any indication of the use to which it was applied, would have been a mystery to succeeding ages, and remained perhaps a puzzle to antiquarians up to the present time. The thing I mean was called a bonnet.

What a monstrosity it was! It stood alone in creation. Nature never produced anything like it in her wildest and most colonial moods. Art could never have conceived such an object. For the bonnet was like our old friend Topsy, according to that young person's idea of her origin. It was never born of the fancy of any one man or woman—"I guess it grewed." You could not indeed resemble it to anything else. It was not like a coalscuttle, to which some of its varieties have been flatteringly compared, for it would not stand on its end, if in-

deed it had an end to stand on; and for similar reasons among others it could not be supposed to be intended for a coffeepot, a breadbasket, a card-tray, a toast-rack, a mousetrap, or a warming-pan. It was certainly not like a hat; for though it contained a place where you could put part of a head, there was nothing to indicate—in the absence of previous information—that such an uncomfortable receptacle was meant for such a use. The coincidence was altogether insufficient. You may put your head into a bag or a portmanteau, but nobody would guess those useful articles to be head-dresses on that account. The bonnet, in its ultra days at any rate, was as shapeless a monster as the *Pieuvre*, first described by Victor Hugo, and since made familiar to us in collections of aquaria; with bows and flowers for “feelers,” turning up in arbitrary and unexpected places. Had we—inno-cent of it ourselves—found it in use among the Cherokee Indians, we should have fancied it connected with some religious rite, since it would be difficult to suppose that anybody would voluntarily wear such a thing for its own sake. That it is an exploded superstition among civilized nations is a fact for which everybody blessed with eyesight ought to be grateful. The present substitute is called by the same name; but nobody, seeing the two things together, would guess that they were put to the same use. The bonnet of the period is a charming little decorative arrangement, which may be quite useless as far as shelter is concerned, but is scarcely more so than its predecessor, which was ineffectual against sun or rain, and had not the excuse of being ornamental instead.

Another superstition of the past was the corset. I am not quite sure that I shall be allowed to allude to such a subject, but must take my chance. I will be content, however, to observe that the garment—it can scarcely be called a garment though; what am I to call it?—the article?—the machine? The machine will do. It was a point of faith that this machine was indispensable to the female kind, or at any rate that it ought to be, and it was worn when not wanted as a distinction of the sex. One need not be the oldest inhabitant of any place to remember these curious contri-

vances of which wood or steel, and whalebone inevitably, formed such important features. Such things may exist in the present day; but they could never have been necessities; for the interesting wearers of the modified mysteries now in use under the same name do not seem to suffer from the absence of their predecessors. On the contrary, they evidently flourish the more for the change, look a great deal better, and must feel a great deal better if they can feel at all.

Among social observances which may be classed among exploded superstitions, I may include the circulation of wedding cards and wedding cake among the friends of married couples. The cake went first, and the cards are fast following. I am not quite sure that the omission in either case is an advantage. People always liked getting the cake, though it is a horrible thing to eat, and the cards certainly answered their intended purpose—that of marking the feeling towards old acquaintances under new conditions, and influencing them in paying congratulatory visits. Now, under the new arrangement, half the acquaintances of the bride and bridegroom are uncertain whether to call or not; and as they are very apt to give themselves the benefit of the doubt which gives the least trouble, they frequently remain upon anomalous terms with the happy pair for an indefinite period—determined in the end perhaps by an accident.

The superstition which dictates the use of cards in general intercourse is not likely to die out. Society cannot get on without them. But calling—where you actually want to see the people—has been relieved of half its horrors by the practice of appointing certain days for being at home, and adding the attraction of tea, which, whether visitors want that refreshment or not, at least gives them something to do. A great many people would prefer that these rites should be performed after dinner instead of before, and it would be well to allow them the alternative. I dare say we shall come to this some day. Meanwhile many take kindly to what has been called the social treadmill, and grind away for the fun of the thing. It is hard perhaps to have to drop additional cards after having dined at a house, and such *visites de digestion* are usually paid with the kind of gratitude



known as a lively sense of benefits to come.

Among existing superstitions that which necessitates introductions at balls in private houses has a great many heterodox enemies. They are mere matters of form, since the persons introduced are frequently no wiser as to one another's personality than they were before; and the observance has the effect of curbing individual ardor. There is no harm in them; they are often an assistance; but they should not be held necessary, and in a happier state of existence I dare say they will be dispensed with.

Among exploded superstitions upon such occasions may be reckoned speeches after supper. Where there is no regular supper to make speeches after the evil naturally cures itself; but even where there is, the bore in question is never met with except in offensively old-fashioned society. So much the better, say all sensible people. Speeches after dinner, when the dinner has a business object, of course can't be helped, and come under a different category.

*Apropos* to dinners I may mention a very old superstition which gave the palm to English dinners over all other dinners in the world. "Foreign kick-shaws," compared with them, were held in contempt as unwholesome abominations. And an English dinner, when well cooked, is no doubt a very fine thing, and better for people leading an active life than, say, a French one, as a continuous arrangement. But it is the old story still—our dinners come from a sacred, our cooks from a profane source. To cook an English dinner well a person ought to be capable of cooking a French one. The principles are the same, and the ornate variations, in the latter case, are mere matters of special attainment, easily acquired from prescribed formulæ. But the popular delusion with the common run of cooks is, that an English dinner, in order to have "no nonsense about it," should be essentially solid, and leave digestibility an open question. Any suggestion of an advance upon these conditions is met by the response that Mary Jane does not profess to understand foreign cookery; and an intimation, if she is disposed to be candid, that she considers "plain English" entitled to the preference in every respect. She can

never be made to understand that food prepared in the English fashion is not necessarily crude, comfortless, and injurious. Her main idea is that everything English ought to be substantial, that is to say, heavy; and in pursuance of this I have known her send up such a thing as suet pudding with particular joints. The accompaniment is well known in schools, where it is accepted as part of the discipline of the establishment—but surely nobody ever ate suet pudding as a free agent! This is perhaps an aggravated instance of infatuation, but it is quite within the compass of common "plain cooks," who minister to the middle classes of society. How the poor fare, who are their own cooks, is a sad consideration. That they eat at all is a marvel; and it is a still greater marvel, considering the savage character of their meals, that they do not drink twice as much as they do.

The superstition which exalts bad cookery and calls it English is less strong than it was, and among the educated classes is rapidly passing away. But unhappily the greater part of the population are not educated—even to an appreciation of the commonest comforts—and are still willing victims to a delusion unknown in any other civilized country.

The popular delusion in the matter of wines, which has endured for more than a hundred years, has a greater chance of being dispelled; and if the mass of the wine-drinking population—so largely increased of late—still cling exclusively to port and sherry, it is surely not for want of other wines being suggested equally to their palates and their pockets. Port is now favored by only two classes of persons—the few who will pay fabulous sums for the little that can be got of the best kind, and the many who are not yet influenced by the light wine movement, and still incline themselves—from superstitious motives—to any concoction called by the name. The former need not be converted. Their taste is entitled to the highest respect, and I trust that they will long enjoy the means to gratify it. The latter are being converted by degrees, if we may believe in statistics; for the consumption of port which comes from Portugal has sensibly decreased of late years, and it is not to be supposed that the production of the spurious article

can have increased in the face of the increased facilities for obtaining the real one. The wines of all other wine-producing countries are now largely consumed in this country; and the natural conclusion is beyond a doubt—that the majority of habitual or occasional drinkers of wine do not drink port, while the minority drink it in less proportion than formerly. Sherry has made a firmer stand, and is still considered a necessary wine, whatever be the other wines which find a place in the public favor. There is a competition, too, in the market between sherry and sherry—that is to say, between sherry as usually prepared for English consumption, and sherry as it is in its natural state; and other Spanish wines which are not sherry, but which have the same character, are also entering the field of opposition. The “natural” wines, as the merchants call them, have a hard fight for it at present; for the mass of wine drinkers undoubtedly prefer the old fiery mixtures. But there is a demand for the “dry” qualities rapidly spreading, and palates educated to these—dreadfully doctored as they commonly are—will find out in time that they can be better gratified by unadulterated vintages, or vintages which are at least not deprived of their original character. Between Spanish wines as they ought to be and French wines as they are—to say nothing of Italian, Hungarian, and Greek, which are making their way—the time is probably not far distant when the superstition which gave exclusiveness to port and sherry will be known to more.

Port is associated with prejudice; and prejudice of many kinds is breaking down with port. I allude especially to English prejudice—to be classed with superstition—in reference to things continental. There was an old belief that one Englishman was always able to beat three Frenchmen. That delusion must surely have exploded; and I may mention, as a matter of personal experience, that I once made the experiment with only two of our lively neighbors—and signally failed. But the superstitious sense of superiority on the part of our travelling countrymen on the Continent still prevails to a great extent; the principal exception being the members of the gentler sex, who have thrown off their traditional reserve in a remarkable man-

ner, and dash about in out-of-doors diversions with an affability which is a wonder, not to say a scandal, and utterly confutes the stock caricatures, which, in Paris especially, still represent the *blonde misses* of Albion as embodiments of prudish affectation—wearing green veils and actual bonnets, and regarding the social freedom of France as *shocking*, quite in the old style. There has, to be sure, been lately opened a rival vein of satire, represented in periodicals like the *Vie Parisienne*, which gives the English girl in her gushing, hatty, high-heeled aspect, and has just begun to understand the joke about “the period;” but this development is quite recent—the *blonde missie* still holds her own in the shop windows, and it will be years before she is accepted in her new character.

I am not quite sure that the English superstition as regards our relations towards our lively neighbors has been dissipated with unmixed advantage—as far as the gentler sex is concerned. But it must be admitted, that whether through French or other influence, English women—including English girls of course—dress a great deal better than they did, and—except when they make caricatures of themselves—cannot be accused of failing to set off their beauty to the best advantage.

The mention of dress, again, suggests that an old superstition concerning costume has just exploded. I mean that which made it *de rigueur* for gentlemen, unless in some kind of uniform, to go to court in the habits as they lived of our forefathers in the middle of the reign of George III. The dress was both uncomfortable and incongruous, and nobody liked it; and the change has at least this advantage—that it enables a man to wear in the presence of his sovereign a dress of the shape to which he is accustomed in common life. But innovation begets innovation, and now we find certain levellers condemning the court dress worn by ladies as a superstition. Why, they ask, cannot ladies go to the drawing-rooms in morning dresses with high bodies? These agitators, would, it seems, get rid of the “feathers, blonde-cappets, and diamonds,” and all the rest of it, at one fell swoop, on the ground that full dress happening in these days to be rather scanty, ladies who go to draw-

ing-rooms are apt to take cold. The agitators may depend upon it that some stronger reason than this must be discovered before the ladies concerned will join the agitation, even if such a simplification would ever be permitted by the milliners. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle* is a social decree submitted to more philosophically than is the fate of most legal decrees. And if those who wear court dresses are content to suffer in one way, you may be sure that those who make them will not be content to suffer in another. So the question, I fancy, may be safely left at rest between the two.

Among superstitions which still survive, may be mentioned the belief in some apocryphal period known as the "palmy days of the drama." When these days existed, and what they were like, is not easy to determine. For we find no contemporary evidence of their existence; it has never been handed down to us that people have said, "These are the palmy days of the drama; I am content with the condition of the stage." On the contrary, from the earliest times of which we are able to take anything like a near view, the cry has always been that the regular drama was neglected whenever there were counter attractions in the form of French dancing girls, performing dogs or monkeys, or even such exhibitions as puppet shows. Nobody seems ever to have heard of the palmy days of the drama until they had passed away, and then the praises had a suspicious appearance of being rung for the *tempora acti* in the abstract. Great actors and actresses have lived no doubt before the Agamemnons of our own time, and their Homers have kept their fame alive; but it must be doubted if the drama—that is to say the regular drama—has had such great days for its own sake as has been made out. The days of which we have the most distinct idea are those comparatively early in the century, when enthusiastic people used to go to the pit door of Drury Lane, and wait from two o'clock in the day to see Mrs. Siddons, or the Kembles, and later still the elder Kean—buy a bill in the street, and struggle for the attainment of three hours' intellectual ecstacy. One may suppose that the reward was greater than could be gained now by a similar process—supposing the process to be neces-

sary; but the fact was due to exceptional circumstances; and if the public taste was high, it had not so many invitations as it has in the present day to become low. If there were better actors there were certainly worse, and the same may be said of the pieces which obtained popularity—the inferior class of which would not be listened to now, as has been proved by occasional experiments. There in a larger public in these times; but even making allowance for the fact, a larger proportionate amount of money is spent upon the drama than used to be spent, dramatic authors make larger profits, and dramatic performers are better paid. It is true that plays of a low class, and players of a low class, sometimes succeed, as well as plays and players of a higher class—sometimes better, indeed, when a thorough hit is made. But this has always been the case; and they do not fail *because* they are of a high class. When such pieces are unsuccessful it is because there is something wrong about them—because they are cumbrous, dull, and unfitted for the stage. A great deal of false sentiment would once pass for real, and a great many situations which we have discovered to be clap-trap were accepted by our forefathers in good faith. On the whole, judging by the number of theatres we have, and the number of pieces that fill them, and the standard of excellence demanded by most of the audiences, it must be a mistake to suppose that the drama has declined or is declining. Therefore the belief in the palmy days, as compared with our own—which, however, is far weaker than it was—must be ranked among the superstitions.

An alleged cause of the supposed decline of the drama is the late hour at which most of us dine. It has become later and later in the course of the last few years, and we seem rapidly arriving at the fashionable point said to have been attained by a late American president, who was such a great man that he never took his dinner until the next day! But it is made later, and worse than later because less certain, by a superstitious custom which prevails of the host fixing one time and the guests assembling at another. The inconvenience was pointed out the other day in a morning journal, and it is one which decidedly

demands reform. Everybody understands that a little grace is allowed beyond the quarter-past seven, quarter to eight, or eight, set down in the invitation; but nobody knows exactly how much, unless well acquainted with the custom of the particular house. And as few choose to incur the embarrassment of being too early, a great many run the hazard of being too late. The consequence is an amount of confusion and annoyance which is felt equally by host and guest. There is only one way of destroying this monstrous delusion, and saving the enormous amount of time and temper which it wastes in the course of the year; that is, to issue invitations for the exact hour at which the party is expected to be assembled, with a special provision as to punctuality until the rule becomes generally understood.

While on the subject of dinners, I may mention a custom which is surely founded upon superstition, and ought to be banished forever from civilized society—the only society in which it prevails. Why should we be obliged to perform the not very difficult operation of dividing our food into morsels fitted for the mouth with a weapon so formidable and effective that we could employ it with the greatest ease to cut the throat of our next neighbor from ear to ear? Had we to kill the meat in the first instance one could understand the propriety of being so armed; for the sake of carving joints that bore and birds that bewilder, such an instrument is appropriate enough. But why place it in the hands of persons who have only their own mouths to accommodate? It is enough to embarrass a nervous man, and how that very uncomfortable person, “the most delicate lady,” manages to survive the responsibility is one of those marvels which can be accounted for only by custom founded on the grossest superstition. The anomaly exists but in association with European manners. The natives of the East, and semi-civilized people elsewhere, would not dream of such an enormity. I do not insist, of course, that people ought to eat with their fingers; and chopsticks are naturally unfitted for dividing a steak. But when knives are wanted—and they are not wanted, nor used, for many dishes—why should we be made to use

a murderous weapon? One can fancy them fitted for the days of old, when knights carved at the meal in gloves of steel and drank the red wine through the helmet barred; but in those times people used their own knives at the table, and employed them, upon occasion, in casual combats. Such is not now the custom, though there are instances of the proceeding on the part of violent persons even when engaged at the meal itself; and the temptation is one which should not be thrown in the way of men of ungovernable tempers, exasperated, it may be, by the bad dinner of humble life. But these enormous knives are given us advisedly, and so careful is custom in measuring the supposed necessities of the case, that for the lighter descriptions of food smaller knives are given, so that you are supposed to calculate the amount of force required at every course, and always employ it accordingly. It is always a comfort to get to a little knife after a large one—it is like the sense of peace and security that comes after a fray—and no knife need be larger than the silver one put on for dessert, if indeed it need be so large; and I need scarcely add that forks might be modified in proportion.

There are a few superstitions in connection with our language which may be pointed out in this place. There have been a great many in most times; but some have disappeared while others have arisen, and there are not many now remaining. Among them I will note only some peculiarities in pronunciation. We still call Derby Darby and Berkeley Barkeley, Pall Mall Pell Mell, not to add other instances. Contractions, too, are not unfrequent. Thus we cannot ask if the Marquis of Cholmondeley is at home, giving the syllables their legitimate sound, without running the risk of being told by a facetious servant that he will refer us to some of his people. If we ask for the Marquis of Chumley we shall be treated at least with respect. Again, we must not say Leveson Gower, but Leuson Gore, unless we wish to be supposed out of the pale of society; and Mr. Marjoribanks would consider us a Goth if we called him anything but Marchbanks. These are only some of the cases that might be cited. Are they not founded upon superstition?



There are other superstitious observances in social life to which I might refer; but I daresay I have cited illustrations enough, and the rest may sug-

gest themselves to your mind without my assistance.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.

◆◆◆◆◆  
Fraser's Magazine.

MARIE DE MEDICIS; A QUEEN'S DEATH.

"GRANDEUR is shattered by the will of Time,  
The crude magnificence of kings must fade,  
All high emprise be drowned in Lethe's stream,  
And glory vanish like the morning dew.  
The peasant's pillow is the sweetest rest  
Wide Earth can give—a crown a nest of thorns,  
From which the tomb procures a blest release;  
A soul once happy needs no other crown,  
But failing this is martyred to the grave."

Thus spake a penitent bewailing sin,  
Mingled with circumstance of hideous wrong,  
Erewhile the shadows lengthened in the eve  
Across the porch, and through the solemn aisles,  
Of the cathedral pile of old Cologne.  
Forth from the wall the faces of sad saints,  
With melancholy musing on their brows,  
Peered in eternal reticence of stone,  
Yet soothed by silence where the living voice  
Had fretted into anger. Long she knelt,  
That suppliant on whose lineaments were stamped  
The light of genius and the mould of grace.  
Yet there was wreck of wondrous beauty, too,  
That once enthralled the princes of her land,  
And all the peoples which had gazed on it.  
She had been loved and happy, rich and great,  
But now the bird upon the parapet,  
That built its nest between the shelving stones,  
And warbled out its little life in song,  
Appeared to mock her in her loneliness,  
And twit her with its freedom from the care  
That preyed upon her and consumed her life.

The western sun dropped from the sky of fire,  
And Evening spread her mantle of sweet peace  
About the world, enticing it to rest:  
Footsore and weary, covetous of ease,  
And wasting for a season of soul-calm,  
The worshipper before the altar knelt,  
And made her last obeisance; then she turned,  
And passing outwards met her only friend,  
Good Father Francis, who within her ear  
Low murmured, "All is lost!" Down to the earth  
She sank, exclaiming, "Lord, how hard art thou!"  
The Father thought her dead, but chafed her hands,  
And pour'd cool water 'tween her bloodless lips,  
Till once again she opened her listless eyes  
(From which the light of joy had ever fled)  
And gaining strength set forth to reach her home.  
Yet trouble met her on the threshold there—  
And pointed to her doom: a missive sealed,  
Lay on the humble table, superscribed,  
"For Marianni," which she seized in haste,  
And read—"Hope thou no more, for all is lost!  
Cinq-Mars is prisoner, and De Bouillon's fled,  
The treaty with the King of Spain is known,  
And Richelieu, whose spies discovered all,  
Is greater in the State than heretofore,  
And plays the King, who now his subject is."  
Frenzied she crushed the letter in her grasp,  
And hissing out, "I am not conquered yet,"  
Fell senseless in a swoon upon the ground.

A month had passed, one short but fearful month,  
 And on the morning of a sunny day,  
 When Nature revelled in a glorious life,  
 The shrieks of Marianni rent the air,  
 With bitter lamentations interspersed.  
 The neighbors, who in kindly offices  
 Had oft been faithful, burst the unyielding door,  
 And saw her raving o'er her thousand wrongs.  
 "Back, back, thou ugly phantom!" she exclaimed;  
 "Thy robe is steeped in blood, thy hands, thy head,  
 Thy self entire imbued. I curse thee, knave!  
 A wife's, a woman's, ay, a mother's curse  
 Shall weigh thee down to deepest, blackest hell.  
 Away, away, thy touch pollutes my soul.  
 Again I curse thee in the name of God,  
 And find delight in cursing as I die!"

"Who is this woman?" quoth the magistrate,  
 Desirous to make entry of her death.  
 To whom good Father Francis made reply:  
 "Her heirs are Henry, mighty Lord of France,  
 The Duc d'Orleans, brother to the King,  
 And Henrietta, Queen of England's isle.  
 Here lieth dead Marie de Medicis,  
 The Queen of France, the widow of a King,  
 And mother of our present Sovereign liege!"

Thus died a beggar France's proudest queen,  
 Illustrious, noble, beautiful, and pure,  
 A very monarch by decree of Heaven,  
 And yet degraded past the meanest slave.  
 Such tricks doth fickle Fortune interpose  
 Between the infant's cradle and the grave.  
 The "Flower of Florence" blasted with the wind  
 Of sad misfortune! She around whose path  
 The angels seemed to walk and bring her joy:  
 She whose rich dowry far outshone the wealth  
 Of many kings; she who espoused the arts,  
 With Malesherbes took counsel, and who urged  
 The matchless Rubens on to excellence:  
 She who endowed a convent for the poor,  
 Had yet no pillow for her aching head:  
 Who built the palace of the Luxemburg,  
 And in a hovel died despised and spurned.

The mystery of suffering is here:  
 One is to pleasure, one to anguish born,  
 And who decides the share of happiness?  
 Yet will we mourn with those who aye must weep,  
 And trust, as we would trust for this great Queen,  
 And though the elements may dash their bark  
 Upon the rocks, and deeps upon them gape,  
 Some broken spar may bear them safe to land.

GEORGE SMITH.

Intellectual Observer.

#### A NEW THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY R. A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

IN THREE PARTS.—I PART.

THE present century has been remarkable for the progress which has been made in all departments of astronomy. Within the solar system, within the sidereal or galactic system, and within the yet wider range ascribed to the nebular system, discoveries of the most important character

have been effected. There is a singular contrast, however, between the amount of positive knowledge which has been deduced from observational labors within the solar domain, and the somewhat vague ideas which astronomers are content to hold respecting the sidereal space.

I shall endeavor to exhibit the fulness of this contrast, and then to point out some of the more remarkable consequences which seem to flow from modern observations within the stellar and nebular domains.

At the end of the last century astronomers recognized in the solar system a mechanism of a uniform and symmetrical character. Around a central orb they saw revolving a family of dependent globes, vast in their absolute dimensions, but minute in comparison with the massive globe which sways their movements. Amongst these bodies they saw several attended upon by yet smaller globes, forming secondary systems, which resemble in many respects the great system of which the sun is the controlling centre. The late discovery of Uranus had led them to recognize the possibility that beyond the known planets there may exist others, perhaps by no means the least important members of the solar system. Little was known, however, that differed in kind from what had been known to Aratus, Hipparchus, or Ptolemy. When we have named the ring of Saturn and a few periodic comets, which were looked on rather as accidental solar attendants than as forming a normal feature of the system, we have mentioned all that the three last centuries had revealed which differed in character from what had been recognized for two thousand years.

Very startling is the contrast when we turn to consider the views at present held respecting the solar domain. We no longer see a system which, however complex, might yet be very adequately represented by human mechanisms. We recognize, within a sphere exceeding manifold in diameter the orbit of distant Neptune, a variety and complexity of formation of which the human mind is unable to form adequate conceptions.

The increase in the number of primary attendants upon the Sun, though far from being the most remarkable discovery which has been made during the present century, is well worth dwelling upon for a moment. We have lately heard of the detection of the 98th asteroid, and yet it was but on the opening day of the century that the first of these bodies was discovered. In these new members of the solar system we recognize characteristics

which had not hitherto been presented to the notice of astronomers. We see a series of bodies, primaries of the planetary system, which yet, instead of travelling in distinct and widely separated orbits, revolve in paths closely interwoven. Even when but forty had been discovered it was truly said that if each orbit were represented by a hoop, it would be impossible to lift any one of these hoops without lifting the whole set. We may fairly assume that for each discovered asteroid there are to be reckoned tens, perhaps hundreds, which will remain forever undiscovered.

It has been found, also, that there exist within the solar system myriads of dependent comets. Revolving around the Sun in orbits of the most varied figure, differing among themselves in size and character, and presenting—some of them—the most singular phenomena that have ever rewarded astronomical observation, these objects remain among the mysteries of science. The only two which have as yet been submitted to the searching analysis of the spectroscope are found to consist of a gaseous nucleus attended by a coma which probably shines by reflected light; but whether this is the case with all or even the generality of comets it would be assuming too much to assert.

The most remarkable feature of modern astronomical discovery remains yet to be mentioned. A phenomenon which men had long been in the habit of looking upon as a meteorological one has been at length recognized in its true light, and has been found wonderfully to enhance our appreciation of the complexity of the systems which exist within the solar domain. Meteors, shooting-stars, and aerolites have taken their place among the attendants of the Sun; and, in several instances, the orbits they have followed before they reached the Earth have been approximately determined.

But it is rather as members of systems than as individual bodies, that these objects acquire their chief interest and meaning. There was not much, perhaps, to attract attention to them when they were supposed to form one or two rings occupying a position in space very nearly coincident with that of the earth's orbit. But it has now been placed beyond a doubt that the earth encounters fifty-six systems, at least, of these small

bodies. And these systems are found (in the only instances yet examined), to be—not circular rings—but ovals of great eccentricity extending far into space, even in some cases beyond the orbits of Uranus and Neptune. It is clear, then, that we can no longer look on these systems as resembling, in the remotest degree, the asteroidal zone. We are forced, too, to take into consideration an important question of probability. What is the likelihood that if there were but a few hundreds of such systems, the earth would encounter so many as fifty-six? The probability may be reckoned “almost at naked nothing.” And therefore we are compelled to admit as a legitimate *à posteriori* deduction, the extreme probability, we may almost say the certainty, that such systems are to be reckoned—not by hundreds and thousands—but by millions on millions.

Nor is this all. Within the last few months the startling discovery has been made that two of the meteoric systems at least, and probably many others, coincide throughout their calculated extent with the orbits of known comets. Accordingly, we are led to trace an intimate connection, if not an absolute identity, between comets and shooting-star systems. And when we find that a system, which has afforded such grand displays of star-falls as the well-known November shooting-star system, is identified—not with a large and conspicuous comet—but with one which has only lately been detected, though it must have been in close proximity to the earth some thirty times during the last thousand years, with a comet, in fact, which is absolutely invisible to the naked eye, and far from being a conspicuous object in powerful telescopes, we are led to recognize the importance of such comets as Newton's, Halley's, and Donati's.

The result to which these considerations lead is clearly this:—

The interplanetary spaces, so far from being looked upon as untenanted, save by an occasional wandering comet, must be considered as crowded with various forms of cosmical matter. I would not be understood as using the term “crowded” in a sense implying absolute proximity between the various members of the cometic or meteoric systems. On the contrary, the evidence that we have assures us

that the sum of the volumes of all the members of a system must bear an indefinitely small proportion to the total space occupied by the system. But if an eye armed with new powers of vision, and placed at some far-distant point, could see at one glance all the systems which occupy the solar domain, they would appear as a complicated network formed by interlacing streams of cosmical dust. And, amidst the streams of misty light representing cometic or meteoric systems, the planets would shine forth as distinctly and as brilliantly as the brighter stars upon the background of the Milky Way.

Nor does it seem difficult to determine the general laws according to which the density or compactness of the interwoven streams would seem—to an eye placed as we have supposed—to vary with distance from the central orb.

Proceeding from the outermost parts of the system towards the Sun, we may conceive that there is in the more remote regions a gradual condensation, but that this increase of density becomes much more rapid in the immediate neighborhood of the Sun. This is not the only law, however, according to which the density of matter distributed throughout the solar domain must be supposed to increase. There is a certain plane near which all the primary members of the solar system are observed to move. In the asteroidal family, whose members depart more freely than the larger planets from this great central plane, there is, nevertheless, a distinctly marked obedience to the general law of aggregation in its neighborhood. Three-fourths of the asteroids revolve in orbits less than ten degrees inclined to the medial plane, and there are not ten of them whose orbits are inclined so much as twenty degrees. Now, on a first view of cometic orbits, we notice scarcely any trace of a tendency to aggregation near the medial plane of the solar system. Nay, so far is this from being the case, that among several hundreds of comets whose orbits have been determined, a decided tendency of a very different character has been noticed. If we suppose the Sun to lie at the common vertex of a double cone having a semi-vertical angle of forty-five degrees, and its axis perpendicular to the medial plane, then the planes of cometic orbits exhibit



a tendency to present themselves as tangent-planes to this imaginary cone."<sup>\*</sup> But when we consider cometic orbits more closely, we find abundant evidence of a tendency amongst those comets which are nearest to the Sun to aggregate around the medial plane of the solar system. There are some twenty comets which have been recognized as travelling within the orbit of Saturn. Among these there are only two whose orbits are inclined more than fifteen degrees to the medial plane of the solar system. Now there is no reason whatever for supposing that there are not multitudes of undetected comets whose perihelia lie far nearer to the Sun than any yet discovered. On the contrary, we have distinct evidence of a rapid increase in the number of perihelia, with decrease of distance down to and within the neighborhood of the Earth's orbit;† and, remembering the probability that comets whose perihelia lie nearer to the Sun would escape observation altogether, we have every reason for supposing that this

law of increase is continued—as why should it change?—right up to the immediate neighborhood of the Sun. And further, we may confidently assume that that obedience to planetary laws which, as we have seen, begins to be exhibited by comets within the orbit of Saturn, becomes yet more marked among comets nearer to the Sun. Therefore, it seems highly probable that cometic orbits, and especially those which are nearest to the Sun, show a marked tendency towards aggregation near the medial plane of the solar system.

A celestial phenomenon, of which we have not hitherto spoken, appears to gain a far easier explanation from the considerations above adduced, than from the theories ordinarily adopted respecting it. The zodiacal light has been accounted for in three ways. There are some who hold that it is an atmosphere of the sun; others that it consists of a ring of cosmical particles, travelling around him in a nearly circular orbit; and others that it consists of a lenticular disk of cosmical dust, each portion of which travels in a nearly circular orbit. The remarkable phenomena presented by the zodiacal light, its strangely fluctuating figure, its varying position, and the singular increase and diminution noticed in its distinctness, are not accounted for by any of these theories. But if we recognized in the zodiacal light merely the effect of the above-considered aggregation among the cometic or meteoric systems which exist within the solar domain, the variations I have mentioned become readily explicable. A multitude of bodies travelling in orbits of every degree of ellipticity and magnitude, but with a marked aggregation in the neighborhood of the Sun, and with a yet more marked aggregation in the neighborhood of the medial plane of the solar system, would, in the first place, exhibit precisely such an appearance as the zodiacal light; and, in the second place, the general illumination resulting from the congregated comets would be liable to continual variation. Comets would be continually arriving within and passing away from the region within which their light would assist in forming the appearance we are considering. At one time the press of arrivals would temporarily increase the density of co-

\* This tendency has been pointed out by one of our most distinguished modern astronomers. As it seems impossible to suggest any rational explanation of so remarkable a peculiarity—for we have to explain, not merely the fact that the orbit-planes show no tendency to coincidence with the medial plane, but also the fact that the medial plane should be connected, in any way, with cometic orbits—one seems permitted to question whether the peculiarity is real or only apparent. Now, if we remember that, *ceteris paribus*, the greater the inclination of a comet to the plane of the ecliptic (virtually coincident with the medial plane of the solar system) the greater the antecedent probability that the comet will be detected, we may recognize a cause for the observed peculiarity, independently of any real peculiarity in the arrangement of cometic orbits. A gradual diminution in the number of orbits as we leave the plane of the ecliptic, in combination with this gradual increase in the probability of detection, might very well lead to such a result as we have specified. According to the law of decrease or increase respectively, the variation in the numerical distribution of observed cometic orbits might point to the existence of a maximum at any assigned inclination to the ecliptic.

The tendency in question is so far from being strongly marked that this consideration may, for the present, be held to be a sufficient explanation.

† Thus out of one hundred observed comets, fifty-eight have perihelia between forty millions and a hundred millions of miles from the Sun, twenty have a less perihelion distance, and four only have a perihelion distance exceeding one hundred and sixty millions of miles.

metic aggregation; at another, the reverse would hold for a while, and the zodiacal light would wax and wane accordingly, precisely as it is observed to do. So also its figure and apparent position would be liable to changes corresponding to those which are actually presented. Therefore, without denying positively that the zodiacal light is caused by the existence of a multitude of minute bodies travelling in orbits of small eccentricity around the sun, we hold that the phenomena correspond far more closely with those which would be presented if there is in the neighborhood of the Sun a great increase in the density with which cometic and meteoric systems are congregated together in the neighborhood of the medial plane of the solar system. And this correspondence becomes a strong argument in favor of such an increase of density when it is remembered that, as we have seen, there exist independent reasons for believing an aggregation of this sort to be not only possible, but highly probable.

But whatever opinion we may form on this and kindred questions, there is no dubiety whatever about the general results which have been presented above. Our conceptions of the solar domain are different, indeed, from those formed of old. "There was true prophecy," as has been well remarked by the late Professor Nichol, "in the exclamation of Laplace, who, although knowing more of the celestial mechanism than any man then living, said earnestly, on his death-bed, 'That which we know is little; that which we know not is immense.'"

When we turn to examine the views which were held respecting the sidereal system at the commencement of the present century we find that they are distinguished by no very marked points of difference from those at present entertained. Yet have many important discoveries been made in the interval, which seem to suggest a modification, in many respects, of the views which have so long held their ground. What these are we proceed to point out.

So soon as the Copernican theory had become thoroughly established, and had been supplemented by adequate conceptions of the dimensions of the Earth's orbit round the Sun, it became manifest that the stars must be placed at an enor-

mous distance from the solar system. That the motion of the Earth in an orbit one hundred and eighty millions of miles in diameter, should produce no appreciable effect on the configuration of the constellations, could be explained in no other way than by supposing that an orbit of these dimensions, viewed from the nearest fixed star, would scarcely present appreciable proportions. And when the nicest observation with the most accurate instruments which were then procurable, showed that any parallax displacements which might exist among the stars, were insensible, or, at any rate, fell short of recognized instrumental errors, astronomers were compelled yet further to extend their conceptions of the immensity of the interval which separates the Sun from the nearest fixed star.

Accordingly, the notion that each visible star may be a Sun, in magnitude and splendor equal to, or perhaps excelling our own, was early recognized by astronomers as not merely reconcilable with the apparent minuteness of the stars, but as suggested by a comparison of the brilliancy of their light at the enormous distance we have referred to, with the splendor of the great luminary of our system. And it was seen that the great variety of lustre which is observed among the stars is no evidence of any corresponding variety in their real magnitudes, but may be readily explained by the supposition that the stars are placed at different distances from the Sun. Perhaps astronomers in this respect fell into the opposite error, and were too ready to assume diversity of distance as the sole, or almost the sole, explanation of difference of lustre. "The supposition," says a modern writer, "has been usually adopted; and we accordingly consider the stars to derive their variety of lustre *almost entirely* from their places in the universe being at various distances from us." Here we may apply the first lesson which is taught us by a consideration of the solar system; and, from the analogy of that system, with the infinite diversity of magnitude presented among its various members, we may learn to expect a corresponding diversity among the components of the great sidereal system.

When the considerations which had

been applied to the scattered stars visible either to the naked eye or with the telescope, came to be extended to that vast irregular annulus of nebular light called the galaxy, or Milky Way, the most startling conceptions were suggested of the enormous extent of the sidereal system. This remarkable zone had from the earliest ages engaged the attention of astronomers. Long before Galileo had resolved portions of it into stars, Democritus had maintained just views respecting its structure. Manilius also suggested—

"An major densâ stellarum turba coronâ  
Contextit flammâs, et crasso lumine candet,  
Et fulgore nitet collato clarior orbis."

Regarded, however, as a *zone of suns*, this phenomenon acquired a new and astounding significance. If we could suppose a multitude of suns resembling our own to be so closely compacted together as the component stars of the Milky Way appear to be, there must result an inconceivable splendor in those far-distant regions; if, on the other hand, the orbs which seem to lie in such close order are in reality separated by distances comparable with those which separate the Sun from the nearest fixed star, how inconceivably distant must they lie from us, that such intervals as these should be diminished to evanescence! The last supposition has been the one universally accepted by astronomers. Of the two it clearly accounts best for the observed appearance of the galaxy. I shall presently have occasion to show the probability, if not the certainty, that neither view represents the relations which actually subsist among the stellar components of the Milky Way.

The phenomena presented by this zone of nebulous light are intimately associated with the remarkable researches of Sir William Herschel among the fixed stars. This eminent astronomer, in whom were presented all the qualifications required to constitute a first-class observer, side by side with that power of systematic reasoning on observed facts which so seldom accompanies the highest observing powers, was early fired by the bold ambition to gauge the depths of our sidereal system. He cast aside the notion, which had been held, almost unquestioned, till his day, that the stars of that system extend on every side to an

infinite distance. He saw that the existence of a Milky Way affords evidence that the sidereal system has definite bounds; and he quickly grasped at the only method which is available for the determination of its figure. "This great, inspired, and cautious observer," says Humboldt, "first cast the plumb-line into the depths of heaven, to determine the boundaries and the form of the separate cluster of stars which we inhabit." It has been said of him that "he broke through the barriers of the heavens (*celorum perrupit claustra*)," and we shall presently see in what sense these words have been used. But it must not be forgotten that to his labors and to those of his son are due the ideas we at present hold of what those barriers are. He was at once the Romulus and the Remus of astronomy; he marked out the limits of our system, and he showed how man might boldly venture beyond those limits into the domain of the illimitable.

Herschel's method of gauging the sidereal heavens has been long and deservedly the theme of admiration. The boldness and originality of the conception, and the unwearying perseverance with which the laborious processes involved were carried out—by the elder Herschel over the northern hemisphere and by the younger over the southern—are unexampled in the history of observational astronomy. Assuming a certain approach to uniformity in the distribution of the stars, and also (for this is very important) that there is no such law of extinction of light in traversing great distances as would prevent a telescope of great power from penetrating the full depths of the system in every direction, it is clear that a very simple process will serve to indicate the relative distance of the observer from different parts of the system's exterior surface. This method and its results have already been discussed in the pages of the "Intellectual Observer." We have seen that the labors of the two Herschels seem to show that the stellar system forms a flatish disk of stars, whose central plane corresponds with that of the Milky Way. In one direction this disk is cloven, and those parts of the heavens which lie opposite the two divisions of the stellar disk are occupied by a double stream of milky light.

We have seen also that Herschel soon recognized a complexity in the structure of the sidereal system, which prevented him from regarding the figure of a cloven disk as any save the roughest representation of the galactic system. He saw that in portions of the Milky Way the stars exhibit a tendency to form themselves into clustering groups, and he saw that a tendency of this sort would be quite sufficient to vitiate, not merely those gauges which were made in the direction of the clustering stars themselves, but also those made in neighboring regions; for where the stars were clustering together, the star-gaugings would indicate a depth not really presented by the sidereal system in that di-

rection, and the regions in which stars were more sparsely strewn, owing to the influence of neighboring aggregations, would also give false evidence, but of an opposite kind, respecting the depth of the system.

Other peculiarities militating very strongly against the idea of uniform distribution, and sufficing largely to enhance the complexity of the problem which the Herschels have striven to solve, must be reserved for Part II., in which I shall complete the discussion of accepted theories, leaving for Part III. the presentation of the new views which seem to be suggested by modern discoveries.

(To be continued.)

♦ ♦ ♦  
Temple Bar.

#### LE CHATEAU DE VIMERET.

WHOEVER has seen the fine bay of St. Valéry only in sunshine and in calm, when the waters overspread its wide surface, and the blue heavens are reflected in its sleeping tide, can form but an imperfect idea of the wild havoc the sea makes when it rushes in, with all the force of a south-west wind driving it fiercely up the channel, full into the bosom of the bay.

It would require a skilful pilot to bring a ship safe into port in such weather, even in the daylight; but at the time we are about to write of, it was night. Before the sun had gone down, sudden gusts of wind had lashed up the waters; and now, when darkness covered in both sea and sky, the tempest broke loose from the ominous quarter.

The moon had risen, but remained hid behind huge masses of cloud; only at long intervals a bright ray would pierce a luminous path across the troubled sea. One of these fleeting radiances discovered, in momentary distinctness, the outline of a small vessel; her trim masts, notwithstanding the violence of the gale, carrying a press of sail. She rose on the waves with a buoyancy that showed she was no heavily laden craft. The situation, however, was far from encouraging. The waters were whirling in contending currents amongst the numerous sandbanks which nearly block up the entrance of the bay. A dense mist near the shore blotted out the lights of the town. Not a landmark was to be seen,

and everything seemed against her getting into St. Valéry that night, if such was the intention of her commander, who, standing on the deck of his little vessel, peered anxiously into the darkness. His grave and almost sombre air showed he was a prey to melancholy thoughts and sad forebodings. However, he kept his vessel gallantly to its course, as one well acquainted with the bay.

And now, when all looked most gloomy and desolate, two vivid lights suddenly appeared high up on the headland which runs out into the sea. The sailors crossed themselves with superstitious awe. The more hopeful thought they were twin meteors heaven sent to help them in their hour of greatest need; others declared that they could see a gigantic figure, with fiery eyes, looming indistinctly through the darkness, and waiting for their destruction; but most agreed that it boded no good, and that when strange lights were seen at sea, disaster was at hand.

Certainly very different was the reality from these conjectures. A splendid fête was in progress at the Château de Vimeret, a fine old building, surrounded by moats and escarpments, which had formed part of the defences of the town which had been so often and so hotly assailed and taken and retaken by our countrymen, in those days when the battles of Agincourt and Cressy made all that country resound with the fame of the



soldiers of England and their heroic leaders.

The château stood on the summit of the headland; the fury of the winds had no power against its solid walls. It had been, till lately, uninhabited for a long time, but on this same night a gay crowd was assembled there; dancing was going on with great spirit in the centre hall, which was brilliantly illuminated. Its two large windows, through which the light shone out into the darkness, were the mysterious twin meteors that had been seen so far out at sea.

The fête was given by the "Châtelaine," as she liked to call herself, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Leslie. Weary of vibrating between Paris and London, and hearing the château was to let, she had taken it without reflection. There was neither furniture nor society to be had in the neighborhood, it is true, but both could be easily imported from Paris.

In a short time she succeeded even beyond her expectations. The "gentleman" who was sent, at her request, from Messrs. Sauvrezey et Cie., condescended to supply taste and carpets, and all was done in splendid style. The honorable lady did not trouble herself about the expense; she never meant to pay; she never paid for anything if she could help it—it bored her. Visitors came fast enough. Some liked the change; some liked Carry, the pretty daughter of the hostess, especially as she was a reputed heiress; but above all, some liked the cook, a first-rate artiste. Still, when October set in, "Madame la Châtelaine" found it began to be difficult to amuse her guests. Old General Descamps, who had made the Russian campaign, dreaded the autumnal blasts, and shrank from encountering equinoxes; and Monsieur Adolphe, the Paris exquisite, was heard murmuring that things were very frigid at the château—both the weather and the demoiselle.

The Châtelaine found she must do something to keep the party together. A grand idea occurred to her. She would give a fête in honor of her nephew. His birthday would be on the 20th of that month; nothing could be more à propos. Her nephew was George Leslie, now Lord Kinsdale. He had succeeded to the title about a year before, and had been abroad ever since.

The late earl, Mrs. Leslie's brother-in-law, being obliged to winter in the south for his health, and being never so well as when at sea, would spend much of his time cruising in his yacht off the coasts of France and Spain. He generally took George Leslie with him, in whom, though so young, he placed great confidence, and would leave him in command for weeks together while he stayed on shore. He had left George and his yacht at Nice the last time he returned to Scotland to transact, as he said, some important business; but he died suddenly a few days after his arrival, without having had time to accomplish it.

Mrs. Leslie did not forget that, when last together, George and her daughter had seemed attached to each other; but then his prospects were very uncertain, and of course she had set her face against the intimacy. Now matters wore a different aspect, and she was desirous he should come and see them on his way to England. She had this in view when she proposed the fête in his honor. She had sent letter after letter to the ports at which he was supposed to touch, but as yet she had received no answer. Carry had once written a few lines saying, if he did come to St. Valéry on his birthday, she wished he would bring her a little Maltese cross. The one he had given her years before was broken.

Soon a letter came for her. It looked large and consequential, with the usual unnecessary weight of paper with which English people are wont to enrich the post-office at the expense of their friends. It was terrible overweight. The postmark was Brest; it had no date or signature; but Carry did not doubt for a moment from whom it came. The contents were short.

"You shall have your cross. I promise to put it myself in your hand on the day you mention, at St. Valéry. You may depend on me."

And that was all; but it was more than sufficient for Carry's mother, who had caught sight of the letter, and obtained possession of it by some ladylike stratagem.

The preparations went on with greater vigor, and the day arrived, though Lord Kinsdale did not; but the "Châte-

lin" almost forgot the individual in the preparation to do him honor. The evening came, and how few knew or thought of the wild raging of the storm without. The sound of the tempest could not be heard for the gay music. Mrs. Leslie, resplendent in jewels that ought to have been real, sailed from room to room, doing the honors with much dignity and grace.

Carry danced and sang, and did all her mother required of her; but her heart ached as the evening wore on as day had done, and no cousin came to lay the little cross in her hand. Worn out with expectation and fatigue, she made her escape from amongst the dancers, and, passing through a corridor which traversed the house, took refuge in a small drawing-room which she called her own. She felt that even the damp atmosphere of that dismal night would be a relief, after the crowded ball-room and the pent-up feelings which oppressed her; so, opening the glass-door, she stepped out on the terrace.

At this moment a dark figure approached on the gravel walk; a man wrapped in a cloak, walking heavily, as one weary and exhausted. He was passing by without looking round, when an exclamation from Carry caused him to start, and then stop opposite to her.

"George, is that you at last?" she said, and sprang forward to meet and welcome him. He did not speak, but she took his hand, and made him come in at the open door. Her gay and festive dress, as the lights in the room shone down upon it, seemed to impress him disagreeably.

"How did you get into the bay, with the sea so wild—are you wet, are you tired?" He answered her questions gloomily and shortly.

"See," she said, touching the white moss-roses in her hair, "your favorite flowers! I wore them in honor of your arrival. I knew you would come, and yet I had almost given up all hope, it is so late, nearly twelve o'clock."

Her eagerness and joy had carried her on, but there was no response from George to echo back her kind and joyous words.

"I am quite unfit to come here," he said, "where you are all keeping holiday. I am too weary. Cannot I get to my

room out of the way of this glare and glitter?"

"You will change your things and come down again?" asked Carry, considerably chilled, but not doubting that such was his intention.

"No. You had better not mention to any one that I am here. I meant to have got in quietly, only you saw me. But if I cannot be alone here to-night, I will go down to the Basse Ville again."

"As you like," said Carry, haughtily, and opening the door into the corridor. "That is your way; the servants will light you to your room and assist you."

Her cousin was passing on with an abstracted air, but he stopped, turned round, and going up to Carry took her hand, and said, "Carry, there is your cross. I never break a promise."

In another moment she was alone; but the cross was in her hand, attached to a little gold chain of beautiful workmanship. There was, as on the former cross, her initials intertwined with his. Perhaps she ought to have put it away indignantly, so completely had its donor disappointed her in this strange meeting. But she passed the little chain round her neck, and the cross was pressed against a heart full of doubts she could not solve, and affection she could not conquer. To her the events of the night were over, and all its interest centred in these last few minutes.

While these gayeties were going on at the château, a very different scene was being enacted on the beach below.

About ten o'clock the storm was at its height, the waves were beating high up on the embankment which protects the town from the sea. The wash of waters was so great that it was feared the waves would overleap the unfinished dyke, and flood the newly planted ground behind, and perhaps carry away some of the houses of many hues, decked out with balconies, which form the broken street running along the base of the hill. Suddenly a roar of waters made itself heard inside the *digue*; and a foaming torrent, carrying everything before it, came dashing over the embankment. A little fanciful-looking cottage lay exactly opposite the opening made by the fury of the waves. It stood for a short time the brunt of their attack; but they encircled the small tenement, and danced round it

in wild eddies. They sapped the foundations, and the tottering walls crumbled and fell inwards. One piercing cry rose above the din of the elements. Then the waters rushed in over the ruins, the falling of timber, the crash of the simple furniture, and all was over in a few minutes.

The tide was on the turn, it was the last effort of the receding waves, they came no higher, nor ever came so high again. Yet what had they not done? The neighbors came running towards the spot to offer help; but when they saw the state of the cottage, they dared not enter lest they should be crushed by the fall of the remaining portions of the wall. As they stood alarmed and hesitating, a young man, evidently an Englishman, hurriedly making his way through the group, seized one of the torches held by the night-watchers, and clambering over the broken wall, sprang down into the midst of the ruins.

The young mistress of the little dwelling, whom all in La Ferté believed to be a widow, calling her "*Rénée la belle veuve*," was lying without life by the bed of her only child, a boy of six years old—there, where she had so often sat counting her beads, or telling him wonderful tales of some giants or saints. The deep wound across her chest and shoulders told how she had died. It needed but one look to see that for her all hope was over. But the boy, the inmate of the little bed, was he crushed—dying—dead?

The young Englishman raised the flickering torch which threw a yellow gleam across the scene of desolation; its wavering light fell on the face of the boy—white, immovable, but, as if by a miracle, uninjured. The broken rafter which had fallen against the bed had acted as a protecting bulwark, and had screened him from the brickwork which lay around. Quickly, yet tenderly, a strong hand released him from his perilous position. The heart still beat; the delicate frame, the soft limbs, were unharmed. The young man lifted him up, and wrapping him in his cloak stepped lightly over the broken masses and carried him out in safety.

A cheer broke from the people when they saw him, but it was soon changed to a low wail, for in a few words he told them of the sad fate of the poor mother; then, without faltering one instant in the

rescue of the child, he bore him at his utmost speed up the steep hill side to the farm de la Métairie. He went in; a quiet-looking woman was sitting by the fire, which was still burning. He stopped before it, and opening his cloak laid the boy on her arms.

Her eyes fell on the pale, motionless face; she saw the hands clenched and the limbs rigid.

"Ah, sir!" she said, "our dearest boy is dead! he was here this morning full of life and joy. How is this! Hélas, hélas!" and she sobbed aloud. The startled inhabitants of the farm gathered round. Some brought her coverings, some chafed the little feet, some sprinkled essences and holy water on the child's temples. The young Englishman looked on with the deepest anxiety and distress; but now his face brightened, for he was sure the hand which still lay in his made a slight movement. The lips, too, parted, and a half-sigh escaped from between them. The white eyelids quivered; another effort, and the beautiful eyes looked wonderingly forth.

At this moment other shadows darkened the threshold. Some of the men who had remained near the cottage had summoned up courage enough to fetch the body of poor *Rénée* out from the ruins. They had been afraid of risking themselves to save the living, but their faith forbade them to leave the dead unburied; so they hastily formed a "brancard" as best they could, and laying the poor mother on it bore her through wind and storm up the winding path, where she and her boy had so often gathered violets under the high trees, to the Métairie, her sister's house; and now they were about to enter.

"Stand back, for God's sake: the child must not see his mother thus!" exclaimed the Englishman, as the eyes of the boy, just recovered from his death-like swoon, turned to the doorway. But the warning came too late. There on the brancard lay "*la belle Renée*," her face uncovered; her chest and white shoulders crushed in; her black hair falling on each side of her pain-struck face. The child half-raised himself, and gazed on his mother for a moment, with bewildered eyes, through which pierced suddenly a gleam of fatal intelligence; then fell back with a shiver.

The bearers passed on into an inner chamber, and there they laid the dead *Rénée*; and the curé, who had followed them to the farm, knelt down by her side and said prayers for her soul.

The morning following that night of storms was cheerful and sunshiny. The grounds round the chateau were gay with autumnal flowers. All nature looked joyous and glad. Every branch and twig was wet with dew; and every dewdrop glistened in the sun's rays. The bay, "one while a lake, the next a waste of sand," lay with its tranquil waters unconscious of all change. A few fishermen's boats, with their white sails spread, were hovering about in the sunshine like a flight of butterflies. General Descamps and Monsieur Adolphe were walking up and down the long avenue behind the chateau, waiting for breakfast, and smoking their cigars.

"And so you really proposed last night to the *jeune demoiselle*?" the General asked, laughing, and turning to his friend.

"Proposed! Who told you so?"

"Oh! everybody."

"Everybody is wrong then," answered Monsieur Adolphe, eagerly. "I do not commit myself in that way. I may have said something to '*la maman*.'"

"Ah, well!" said the General. "English girls are not like French, whose parents settle everything. You had better ask her; but you will not succeed. *Mademoiselle* will refuse you."

"Refuse me!" M. Adolphe tried to look tall at the idea. It was not easy; for he was but five feet six inches, in very high-heeled boots. His face was handsome, so was his figure, according to French notions; large in the shoulders, a wasp-like waist, with hands and feet like a woman's. "Refuse me!" he repeated; and cast a triumphant look downwards over his person. "No one will refuse me. No '*petite Anglaise*.'"

"Stop!" said the General. "The '*petite Anglaise*' is charming. She has refused better men than you. She will be a countess before the year is out. But here she comes."

"And not alone," said M. Adolphe. "Who can that rough-looking fellow be, who is with her? These young English girls like a stroll with a man as much as any of our '*bourgeoisie*' out on a holiday."

Even the General looked a little surprised.

"She seems quite wrapped up in him too—at least, in his cloak," added Adolphe, sneeringly.

There was truth in this observation, for as they came out of the shelter of the house, the cold wind made her shiver; and her companion, taking off his cloak, drew it round her; not without some little care not to disturb a Maltese cross which hung by a gold chain round her throat. They went on a few steps without seeing that they were observed; then turned to sit down on the old stone seat under the tall fir tree, and seemed to talk earnestly. Carry was saying:

"You left the chateau again last night, after I saw you? You did not sleep there; you only returned when *Célestine* came with the eggs and milk from the *Métairie*?"

George looked down, puzzled and hesitating.

"I did not find what I wanted, what I came for, last night. Did any one see me but you?"

"No, I believe not; but what, then, did you come for, since it was evidently not to see us?" asked Carry, with something of mortification in her tone.

"I had ordered letters to be sent here for me. I was very anxious to find one."

"And did you?"

"No, not the one I wanted."

"So you went away again; and where to?"

"Do not question me," he said interrupting her, "I am in no mood to bear it."

"Unkind and selfish," began Carry, warmly. "How changed you are since —"

"Forgive me, Carry," he said, taking her hand; "but my mind is much harassed. If you knew all I wish to say, and dare not, you would not be surprised that I have brought you here to ask you one question. My peace of mind depends on it. It is in your power to—"

He paused; he pressed her hand within his. She was silent, but her breath came quick, and her heart beat double tides.

"Carry, we have been friends since the days when we were children. No one seemed to me so good, so sweet as



you." He stopped, Carry's little hand trembled, but she did not speak.

"Now we have been parted for some time, but I find you unchanged. No, I am wrong; you are dearer to me than ever. I look to you to help me in the path that lies before me. I, like my boy, have been sadly beat about by contending waves, and I cannot see my way alone. Will you consent to be my pilot?"

Again her hand trembled; her head drooped forward, and the gossamer veil fell over her agitated face. She could not muster courage to speak; she dare not let him guess the ecstasy of her spirits, as the conviction grew strong in her heart that all her aching fears and doubts were over—that he loved her, that he was asking her to be his wife.

At this moment the General and Adolphe, who had been watching the tête-à-tête from a distance, came forward. Monsieur Adolphe, who thought the rough-dressed man had enjoyed too much of the company of the "honorable mees," stepped up, and looking significantly at her companion, "hoped she had enjoyed her morning stroll in pleasant society?"

George sprang up, and brushed by the Frenchman, leaving Carry to her perplexities. But while she was still uncertain what to do or say, the breakfast-bell, which usually rang out a decorous peal, began to clamor violently. All the guests at the château assembled at the door, headed by the Châtelaine dressed most becomingly in white muslin and Valenciennes.

"My dear!" said she, rushing up to her daughter, "the whole town has been carried away in the night. The inhabitants are houseless—naked; no, not that; but you understand what I mean. They have lost all, and suffer hunger. We are leaving our breakfast to go to them en masse. General, will you be our guide?" and, taking his arm, she and her companion led the way down to La Ferté.

When they arrived on the shore, they were much amazed to find that all looked as it had done the day before. They stared at the people; the people stared at them, until an old sailor pointed onwards, and, passing some trees and turning a corner, they came in view of poor

Rénée's cottage, or at least of what was left of it; and so desolate did the miserable ruins look, that even the hardest-hearted of the party, who we may fairly say was Mrs. Leslie herself, burst into tears, and wept most becomingly; then smoothed her ruffled brow, and looked about her, the picture of woe and wonderment.

"Mais voyez donc," said Adolphe, in a low voice, to the General. "There is our friend of la haut—our pilot! I know he is one, for I heard him say something to Mees Carry just now about being one. See, there he is in the midst of the ruins. What can he be doing?"

It certainly was the same "pilot." He was evidently looking for something, and was too intent upon his search to notice the arrival of the party from the château. But he now apparently succeeded in his object, for he pulled out of a crushed "bureau" a curiously carved box, with initials in silver on the lid. The General called out to him, in an authoritative tone, to come out of that dangerous place, if he did not want to be buried alive. "You seem," he added with a look at the box, "to care more for your pocket than your life."

But the "honorable miladi" no sooner caught sight of him, as he issued from the ruins, than she rushed at him, with a little scream of joy; and, kissing him heartily on both cheeks, introduced him to her friends as her dear nephew—the hero of last night's fête—the young Lord Kinsdale.

This theatrical announcement seemed to be agreeable to no one. M. Adolphe turned yellow, then red, shrugged his shoulders, cast a look of profound disgust around him, and whispering an adieu to the General, who looked provokingly knowing, walked off like a man who had been ill-treated, and took the first train back to Paris; bearing ever after a decided antipathy to English girls in general, and to Mees Carry in particular.

George seemed almost as much surprised as Adolphe himself, though he did not go off in a solitary state. He received the salutations of the company with a constrained air; then turning to Carry, who took the arm he offered, he led her up the path to the Métairie, leaving Mrs. Leslie lost in astonishment

at his sudden appearance, and equally sudden departure. But he had taken Carry with him, so she contented herself with a French excuse to French people, "Lord Kinsdale is English, therefore he must be eccentric."

Meanwhile George walked on in silence with Carry, looking pale and agitated; and she, remembering their last interview, did not like to be the first to speak. When they came to the *Métairie*, he took her into and across the wide room.

"Carry," he said, "I owe no explanations to your mother; but you at least must know the truth;" and drawing aside the curtains of a little bed, which stood in an alcove, he pointed to the beautiful child of poor *Rénée*, who lay there in a deep slumber.

"Look at that poor suffering child. He is to be the future Lord Kinsdale."

Carry started. There was both consternation and reproach in her voice as she exclaimed, "Then he is your son; and you must have been married all these years and have not told us. Can *Rénée* have been your wife?"

"Good heavens! Carry, how have I led you to imagine such a thing? Surely you know that I love you, and you only. How could I have married *Rénée*? she was the late Earl's wife, and this is their son. The rightful heir, instead of me. I was informed of this in a letter written to me the day before he died, but which was only lately found in his papers, and sent on to me. His object in going to Scotland was to prepare everything for acknowledging his marriage; but all his plans were frustrated by his sudden death. He had left *Rénée* and his son in the south of France, provided with every comfort, and promising to return shortly; but they heard of him no more. After waiting some months they found their way to St. Valéry, to be near her family, who live here at the *Métairie*."

"And have you the proofs of this marriage?"

"Yes. I only wanted a few indispensable papers which *Rénée* had with her, and which were in the box I sought for, and found just now in the ruins."

"Then you have risked your life, not only to save the child, as I was told by the people down there, but also to secure these papers, which will deprive you of rank and fortune?"

"I lose more than rank and fortune, Carry; I lose you. Your mother would have given you to Lord Kinsdale; she will never allow you to marry your cousin, when he is only George Leslie again."

"Yet when you came to me this morning—" Carry hesitated.

"Did I not tell you my path was beset with difficulties, and you alone could be my pilot? I must go to England to place all these documents in the hands of our family lawyers. I must relinquish everything I hold most dear. But I could not do this without seeing you—without some token from you that you thought me right. And before I start on my solitary path, let me hear you wish me God-speed."

"Oh, George," she answered, "all you have decided on is most right, most honorable. But though this morning, when I thought you were Lord Kinsdale, I dared not own how much I loved, now I can—I do. You need not relinquish me because you are only George Leslie once more. I will be yours whenever you will claim me."

Her words rekindled the hopes he had put aside forever, and at once broke down his resolution to give her up. With most earnest and devoted love they plighted their troth, and sweet words came apace. Still the time for his departure had arrived; his yacht had to be at sea with the next tide, but before he went he claimed from her one solemn promise: for pity, for justice' sake, to guard the child from all harm. For how deeply would his honor be stained if any evil should befall him while under his keeping! The promise was given, and George was gone.

Carry felt her heart bound up in her little charge. For the two following days she was constantly with him. On the morning of the next, the day of his mother's funeral, she went down early, taking him some flowers he had asked for the night before. She found him lying, apparently in a sort of torpor. He took no notice, except to hold out his hand for the flowers, and utter a few broken words. She stayed with him until the family returned from the funeral, and then left him with *Celestine*, poor *Rénée*'s sister. In the evening she went again, and found *Celestine* had

quitted her post by the bed, and had shifted her seat to the fire. The night was cold, and she had felt shivery and chilly after the funeral.

"And the child?" asked Carry.

"Oh! he had been moaning and murmuring for a long time, something about his mother, and their taking her away. Then he fell into a deep sleep, and so, I think, did I."

"Then stay here and warm yourself," said Carry; "I will sit by him for a while." She went to the bed, and, putting aside the curtains, advanced her hand quietly to feel if the little fellow's head was hot. A terrible outcry startled Celestine. Carry sprang towards her, white as death.

"Oh, Celestine! the child!"

"Is he dead, mademoiselle?"

"He is gone!"

She seized the light: a moment's search showed he was not in the room. All the doors were fastened, except the one which opened out towards the church, by which she had entered.

"The churchyard!" cried Carry, almost with a scream. "He knows all. He has gone there to his mother."

Her woman's instinct was right. The two girls dashed along the path, Carry far outstripping Celestine. A woman met her coming from the churchyard. "Have you seen any one there—a little child?" asked Carry.

"Don't go on, mademoiselle," said the woman; "Rénée la belle was buried there to day, and her ghost is sitting on the new-made grave with flowers in its hand, and moaning piteously."

"It is no ghost; it is her child," said Carry, and she flew on, hoping to find the miserable little wanderer. But when she came to the stone stile which opened into the churchyard, the white crosses were all she could see.

"Oh, mademoiselle," said Celestine, running up, "I have just met the sexton's little daughter! She says she saw him, and spoke to him, and begged him to go home. But he only cried more bitterly, and said, 'His mother was not in the churchyard; the waters had washed her away. He must find her and lay the flowers in the deep wound in her chest;' and he ran on towards the sands. He must have quite lost his senses."

"To the sands!" said Carry. "Then we must, indeed, follow him quickly. You run round by the street and I will go straight on," and she continued her way down to the river-side.

There was a light, and some sailors near it.

"Had they seen a little boy?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, one had come, maybe a quarter of an hour before, and had said his mother was waiting for him out there on the other side, and had asked them to row him across, and they had done as he wanted."

"He has no mother," said Carry. "I must go to him. Pray take me across after him." They did so willingly, but cautioned her not to loiter on the sands, as the tide was coming in.

She had hardly gone many steps when she caught sight of him at some distance from her. He seemed hesitating which way to go; but before she could get near him, the sound of the waves which were rolling in with the coming tide struck upon his ear. He turned and fled along the sands, with a speed which the growing darkness made it impossible for Carry at once to overtake him. A terrible panic came over her. The sea was on her track, closing in upon her with its relentless tide. She was now amongst the dissected fragments of land which border the bay, always unsafe, but now channelled in and out with water. She found herself almost surrounded. One way alone was still open towards firm ground; but on the other side, away where the sea had already invaded the land more rapidly, she saw the white gleaming figure of the poor boy.

Turning from the only path which led to safety, she crossed the dangerous eddies which separated them, and reached the place where he stood. His limbs, paralyzed with cold, could barely support him. He saw her, and stretched out his hands toward her. "Ma mère, c'est toi?" he whispered, and his cold lips were pressed to hers. She would not deceive him; it was a moment of ecstasy for him. But poor Carry felt the sea splashing round them; one moment more and the waves, washing over them, carried them away. Her last effort was to clasp the child to her bosom. The drowning girl could only

raise one despairing cry, and the stifling waters closed over her.

But happily, before she sank, one bent upon saving her was close at hand with a small boat and two strong rowers; guided by her cry, he had been able to reach the spot in time to catch her by her white garments, as she floated by on the dark waters, and to draw her and her now, alas! lifeless burden into the boat. The oars glanced like lightning through the waters as they bore them back to the town.

George Leslie, on arriving at Dover, had received a hurried note from the Châtelaine, saying that, as all her friends were going, she intended to leave St. Valéry at once, and would be glad if he would meet her in London.

Not knowing what might happen to the child he had intrusted to Carry if her mother took her away, he thought it best to return immediately and make fresh arrangements; so leaving his yacht at Dover he recrossed, and hastened on by train to St. Valéry. He had just arrived, and was on his way to the Métairie, when he met Celestine full of terror and dismay, from whom he learnt all that had happened.

He instantly realized the danger Carry and the child were in. Scattering money and promises, he obtained instant help. And well it was he made no delay, or Carry would have been lost to him forever. As for the little child, the object of so much solicitude, this time he was doomed. All the efforts of the courageous girl had failed to save him.

The little spirit must have departed with the first waves which washed over them. But her self-devotion was not altogether useless; for her kisses were on his lips, and intense joy was in his heart, and he believed he was with his mother. This must have been his last sensation; and many tears were shed by loving friends as they laid him in the little grave by her side.

Six months after a carriage drove up to Kinsdale Castle; a lady and gentleman got out; they entered quietly and silently. The young wife—for a golden circlet glistened on her left hand—leant on her husband's arm, who looked down upon her with unspeakable tenderness. It was George Leslie, whom all now justly recognized as the Earl of Kinsdale, and Carry his wife. They had been married some few weeks, and were now coming home. But as in their first days of sorrow, so now still a shadow would often pass over their enjoyment. They could not forget "*Rénée la belle*" and her beautiful boy, and their untimely deaths. But no one knew of the secret tie which had bound them to the late Earl; it was no longer necessary to divulge it.

The Châtelaine knows but little of what really took place. She declares to her friends that she is almost as well pleased as if she had been a countess herself. She plumes herself on her wonderful sagacity, and says her daughter would never have been one but for her and her fête at the Château de Vimerêt.

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#### THE TOPOGRAPHY OF JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM has had a wonderful history. It was "the city of the Great King" where God recorded His name and manifested His presence and glory in the shechinah. As the sacred historic centre of the world in Bible lands Jerusalem must always be a place of surpassing interest to all readers and students of the ancient records. Men of high eminence in Church and State and in the world of science have become deeply interested in the researches and explorations in Palestine, and especially in Jerusalem, and have formed an association in London for the purpose of carrying them on, or in other words to disentomb ancient

Jerusalem from its grave of centuries. Having spent some time in Jerusalem in the spring of 1867, soon after these explorations were begun, we have felt a growing interest in their progress and expected results. More recently we have spent some time in the Palestine exploration office, No. 9 Pall Mall, London, examining the reports and charts, which has added so much to our interest, that we hope to perform an acceptable service to our readers by extending the information on the pages of the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*. We think the subject can hardly fail of interest to preachers of the Gospel and other students of the sacred



records. We propose to lay before the readers of the *ECLECTIC* brief sketches and reports of the explorations and discoveries by the officers of the company, in a few successive numbers, such as may be of interest concerning ancient Jerusalem buried for so many centuries from human view.—ED. *ECLECTIC*.

London, June, 1869.

A short sketch of the topography of Jerusalem may aid those who are not familiar with the subject in understanding the accompanying report. Jerusalem is a mountain city. It was pre-eminently so to the Jew; for, with the exception of Samaria and Hebron, the other great cities within his ken, those of Egypt and Mesopotamia, Damascus, Tyre, Gaza, Jerico, were emphatically cities of the plain. The Temple pavement stood some 2,400 feet above the Mediterranean, distant 25 miles as the crow flies; some 3,700 feet above the Dead Sea, distant 12 miles. The Bible, indeed, teems with allusions to this local peculiarity of its site as a mountain city. The plateau on which the city stands is of tertiary limestone; the strata are usually nearly horizontal, and the landscape shows generally a succession of plateaux and flat-topped hills, broken here and there by deep narrow gullies, and generally a marked resemblance can be traced to the characteristic scenery of parts of the limestone districts of our own country.

At a point where the city stands a tongue of land is enclosed between two of these ravines, and on this the modern, like the ancient city, is built. The easternmost of these ravines, the valley of Jehoshaphat or of the Kedron, has a course nearly north and south; the westernmost, the valley of Hinnom, after running a short distance to the southward, makes a bold sweep to the east, and forming the southern limit to the tongue of land above mentioned, joins the valley of the Kedron, not far from the Beer Eyub, or Well of Joab. Both ravines commence as a mere depression of the ground, but their floor sinks rapidly, and their sides, encumbered as they are now with the accumulated *débris* of centuries, and the ruins of buildings thrown down by successive invaders or domestic factions, are still steep and difficult of access. In ancient times the bare rock must have shown itself in many places, and in more

than one place the researches of Mr. Warren have shown that the natural difficulties of the ground were artificially increased in ancient times by the scarping of the rock surface. Hence we find Jerusalem to have been at all times, before the invention of gunpowder, looked upon as a fortress of great strength; on three sides—the east, the south, and the west—the encircling ravines formed an impregnable obstacle to an assailant; the attack could only be directed against the northern face of the city, where, as we are informed by Josephus, the absence of natural defences was at the time of the famous siege by Titus supplied by three distinct lines of wall. To determine the actual course of these walls is, notwithstanding the detailed description of them in Josephus, one of the most difficult problems before us.

Besides these two principal ravines a third ravine of less importance splits the tongue of land into two unequal portions. This is the Tyropæon valley, the valley of the cheesemakers, or, as some would have it, of the Tyrian merchants. A marked depression of the ground runs from north to south through the midst of the modern city from the Damascus gate to a point in the Kedron valley somewhat north of its junction with the valley of Hinnom, forming in its course the boundary between the Mahometan, and the Christian and Jewish quarters of the modern city. At one part of its course it forms the western boundary of the Haram es-Shereef. This depression has generally been identified in its whole course with the Tyropæon valley of Josephus, though Dr. Robinson and others would place this latter along the line of a depression of the ground running between the western or Jaffa gate and the Haram es-Shereef. All, however, are agreed in identifying the lower portion which runs under the west wall of the Haram, and thence to the Kedron, with the Tyropæon; and Mr. Warren's researches have shown that in ancient times this valley was much deeper than at present, and that its ancient course was to the eastward of its present course. It is filled up with *débris* 30 feet, 50 feet, and even 85 feet in depth.

The city being thus split in the midst into two ridges by this valley, it may be observed, by a reference to the Ordnance

Map of Jerusalem, that the western ridge is the most elevated and most important. Most authorities are agreed in placing on some portion of this ridge the original city of Jebus, captured by King David, and the Upper City of Josephus. All again are agreed in fixing Ophel on the end of the tongue of land on which stands the Haram es-Shereef, and in making the site of the Temples of Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod, and of the castle of Antonia, either coincide with or occupy some portion of the Haram itself.

But here all agreement may be said to stop. There are differences of opinion whether we should fix the Mount Zion of the Bible and the Mount Zion of the writers of Christian times on the same or on opposite hills, whether the name is to be identified with the eastern or the western ridge. The exact position of the Temple is matter of controversy; the site of the Aera of Josephus, and the Aera of the Book of Maccabees, of Bezetha, the fourth quarter and last added suburb of the city; the position of the Towers Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamme, and of the Tower Psephinus, which if determined would go far to settle the disputed question of the course of the second and third walls of Josephus; the exact extent of the city in the time of our Saviour—are matters of keen dispute, which can only be settled by patient and systematic burrowing into the *débris* produced by many successive demolitions of the city at those points where the absence of inhabited houses renders it possible to excavate at all. And upon the decision eventually arrived at on these points depends the settlement of what is the most difficult, as it must be by far the most interesting, problem to us all—viz., whether the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre does or does not cover the true sepulchre of our Saviour; if not, whether the true site can yet be recovered; and if so, in what quarter we should look for it. The manner in which the settlement of the points in dispute affects this last question, and the various

opinions which have been advanced as to them, is too large a question to be entered upon now. Our subscribers will find most of the opinions held noticed in Dr. Robinson's "Biblical Researches," the Rev. G. Williams's "Holy City," and Mr. Fergusson's paper on the "Topography of Jerusalem," in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible."

Suffice it to say, that Mr. Williams and his followers regard the present site of the Holy Sepulchre as genuine; Mr. Fergusson considers the octagonal-domed building in the middle of the Haram, known as the Kubbet es-Sacra, to be the Church of the Anastasis, built by Constantine, over what he believed to be the site of the Sepulchre; while Dr. Robinson, agreeing with Mr. Fergusson in discrediting the present traditional site, is not prepared to point out a substitute. Again, the Temple of Herod is identified by Monsieur de Vogüé with the whole of the present Haram enclosure, the castle of Antonia being placed on the north, where the modern Turkish barracks stand; Mr. Williams places the Temple around the Kubbet es-Sacra, which he considers to be the site of the high altar, regarding the southern portion of the enclosure as of later date. Mr. Fergusson places the Temple on a square of 600 feet, of which the southern and western sides respectively would be formed by a length of wall extending for 600 feet east and north of the present south-west angle of the Haram, and Antonia immediately to the north of it. Amidst all these conflicting theories on these and other points, systematic inquiry into facts by competent and independent parties is urgently needed, and such are the agents and such the work of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

It is most gratifying to find that the labors of Lieutenant Warren are not only properly valued on the other side of the Atlantic, but that they are also likely to meet with solid assistance, as well as sympathy.

Quarterly Review.

THE HUMAN INTELLECT.\*

### Two conflicting systems of philosophy

\* The Human Intellect: with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul. By Noah Porter, D. D. New York: Scribner & Co.

are at the present day hotly contending for the mastery, both in Great Britain and America, and it is a matter of no small moment which of the two shall

have the greatest share in cultivating the mind and shaping the thinking of the next generation. The influence of these schools reaches, directly or indirectly, every man of intellectual culture, and their practical outgoings penetrate the lower strata of human society. There is no denying that the influence of Mill and his followers and fellow-laborers is at present in the ascendant in England, not because the balance of truth is on their side, but because talent has turned the scale. The school is represented by a formidable phalanx of men, who, though unintentionally, yet have most effectually co-operated in establishing the predominance of sensational philosophy. Their thoughts are bold and vigorous, and their exposition of principles lucid and fascinating. This ascendancy has become more marked since Mr. Mill's dexterous attack, which was directed with so much marked force and acuteness against the weak and vulnerable portions of Sir W. Hamilton's philosophy; by which, in the opinion of many, the latter was dethroned from the proud position of being the leader of philosophic thought. All that the disciples and followers of Sir W. Hamilton have done, has been to defend their chief with reference to a few of the positions assailed; but no attempt has been made to correct, corroborate, and complete the whole system. We, therefore, greatly rejoice at the publication of the present volume, which surveys afresh the whole field, and aims at placing old truths on a more secure foundation, completing what, by its predecessors, was left defective, and correcting what was erroneous. The author freely admits the merits of his opponents and the errors of his friends. To account for the form, as well as for much of the matter of the present work, it is necessary to keep in mind that it was prepared primarily and directly, as a textbook for colleges and high schools, and, secondarily, as a manual for more advanced students of psychology and speculative philosophy.

France and Germany abound in manuals of mental philosophy, representing every system and standpoint; America has several of considerable merit; but in England the only one embodying anything like a complete summary of the latest results of speculative thought is

Professor Bain's "Compendium of Psychology and Ethics," written exclusively from the sensational point of view, and expressly adapted for examinations in these subjects. Yet nowhere is such a work more needed, as far as the intuitive school is concerned. The important contributions to mental science of Morell, Mansel, and McCosh, are very fragmentary. Sir W. Hamilton never undertook fully to digest his views into a system, and to arrange them into one orderly and connected whole. They are contained in articles contributed to reviews, in learned and elaborate notes and appendices, in numerous memoranda written at widely-different intervals, and in early and hastily-composed lectures, with which later developments and modifications were never incorporated. It is not only to be regretted that neither of these, nor all put together, present us with an outline of his system, but that from the circumstances under which they were prepared, they contain many inconsistencies, and even contradictions, which confound the tyro and almost defy the most skilful to disentangle. While we consider Hamilton's contributions as invaluable in themselves, yet, taken as a system of mental science, they are singularly incomplete. For these and other reasons, we regard the volume before us as rendering a most important and timely service.

A manual of philosophy should neither go beyond the capacity of ordinary students at this stage of their studies, nor fall below their demand, through lack of thorough and scientific treatment; it should present as far as possible the science of mind in its completeness and symmetry, and should include the latest scientific results. It should make the student acquainted, not simply with the different systems and doctrines, but also with their authors and history. In arrangement, it should be methodical and lucid, and in style concise and perspicuous. We are happy to say that the present work possesses these qualifications in an eminent degree, and very successfully endeavors to meet the wants of students at all stages of their study.

As regards matters of detail, we have space only to indicate the author's opinions on some of the points, with reference to which different schools and systems

divide and diverge. And, first, with respect to the origin of our notions, ideas, and beliefs—do they come wholly from experience, or are there among them, prior to and independent of all experience of the world without, any springing up from the structure of the mind itself, and necessarily assumed in all its processes? On this point the author most emphatically declares himself on the side of Hamilton, against Mill and the Associational School. Among the original furniture of the mind, he classes the reality of the distinction of substance and attribute; of the causative relation; of time and space, and the relations they involve; of uniformity in the indications and operations of nature; and of the adaptation of the beings and powers of nature to a certain end. These several points are elaborated with great skill and acumen. Dr. Porter clearly shows how and where Sir W. Hamilton went astray. A second landmark between the different systems is the theory of perception. The question is, are we, in an act of perception, cognizant of the object itself directly and immediately, or only of the sensations produced in us by the object? Sir W. Hamilton holds the former, and J. S. Mill the latter. Here Professor Porter, although opposed to the sensational school, takes important exceptions to Hamilton's doctrine. He draws a distinction, not simply between sensation and perception, but also between what he calls the non-egos of perception, of which there are three, viz., "the not-body, as distinguished from the body and soul united; the body, as distinguished from the soul; and the sensorium, as distinguished from the soul as pure spirit." He admits an immediate perception of the last, or intra-organic alone, but holds that our perception of the others, or the extra-organic, is acquired by combining the muscular and tactual perceptions. For the clear and elaborate statement of the doctrine and its uses, we must refer the reader to the work itself.

A third point of contention is the theory of causation. Here, again, there are vital differences. Causation, according to Mill, does not imply any essential dependency, efficiency, or force, but simply uniform succession or constant conjunction, and is the result of associ-

ation. According to Hamilton, it implies more than is involved in constant conjunction; it springs, however, "not from any power, but from the impotency of the mind"—from its inability to conceive either the absolute commencement of anything, or its infinite non-commencement. Our author subjects both doctrines to the most destructive criticism, and clearly exposes the unsoundness of the reasoning on which they are sustained. He points out that Sir W. Hamilton's theory is only a particular instance of the more general "principle of the conditioned," and is to be traced ultimately to the same fundamental error. He shows, by an exhaustive treatment, that the law of causation arises out of the *positive* necessity of the mind, and meets all the criteria of necessity, certainty, and universality. With reference to the unconditioned, he first of all exposes the confusion and inconsistencies in the writings of Hamilton and Mansel, as regards the meaning and application of the terms infinite, absolute, and unconditioned; and the fatal error of placing faith and reason in perpetual conflict. Then, having defined what the *absolute* is *not*, he asserts that the absolute and the infinite *is knowable by a finite mind*; and, against Spencer, he affirms not only that such a mind can know *that it is*, but that it can know *what it is*; that our knowledge of the absolute is real and proper, though not adequate and exhaustive; and that in both the finite and infinite there is a common mystery.

The last subject that we shall enumerate at present is the doctrine of design or final cause. Professor Porter, having examined the nature and given a detailed history of the doctrine, maintains that the proposition affirming final cause is a first principle, an intuitive truth; that it is not in any sense dependent on observation, but is an original and necessary belief or category; that, so far from being derived from induction, it is the necessary ground on which induction itself depends for its validity and application. This view is enforced with a power and acuteness which, to say the least, render it worthy of the most careful consideration.

There are several other subjects of equal importance, to which we can only refer our readers, *e. g.*, the admirable



analysis of consciousness and its functions, the exhaustive investigation of the logical operations of the mind, and the masterly handling of the so-called primary and secondary qualities of matter.

This volume of 700 pages (which, if printed throughout in ordinary type, would more than double its present size) is most clear and methodical in its arrangement. It begins with an introduction on psychology and the soul; then follows the treatise on the human intellect, divided into four parts, viz., presentation, representation, thought, intuition. Being primarily designed for a textbook, its leading definitions, propositions, and arguments are stated in large type and in carefully-numbered sections. This portion is intended for class-room purposes. Under each section are placed, in smaller type, concrete illustrations and practical applications of the most important topics of each section; and under these again, in a type still smaller, is given a large amount of historical, critical, and controversial matter; and this we regard the most valuable of all. It contains condensed comprehensive summaries of the most important systems, their authors, history, and criticism. To this portion of the work the mature philosopher will gladly turn, to freshen his memory and test his knowledge. It will also be of immense service to the student who is widely and deeply read in the different schools and systems, but is unable to determine their exact relations to each other and the

fundamental principles on which they rest. Having read these *summaries*, they will no longer stand in isolation, but will assume their essential order in the development of thought. Indeed, we feel that the present work will take the proper place of a manual, which is not suited so much to the beginner as to one who has made considerable progress. Its use is to present the reader with a conspectus of results rather than to furnish him with all his details.

This volume, we are informed, is the fruit of thirty years' patient and painstaking labor; and we believe that this labor has not been thrown away. It is evidently written with supreme reverence for truth, and is a work pre-eminently calculated to inform the mind, provoke thought, and challenge criticism; and, above all, to foster a nobler and more elevated feeling by the candor, generosity, and Christian spirit which characterize the whole. We had jotted down some criticisms, but, in view of the transcendent merit of the work, we gladly pass them by. We trust that Professor Porter intends at no distant period to present us with a similar treatment of the emotions and the will, a field in which there is more ample scope for improvement, and for rendering still higher service to the truth. We sincerely hope that the favorable reception of the present work may hasten the appearance of another, comprising the remaining powers of the human mind.

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HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE "FULL MOON" AT ST. DIDDULPH'S.

THE receipt of Mrs. Trevelyan's letter on that Monday morning was a great surprise both to Mr. and Mrs. Outhouse. There was no time for any consideration, no opportunity for delaying their arrival till they should have again referred the matter to Mr. Trevelyan. Their two nieces were to be with them on that evening, and even the telegraph wires, if employed with such purpose, would not be quick enough to stop their coming. The party, as they knew, would have left Nuncombe Putney before the arrival of the letter at the parsonage of St. Did-

dulph's. There would have been nothing in this to have caused vexation, had it not been decided between Trevelyan and Mr. Outhouse that Mrs. Trevelyan was not to find a home at the parsonage. Mr. Outhouse was greatly afraid of being so entangled in the matter as to be driven to take the part of the wife against the husband; and Mrs. Outhouse, though she was full of indignation against Trevelyan, was at the same time not free from anger in regard to her own niece. She more than once repeated that most unjust of all proverbs, which declares that there is never smoke without fire, and asserted broadly that she did not like to be with

people who could not live at home, husbands with wives, and wives with husbands, in a decent, respectable manner. Nevertheless the preparations went on busily, and when the party arrived at seven o'clock in the evening, two rooms had been prepared close to each other, one for the two sisters, and the other for the child and nurse, although poor Mr. Outhouse himself was turned out of his own little chamber in order that the accommodation might be given. They were all very hot, very tired, and very dusty, when the cab reached the parsonage. There had been the preliminary drive from Nuncombe Putney to Less-boro'. Then the railway journey from thence to the Waterloo Bridge Station had been long. And it had seemed to them that the distance from the station to St. Diddulph's had been endless. When the cabman was told whither he was to go, he looked doubtfully at his poor old horse, and then at the luggage which he was required to pack on the top of his cab, and laid himself out to his work with a full understanding that it would not be accomplished without considerable difficulty. The cabman made it twelve miles from Waterloo Bridge to St. Diddulph's, and suggested that extra passengers and parcels would make the fare up to ten and six. Had he named double as much Mrs. Trevelyan would have assented. So great was the fatigue, and so wretched the occasion, that there was sobbing and crying in the cab, and when at last the parsonage was reached, even the nurse was hardly able to turn her hand to anything. The poor wanderers were made welcome on that evening without a word of discussion as to the cause of their coming. "I hope you are not angry with us, Uncle Oliphant," Emily Trevelyan had said, with tears in her eyes. "Angry with you, my dear;—for coming to our house! How could I be angry with you?" Then the travellers were hurried up-stairs by Mrs. Outhouse, and the master of the parsonage was left alone for a while. He certainly was not angry, but he was ill at ease, and unhappy. His guests would probably remain with him for six or seven months. He had absolutely refused all payment from Mr. Trevelyan, but, nevertheless, he was a poor man. It is impossible to conceive that a clergyman in such a parish as St.

Diddulph's, without a private income, should not be a poor man. It was but a hand-to-mouth existence which he lived, paying his way as his money came to him, and sharing the proceeds of his parish with the poor. He was always more or less in debt. That was quite understood among the tradesmen. And the butcher who trusted him, though he was a bad churchman, did not look upon the parson's account as he did on other debts. He would often hint to Mr. Outhouse that a little money ought to be paid, and then a little money would be paid. But it was never expected that the parsonage bill should be settled. In such a household the arrival of four guests, who were expected to remain for an almost indefinite number of months, could not be regarded without dismay. On that first evening, Emily and Nora did come down to tea, but they went up again to their rooms almost immediately afterwards; and Mr. Outhouse found that many hours of solitary meditation were allowed to him on the occasion. "I suppose your brother has been told all about it," he said to his wife, as soon as they were together on that evening.

"Yes;—he has been told. She did not write to her mother till after she had got to Nuncombe Putney. She did not like to speak about her troubles while there was a hope that things might be made smooth."

"You can't blame her for that, my dear."

"But there was a month lost, or nearly. Letters go only once a month. And now they can't hear from Marmaduke or Bessy,"—Lady Rowley's name was Bessy,—*"till the beginning of September."*

"That will be in a fortnight."

"But what can my brother say to them? He will suppose that they are still down in Devonshire."

"You don't think he will come at once?"

"How can he, my dear? He can't come without leave, and the expense would be ruinous. They would stop his pay, and there would be all manner of evils. He is to come in the spring, and they must stay here till he comes." The parson of St. Diddulph's sighed and groaned. Would it not have been almost better that he should have put his pride in his pocket, and have consented to take Mr. Trevelyan's money?

On the second morning Hugh Stanbury called at the Parsonage, and was closeted for a while with the parson. Nora had heard his voice in the passage, and every one in the house knew who it was that was talking to Mr. Outhouse, in the little back parlor that was called a study. Nora was full of anxiety. Would he ask to see them,—to see her? And why was he there so long? “No doubt he has brought a message from Mr. Trevelyan,” said her sister. “I dare say he will send word that I ought not to have come to my uncle’s house.” Then, at last, both Mr. Outhouse and Hugh Stanbury came into the room in which they were all sitting. The greetings were cold and unsatisfactory, and Nora barely allowed Hugh to touch the tip of her fingers. She was very angry with him, and yet she knew that her anger was altogether unreasonable. That he had caused her to refuse a marriage that had so much to attract her was not his sin;—not that; but that, having thus overpowered her by his influence, he should then have stopped. And yet Nora had told herself twenty times that it was quite impossible that she should become Hugh Stanbury’s wife;—and that, were Hugh Stanbury to ask her, it would become her to be indignant with him, for daring to make a proposition so outrageous. And now she was sick at heart, because he did not speak to her!

He had, of course, come to St. Didulph’s with a message from Trevelyan, and his secret was soon told to them all. Trevelyan himself was up stairs in the sanded parlor of the Full Moon public-house, round the corner. Mrs. Trevelyan, when she heard this, clasped her hands and bit her lips. What was he there for? If he wanted to see her, why did he not come boldly to the parsonage? But it soon appeared that he had no desire to see his wife. “I am to take Louey to him,” said Hugh Stanbury, “if you will allow me.”

“What;—to be taken away from me!” exclaimed the mother. But Hugh assured her that no such idea had been formed; that he would have concerned himself in no such stratagem, and that he would himself undertake to bring the boy back again within an hour. Emily was, of course, anxious to be informed what other message was to be conveyed to her;

but there was no other message—no message either of love or of instruction.

“Mr. Stanbury,” said the parson, “has left something in my hands for you.” This “something” was given over to her as soon as Stanbury had left the house, and consisted of cheques for various small sums, amounting in all to £200. “And he hasn’t said what I am to do with it?” Emily asked of her uncle. Mr. Outhouse declared that the cheques had been given to him without any instructions on that head. Mr. Trevelyan had simply expressed his satisfaction that his wife should be with her uncle and aunt, had sent the money, and had desired to see the child.

The boy was got ready, and Hugh walked with him in his arms round the corner, to the Full Moon. He had to pass by the bar, and the barmaid and the potboy looked at him very hard. “There’s a young ’ooman has to do with that ere little game,” said the potboy. “And it’s two to one the young ’ooman has the worst of it,” said the barmaid. “They mostly does,” said the potboy, not without some feeling of pride in the immunities of his sex. “Here he is,” said Hugh, as he entered the parlor. “My boy, there’s papa.” The child at this time was more than a year old, and could crawl about and use his own legs with the assistance of a finger to his little hand, and could utter a sound which the fond mother interpreted to mean papa; for with all her hot anger against her husband, the mother was above all things anxious that her child should be taught to love his father’s name. She would talk of her separation from her husband as though it must be permanent; she would declare to her sister how impossible it was that they should ever again live together; she would repeat to herself over and over the tale of the injustice that had been done to her, assuring herself that it was out of the question that she should ever pardon the man; but yet, at the bottom of her heart, there was a hope that the quarrel should be healed before her boy would be old enough to understand the nature of quarrelling. Trevelyan took the child on to his knee, and kissed him; but the poor little fellow, startled by his transference from one male set of arms to another, confused by the strangeness of the room,

and by the absence of things familiar to his sight, burst out into loud tears. He had stood the journey round the corner in Hugh's arms manfully, and, though he had looked about him with very serious eyes, as he passed through the bar, he had borne that, and his carriage up the stairs; but when he was transferred to his father, whose air, as he took the boy, was melancholy and lugubrious in the extreme, the poor little fellow could endure no longer a mode of treatment so unusual, and, with a grimace which for a moment or two threatened the coming storm, burst out with an infantile howl. "That's how he has been taught," said Trevelyan.

"Nonsense," said Stanbury. "He's not been taught at all. It's Nature."

"Nature that he should be afraid of his own father! He did not cry when he was with you."

"No;—as it happened, he did not. I played with him when I was at Nuncombe; but, of course, one can't tell when a child will cry, and when it won't."

"My darling, my dearest, my own son!" said Trevelyan, caressing the child, and trying to comfort him; but the poor little fellow only cried the louder. It was now nearly two months since he had seen his father, and, when age is counted by months only, almost everything may be forgotten in six weeks. "I suppose you must take him back again," said Trevelyan, sadly.

"Of course, I must take him back again. Come along, Loney, my boy."

"It is cruel;—very cruel," said Trevelyan. "No man living could love his child better than I love mine;—or, for the matter of that, his wife. It is very cruel."

"The remedy is in your own hands, Trevelyan," said Stanbury, as he marched off with the boy in his arms.

Trevelyan had now become so accustomed to being told by everybody that he was wrong, and was at the same time so convinced that he was right, that he regarded the perversity of his friends as a part of the persecution to which he was subjected. Even Lady Milborough, who objected to Colonel Osborne quite as strongly as did Trevelyan himself, even she blamed him now, telling him that he had done

wrong to separate himself from his wife. Mr. Bideawhile, the old family lawyer, was of the same opinion. Trevelyan had spoken to Mr. Bideawhile as to the expediency of making some lasting arrangement for a permanent maintenance for his wife; but the attorney had told him that nothing of the kind could be held to be lasting. It was clearly the husband's duty to look forward to a reconciliation, and Mr. Bideawhile became quite severe in the tone of rebuke which he assumed. Stanbury treated him almost as though he were a madman. And as for his wife herself,—when she wrote to him she would not even pretend to express any feeling of affection. And yet, as he thought, no man had ever done more for a wife. When Stanbury had gone with the child, he sat waiting for him in the parlor of the public-house, as miserable a man as one could find. He had promised himself something that should be akin to pleasure in seeing his boy; but it had been all disappointment and pain. What was it that they expected him to do? What was it that they desired? His wife had behaved with such indiscretion as almost to have compromised his honor; and in return for that he was to beg her pardon, confess himself to have done wrong, and allow her to return in triumph! That was the light in which he regarded his own position; but he promised to himself that let his own misery be what it might he would never so degrade him. The only person who had been true to him was Bozzle. Let them all look to it. If there were any further intercourse between his wife and Colonel Osborne, he would take the matter into open court, and put her away publicly, let Mr. Bideawhile say what he might. Bozzle should see to that; and as to himself, he would take himself out of England and hide himself abroad. Bozzle should know his address, but he would give it to no one else. Nothing on earth should make him yield to a woman who had ill-treated him—nothing but confession and promise of amendment on her part. If she would acknowledge and promise, then he would forgive all, and the events of the last four months should never again be mentioned by him. So resolving he sat and waited till Stanbury should return to him.



When Stanbury got back to the parsonage with the boy he had nothing to do but to take his leave. He would fain have asked permission to come again, could he have invented any reason for doing so. But the child was taken from him at once by its mother, and he was left alone with Mr. Outhouse. Nora Rowley did not even show herself, and he hardly knew how to express sympathy and friendship for the guests at the parsonage, without seeming to be untrue to his friend Trevelyan. "I hope all this may come to an end soon," he said.

"I hope it may, Mr. Stanbury," said the clergyman; "but to tell you the truth, it seems to me that Mr. Trevelyan is so unreasonable a man, so much like a madman indeed, that I hardly know how to look forward to any future happiness for my niece." This was spoken with the utmost severity that Mr. Outhouse could assume.

"And yet no man loves his wife more tenderly."

"Tender love should show itself by tender conduct, Mr. Stanbury. What has he done to his wife? He has blackened her name among all his friends and hers, he has turned her out of his house, he has reviled her,—and then thinks to prove how good he is by sending her money. The only possible excuse is that he must be mad."

Stanbury went back to the Full Moon, and retraced his steps with his friend towards Lincoln's Inn. Two minutes took him from the parsonage to the public-house, but during these two minutes he resolved that he would speak his mind roundly to Trevelyan as they returned home. Trevelyan should either take his wife back again at once, or else he, Stanbury, would have no more to do with him. He said nothing till they had threaded together the maze of streets which led them from the neighborhood of the Church of St. Diddulph's into the straight way of the Commercial Road. Then he began. "Trevelyan," said he, "you are wrong in all this from beginning to end."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. If there was anything in what your wife did to offend you, a soft word from you would have put it all right."

"A soft word! How do you know what soft words I used?"

"A soft word now would do it. You have only to bid her come back to you, and let bygones be bygones, and all would be right. Can't you be man enough to remember that you are a man?"

"Stanbury, I believe you want to quarrel with me."

"I tell you fairly that I think that you are wrong."

"They have talked you over to their side."

"I know nothing about sides. I only know that you are wrong."

"And what would you have me do?"

"Go and travel together for six months." Here was Lady Milborough's receipt again! "Travel together for a year if you will. Then come back and live where you please. People will have forgotten it;—or if they remember it, what matters? No sane person can advise you to go on as you are doing now."

But it was of no avail. Before they had reached the Bank the two friends had quarrelled and had parted. Then Trevelyan felt that there was indeed no one left to him but Bozzle.

On the following morning he saw Bozzle, and on the evening of the next day he was in Paris.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

HUGH STANBURY SMOKES ANOTHER PIPE.

TREVELYAN was gone, and Bozzle alone knew his address. During the first fortnight of her residence at St. Diddulph's Mrs. Trevelyan received two letters from Lady Milborough, in both of which she was recommended, indeed tenderly implored, to be submissive to her husband. "Anything," said Lady Milborough, "is better than separation." In answer to the second letter Mrs. Trevelyan told the old lady that she had no means by which she could show any submission to her husband, even if she were so minded. Her husband had gone away, she did not know whither, and she had no means by which she could communicate with him. And then came a packet to her from her father and mother, despatched from the islands after the receipt by Lady Rowley of the

melancholy tidings of the journey to Nuncombe Putney. Both Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley were full of anger against Trevelyan, and wrote as though the husband could certainly be brought back to a sense of his duty, if they only were present. This packet had been at Nuncombe Putney, and contained a sealed note from Sir Marmaduke addressed to Mr. Trevelyan. Lady Rowley explained that it was impossible that they should get to England earlier than in the spring. "I would come myself at once and leave papa to follow," said Lady Rowley, "only for the children. If I were to bring them, I must take a house for them, and the expense would ruin us. Papa has written to Mr. Trevelyan in a way that he thinks will bring him to reason."

But how was this letter, by which the husband was to be brought to reason, to be put into the husband's hands? Mrs. Trevelyan applied to Mr. Bideawhile and to Lady Milborough, and to Stanbury, for Trevelyan's address; but was told by each of them that nothing was known of his whereabouts. She did not apply to Mr. Bozzle, although Mr. Bozzle was more than once in her neighborhood; but as yet she knew nothing of Mr. Bozzle. The replies from Mr. Bideawhile and from Lady Milborough came by the post; but Hugh Stanbury thought that duty required him to make another journey to St. Diddulph's and carry his own answer with him.

And on this occasion Fortune was either very kind to him,—or very unkind. Whichever it was, he found himself alone for a few seconds in the parsonage parlor with Nora Rowley. Mr. Outhouse was away at the time. Emily had gone up-stairs for the boy; and Mrs. Outhouse, suspecting nothing, had followed her. "Miss Rowley," said he, getting up from his seat, "if you think it will do any good I will follow Trevelyan till I find him."

"How can you find him? Besides, why should you give up your own business?"

"I would do anything—to serve your sister." This he said with hesitation in his voice, as though he did not dare to speak all that he desired to have spoken.

"I am sure that Emily is very grate-

ful," said Nora; "but she would not wish to give you such trouble as that."

"I would do anything for your sister," he repeated, "—for your sake, Miss Rowley." This was the first time that he had ever spoken a word to her in such a strain, and it would be hardly too much to say that her heart was sick for some such expression. But now that it had come, though there was a sweetness about it that was delicious to her, she was absolutely silenced by it. And she was at once not only silent, but stern, rigid, and apparently cold. Stanbury could not but feel as he looked at her that he had offended her. "Perhaps I ought not to say as much," said he; "but it is so."

"Mr. Stanbury," said she, "that is nonsense. It is of my sister, not of me, that we are speaking."

Then the door was opened and Emily came in with her child, followed by her aunt. There was no other opportunity, and perhaps it was well for Nora and for Hugh that there should have been no other. Enough had been said to give her comfort; and more might have led to his discomposure. As to that matter on which he was presumed to have come to St. Diddulph's, he could do nothing. He did not know Trevelyan's address, but did know that Trevelyan had abandoned the chambers in Lincoln's Inn. And then he found himself compelled to confess that he had quarrelled with Trevelyan, and that they had parted in anger on the day of their joint visit to the East. "Everybody who knows him must quarrel with him," said Mrs. Outhouse. Hugh when he took his leave was treated by them all as a friend who had been gained. Mrs. Outhouse was gracious to him. Mrs. Trevelyan whispered a word to him of her own trouble. "If I can hear anything of him, you may be sure that I will let you know," he said. Then it was Nora's turn to bid him adieu. There was nothing to be said. No word could be spoken before others that should be of any avail. But as he took her hand in his he remembered the reticence of her fingers on that former day, and thought that he was sure there was a difference.

On this occasion he made his journey back to the end of Chancery Lane on the

top of an omnibus; and as he lit his little pipe, disregarding altogether the scrutiny of the public, thoughts passed through his mind similar to those in which he had indulged as he sat smoking on the corner of the churchyard wall at Nuncombe Putney. He declared to himself that he did love this girl; and as it was so, would it not be better, at any rate more manly, that he should tell her so honestly, than go on groping about with half-expressed words when he saw her, thinking of her and yet hardly daring to go near her, bidding himself to forget her although he knew that such forgetting was impossible, hankering after the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand, and something of the tenderness of returned affection,—and yet regarding her as a prize altogether out of his reach! Why should she be out of his reach? She had no money, and he had not a couple of hundred pounds in the world. But he was earning an income which would give them both shelter and clothes and bread and cheese.

What reader is there, male or female, of such stories as is this, who has not often discussed in his or her own mind the different sides of this question of love and marriage? On either side enough may be said by any arguer to convince at any rate himself. It must be wrong for a man, whose income is both insufficient and precarious also, not only to double his own cares and burdens, but to place the weight of that doubled burden on other shoulders besides his own,—on shoulders that are tender and soft, and ill adapted to the carriage of any crushing weight. And then that doubled burden,—that burden of two mouths to be fed, of two backs to be covered, of two minds to be satisfied, is so apt to double itself again and again. The two so speedily become four, and six! And then there is the feeling that that kind of semi-poverty, which has in itself something of the pleasantness of independence, when it is borne by a man alone, entails the miseries of a draggle-tailed and querulous existence when it is imposed on a woman who has in her own home enjoyed the comforts of affluence. As a man thinks of all this, if he chooses to argue with himself on that side, there is enough in

the argument to make him feel that not only as a wise man but as an honest man, he had better let the young lady alone. She is well as she is, and he sees around him so many who have tried the chances of marriage and who are not well! Look at Jones with his wan, worn wife and his five children, Jones who is not yet thirty, of whom he happens to know that the wretched man cannot look his doctor in the face, and that the doctor is as necessary to the man's house as is the butcher! What heart can Jones have for his work with such a burden as this upon his shoulders? And so the thinker, who argues on that side, resolves that the young lady shall go her own way for him.

But the arguments on the other side are equally cogent, and so much more alluring! And they are used by the same man with reference to the same passion, and are intended by him to put himself right in his conduct in reference to the same dear girl. Only the former line of thoughts occurred to him on a Saturday, when he was ending his week rather gloomily, and this other way of thinking on the same subject has come upon him on a Monday, as he is beginning his week with renewed hope. Does this young girl of his heart love him? And if so, their affection for each other being thus reciprocal, is she not entitled to an expression of her opinion and her wishes on this difficult subject? And if she be willing to run the risk and to encounter the dangers,—to do so on his behalf, because she is willing to share everything with him,—is it becoming in him, a man, to fear what she does not fear? If she be not willing let her say so. If there be any speaking, he must speak first;—but she is entitled, as much as he is, to her own ideas respecting their great outlook into the affairs of the world. And then is it not manifestly God's ordinance that a man should live together with a woman? How poor a creature does the man become who has shirked his duty in this respect, who has done nothing to keep the world going, who has been willing to ignore all affection so that he might avoid all burdens, and who has put into his own belly every good thing that has come to him, either by the earning of his own hands or from the bounty and industry of others! Of course

there is a risk; but what excitement is there in anything in which there is none? So on the Tuesday he speaks his mind to the young lady, and tells her candidly that there will be potatoes for the two of them,—sufficient, as he hopes, of potatoes, but no more. As a matter of course the young lady replies that she for her part will be quite content to take the parings for her own eating. Then they rush deliciously into each other's arms and the matter is settled. For, though the convictions arising from the former line of argument may be set aside as often as need be, those reached from the latter are generally conclusive. That such a settlement will always be better for the young gentleman and the young lady concerned than one founded on a sterner prudence is more than one may dare to say; but we do feel sure that that country will be most prosperous in which such leaps in the dark are made with the greatest freedom.

Our friend Hugh, as he sat smoking on the knife-board of the omnibus, determined that he would risk everything. If it were ordained that prudence should prevail, the prudence should be hers. Why should he take upon himself to have prudence enough for two, seeing that she was so very discreet in all her bearings? Then he remembered the touch of her hand, which he still felt upon his palm as he sat handling his pipe, and he told himself that after that he was bound to say a word more. And moreover he confessed to himself that he was compelled by a feeling that mastered him altogether. He could not get through an hour's work without throwing down his pen and thinking of Nora Rowley. It was his destiny to love her,—and there was, to his mind, a mean, pettifogging secrecy, amounting almost to daily lying, in his thus loving her and not telling her that he loved her. It might well be that she should rebuke him; but he thought that he could bear that. It might well be that he had altogether mistaken that touch of her hand. After all it had been the slightest possible motion of no more than one finger. But he would at any rate know the truth. If she would tell him at once that she did not care for him, he thought that he could get over it; but life was not worth having while he lived in this shifty,

dubious, and uncomfortable state. So he made up his mind that he would go to St. Diddulph's with his heart in his hand.

In the mean time, Mr. Bozzle had been twice to St. Diddulph's;—and now he made a third journey there, two days after Stanbury's visit. Trevelyan, who, in truth, hated the sight of the man, and who suffered agonies in his presence, had, nevertheless, taught himself to believe that he could not live without his assistance. That it should be so was a part of the cruelty of his lot. Who else was there that he could trust? His wife had renewed her intimacy with Colonel Osborne the moment that she had left him. Mrs. Stanbury, who had been represented to him as the most correct of matrons, had at once been false to him and to her trust, in allowing Colonel Osborne to enter her house. Mr. and Mrs. Outhouse, with whom his wife had now located herself, not by his orders, were, of course, his enemies. His old friend, Hugh Stanbury, had gone over to the other side, and quarrelled with him purposely, with malice prepense, because he would not submit himself to the caprices of the wife who had injured him. His own lawyer had refused to act for him; and his fast and oldest ally, the very person who had sounded in his ear the earliest warning note against that odious villain, whose daily work it was to destroy the peace of families,—even Lady Milborough had turned against him! Because he would not follow the stupid prescription which she, with pig-headed obstinacy, persisted in giving,—because he would not carry his wife off to Naples,—she was ill-judging and inconsistent enough to tell him that he was wrong! Who was then left to him but Bozzle? Bozzle was very disagreeable. Bozzle said things, and made suggestions to him which were as bad as pins stuck into his flesh. But Bozzle was true to his employer, and could find out facts. Had it not been for Bozzle, he would have known nothing of the Colonel's journey to Devonshire. Had it not been for Bozzle, he would never have heard of the correspondence; and, therefore, when he left London, he gave Bozzle a roving commission; and when he went to Paris, and from Paris onwards, over the Alps into Italy, he



furnished Bozzle with his address. At this time, in the midst of all his misery, it never occurred to him to inquire of himself whether it might be possible that his old friends were right, and that he himself was wrong. From morning to night he sang to himself melancholy silent songs of inward wailing, as to the cruelty of his own lot in life; and, in the mean time, he employed Bozzle to find out for him how far that cruelty was carried.

Mr. Bozzle, was, of course, convinced that the lady whom he was employed to watch was—no better than she ought to be. That is the usual Bozzlian language for broken vows, secrecy, intrigue, dirt, and adultery. It was his business to obtain evidence of her guilt. There was no question to be solved as to her innocence. The Bozzlian mind would have regarded any such suggestion as the product of a green softness, the possession of which would have made him quite unfit for his profession. He was aware that ladies who are no better than they should be are often very clever,—so clever as to make it necessary that the Bozzles who shall at least confound them should be first-rate Bozzles, Bozzles quite at the top of their profession,—and, therefore, he went about his work with great industry and much caution. Colonel Osborne was at the present moment in Scotland. Bozzle was sure of that. He was quite in the north of Scotland. Bozzle had examined his map, and found that Wick, which was the Colonel's post-town, was very far north indeed. He had half a mind to run down to Wick, as he was possessed by a certain honest zeal, which made him long to do something hard and laborious; but his experience told him that it was very easy for the Colonel to come up to the neighborhood of St. Diddulph's, whereas the lady could not go down to Wick, unless she were to decide upon throwing herself into her lover's arms,—whereby Bozzle's work would be brought to an end. He therefore confined his immediate operations to St. Diddulph's.

He made acquaintance with one or two important persons in and about Mr. Outhouse's parsonage. He became very familiar with the postman. He arranged terms of intimacy, I am sorry to say, with the housemaid; and, on the third

journey, he made an alliance with the potboy at the Full Moon. The potboy remembered well the fact of the child being brought to "our 'ouse," as he called the Full Moon; and he was enabled to say, that the same "gent as had brought the boy backards and forrards," had since that been at the parsonage. But Bozzle was quick enough to perceive that all this had nothing to do with the Colonel. He was led, indeed, to fear that his "governor," as he was in the habit of calling Trevelyan in his half-spoken soliloquies,—that his governor was not as true to him as he was to his governor. What business had that meddling fellow Stanbury at St. Diddulph's?—for Trevelyan had not thought it necessary to tell his satellite that he had quarrelled with his friend. Bozzle was grieved in his mind when he learned that Stanbury's interference was still to be dreaded; and wrote to his governor, rather severely, to that effect; but, when so writing, he was able to give no further information. Facts, in such cases, will not unravel themselves without much patience on the part of the investigators.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### PRISCILLA'S WISDOM.

On the night after the dinner party in the Close, Dorothy was not the only person in the house who lay awake thinking of what had taken place. Miss Stanbury also was full of anxiety, and for hour after hour could not sleep as she remembered the fruitlessness of her efforts on behalf of her nephew and niece.

It had never occurred to her when she had first proposed to herself that Dorothy should become Mrs. Gibson, that Dorothy herself would have any objection to such a step in life. Her fear had been that Dorothy would have become over-radiant with triumph at the idea of having a husband, and going to that husband with a fortune of her own. That Mr. Gibson might hesitate, she had thought very likely. It is thus, in general, that women regard the feelings, desires, and aspirations of other women. You will hardly ever meet an elderly lady who will not speak of her juniors as living in a state of breathless anxiety to catch husbands. And the elder lady will speak of the

younger as though any kind of choice in such catching was quite disregarded. The man must be a gentleman,—or, at least, gentleman-like,—and there must be bread. Let these things be given, and what girl won't jump into what man's arms? Female reader, is it not thus that the elders of your sex speak of the younger? When old Mrs. Stanbury heard that Nora Rowley had refused Mr. Glascock, the thing was to her unintelligible; and it was now quite unintelligible to Miss Stanbury that Dorothy should prefer a single life to matrimony with Mr. Gibson.

It must be acknowledged, on Aunt Stanbury's behalf, that Dorothy was one of those yielding, hesitating, submissive young women, trusting others but doubting ever of themselves, as to whom it is natural that their stronger friends should find it expedient to decide for them. Miss Stanbury was almost justified in thinking that unless she were to find a husband for her niece, her niece would never find one for herself. Dorothy would drift into being an old maid, like Priscilla, simply because she would never assert herself,—never put her best foot foremost. Aunt Stanbury had therefore taken upon herself to put out a foot; and having carefully found that Mr. Gibson was "willing," had conceived that all difficulties were over. She would be enabled to do her duty by her niece, and establish comfortably in life, at any rate, one of her brother's children. And now Dorothy was taking upon herself to say that she did not like the gentleman! Such conduct was almost equal to writing for a penny newspaper!

On the following morning, after breakfast, when Brooke Burgess was gone out to call upon his uncle,—which he insisted upon doing openly, and not under the rose, in spite of Miss Stanbury's great gravity on the occasion,—there was a very serious conversation, and poor Dorothy had found herself to be almost silenced. She did argue for a time; but her arguments seemed, even to herself, to amount to so little! Why shouldn't she love Mr. Gibson? That was a question which she found it impossible to answer. And though she did not actually yield, though she did not say that she would accept the man, still, when she was told that three days were to be al-

lowed to her for consideration, and that then the offer would be made to her in form, she felt that, as regarded the anti-Gibson interest, she had not a leg to stand upon. Why should not such an insignificant creature, as was she, love Mr. Gibson,—or any other man, who had bread to give her, and was in some degree like a gentleman? On that night, she wrote the following letter to her sister:—

"The Close, Tuesday.

"DEAREST PRISCILLA,

"I do so wish that you could be with me, so that I could talk to you again. Aunt Stanbury is the most affectionate and kindest friend in the world; but she has always been so able to have her own way, because she is both clever and good, that I find myself almost like a baby with her. She has been talking to me again about Mr. Gibson; and it seems that Mr. Gibson really does mean it. It is certainly very strange; but I do think now that it is true. He is to come on Friday. It seems very odd that it should all be settled for him in that way; but then Aunt Stanbury is so clever at settling things!

"He sat next to me almost all the evening yesterday; but he didn't say anything about it, except that he hoped I agreed with him about going to church, and all that. I suppose I do; and I am quite sure that if I were to be a clergyman's wife, I should endeavor to do whatever my husband thought right about religion. One ought to try to do so, even if the clergyman is not one's husband. Mr. Burgess has come, and he was so very amusing all the evening, that perhaps that was the reason Mr. Gibson said so little. Mr. Burgess is a very nice man, and I think Aunt Stanbury is more fond of him than of anybody. He is not at all the sort of person that I expected.

"But if Mr. Gibson does come on Friday, and does really mean it, what am I to say to him? Aunt Stanbury will be very angry if I do not take her advice. I am quite sure that she intends it all for my happiness; and then, of course, she knows so much more about the world than I do. She asks me what it is that I expect. Of course, I do not expect anything. It is a great

compliment from Mr. Gibson, who is a clergyman, and thought well of /by everybody. And nothing could be more respectable. Aunt Stanbury says that with the money she would give us we should be quite comfortable; and she wants us to live in this house. She says that there are thirty girls round Exeter who would give their eyes for such a chance; and, looking at it in that light, of course, it is a very great thing for me. Only think how poor we have been! And then, dear Priscilla, perhaps he would let me be good to you and dear mamma!

"But, of course, he will ask me whether I—love him; and what am I to say? Aunt Stanbury says that I am to love him. 'Begin to love him at once,' she said this morning. I would if I could, partly for her sake, and because I do feel that it would be so respectable. When I think of it, it does seem such a pity that poor I should throw away such a chance. And I must say that Mr. Gibson is very good, and most obliging; and everybody says that he has an excellent temper, and that he is a most prudent, well-dispositioned man. I declare, dear Priscilla, when I think of it, I cannot bring myself to believe that such a man should want me to be his wife.

"But what ought I to do? I suppose when a girl is in love she is very unhappy if the gentleman does not propose to her. I am sure it would not make me at all unhappy if I were told that Mr. Gibson had changed his mind.

"Dearest Priscilla, you must write at once, because he is to be here on Friday. Oh, dear; Friday does seem to be so near! And I never shall know what to say to him, either one way or the other.

"Your most affectionate sister,

"DOROTHY STANBURY.

"P. S.—Give my kindest love to mamma; but you need not tell her unless you think it best."

Priscilla received this letter on the Wednesday morning, and felt herself bound to answer it on that same afternoon. Had she postponed her reply for a day, it would still have been in Dorothy's hands before Mr. Gibson could

have come to her on the dreaded Friday morning. But still that would hardly give her time enough to consider the matter with any degree of deliberation after she should have been armed with what wisdom Priscilla might be able to send her. The post left Nuncombe Putney at three; and therefore the letter had to be written before their early dinner.

So Priscilla went into the garden and sat herself down under an old cedar that she might discuss the matter with herself in all its bearings. She felt that no woman could be called upon to write a letter that should be of more importance. The whole welfare in life of the person who was dearest to her would probably depend upon it. The weight upon her was so great that she thought for a while she would take counsel with her mother; but she felt sure that her mother would recommend the marriage; and that if she afterwards should find herself bound to oppose it, then her mother would be a miserable woman. There could be no use to her in taking counsel with her mother, because her mother's mind was known to her beforehand. The responsibility was thrown upon her, and she alone must bear it.

She tried hard to persuade herself to write at once and tell her sister to marry the man. She knew her sister's heart so well as to be sure that Dorothy would learn to love the man who was her husband. It was almost impossible that Dorothy should not love those with whom she lived. And then her sister was so well adapted to be a wife and a mother. Her temper was so sweet, she was so pure, so unselfish, so devoted, and so healthy withal! She was so happy when she was acting for others; and so excellent in action when she had another one to think for her! She was so trusting and trustworthy that any husband would adore her! Then Priscilla walked slowly into the house, got her prayer-book, and returning to her seat under the tree, read the marriage service. It was one o'clock when she went up-stairs to write her letter, and it had not yet struck eleven when she first seated herself beneath the tree. Her letter, when written, was as follows:—

"Nuncombe Putney, August 25, 186-.

"DEAREST DOROTHY:

"I got your letter this morning, and I think it is better to answer it at once, as the time is very short. I have been thinking about it with all my mind, and I feel almost awe-stricken lest I should advise you wrongly. After all, I believe that your own dear sweet truth and honesty would guide you better than anybody else can guide you. You may be sure of this, that whichever way it is, I shall think that you have done right. Dearest sister, I suppose there can be no doubt that for most women a married life is happier than a single one. It is always thought so, as we may see by the anxiety of others to get married; and when an opinion becomes general, I think that the world is most often right. And then, my own one, I feel sure that you are adapted both for the cares and for the joys of married life. You would do your duty as a married woman happily, and would be a comfort to your husband;—not a thorn in his side, as are so many women.

"But, my pet, do not let that reasoning of Aunt Stanbury's about the thirty young girls who would give their eyes for Mr. Gibson, have any weight with you. You should not take him because thirty other young girls would be glad to have him. And do not think too much of that respectability of which you speak. I would never advise my Dolly to marry any man unless she could be respectable in her new position; but that alone should go for nothing. Nor should our poverty. We shall not starve. And even if we did, that would be but a poor excuse.

"I can find no escape from this,—that you should love him before you say that you will take him. But honest, loyal love need not, I take it, be of that romantic kind which people write about in novels and poetry. You need not think him to be perfect, or the best or grandest of men. Your heart will tell you whether he is dear to you. And remember, Dolly, that I shall remember that love itself must begin at some precise time. Though you had not learned to love him when you wrote on Tuesday, you may have begun to do so when you get this on Thursday.

"If you find that you love him, then say that you will be his wife. If your heart revolts from such a declaration as being false;—if you cannot bring yourself to feel that you prefer him to others as the partner of your life,—then tell him, with thanks for his courtesy, that it cannot be as he would have it.

"Yours always and ever most affectionately,

"PRISCILLA."

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### MR GIBSON'S GOOD FORTUNE.

"I'LL bet you half-a-crown, my lad, you're thrown over at last, like the rest of them. There's nothing she likes so much as taking some one up in order that she may throw him over afterwards." It was thus that Mr. Bartholomew Burgess cautioned his nephew Brooke.

"I'll take care that she shan't break my heart, Uncle Barty. I will go my way and she may go hers, and she may give her money to the hospital if she pleases."

On the morning after his arrival Brooke Burgess had declared aloud in Miss Stanbury's parlor that he was going over to the bank to see his uncle. Now there was in this almost a breach of contract. Miss Stanbury, when she invited the young man to Exeter, had stipulated that there should be no intercourse between her house and the bank. "Of course, I shall not need to know where you go or where you don't go," she had written; "but after all that has passed there must not be any positive intercourse between my house and the bank." And now he had spoken of going over to C and B, as he called them, with the utmost indifference. Miss Stanbury had looked very grave, but had said nothing. She had determined to be on her guard, so that she should not be driven to quarrel with Brooke if she could avoid it.

Bartholomew Burgess was a tall, thin, ill-tempered old man, as well-known in Exeter as the cathedral, and respected after a fashion. No one liked him. He said ill-natured things of all his neighbors, and had never earned any reputation for doing good-natured acts. But



he had lived in Exeter for nearly seventy years, and had achieved that sort of esteem which comes from long tenure. And he had committed no great iniquities in the course of his fifty years of business. The bank had never stopped payment, and he had robbed no one. He had not swallowed up widows and orphans, and had done his work in the firm of Cropper and Burgess after the old-fashioned safe manner, which leads neither to riches nor to ruin. Therefore he was respected. But he was a discontented, sour old man, who believed himself to have been injured by all his own friends, who disliked his own partners because they had bought that which had, at any rate, never belonged to him;—and whose strongest passion it was to hate Miss Stanbury of the Close.

"She's got a parson by the hand now," said the uncle, as he continued his caution to the nephew.

"There was a clergyman there last night."

"No doubt, and she'll play him off against you, and you against him; and then she'll throw you both over. I know her."

"She has got a right to do what she likes with her own, Uncle Barty."

"And how did she get it? Never mind. I'm not going to set you against her, if you're her favorite for the moment. She has a niece with her there,—hasn't she?"

"One of her brother's daughters."

"They say she's going to make that clergyman marry her."

"What;—Mr. Gibson?"

"Yes. They tell me he was as good as engaged to another girl,—one of the Frenches of Heavitree. And therefore dear Jemima could do nothing better than interfere. When she has succeeded in breaking the girl's heart——"

"Which girl's heart, Uncle Barty?"

"The girl the man was to have married; when that's done she'll throw Gibson over. You'll see. She'll refuse to give the girl a shilling. She took the girl's brother by the hand ever so long, and then she threw him over. And she'll throw the girl over too, and send her back to the place she came from. And then she'll throw you over."

"According to you, she must be the

most malicious old woman that ever was allowed to live!"

"I don't think there are many to beat her, as far as malice goes. But you'll find out for yourself. I shouldn't be surprised if she were to tell you before long that you were to marry the niece."

"I shouldn't think that such very hard lines either," said Brooke Burgess.

"I've no doubt you may have her if you like," said Barty, "in spite of Mr. Gibson. Only I should recommend you to take care and get the money first."

When Brooke went back to the house in the Close, Miss Stanbury was quite fussy in her silence. She would have given much to have been told something about Barty, and, above all, to have learned what Barty had said about herself. But she was far too proud even to mention the old man's name of her own accord. She was quite sure that she had been abused. She guessed, probably with tolerable accuracy, the kind of things that had been said of her, and suggested to herself what answer Brooke would make to such accusations. But she had resolved to cloak it all in silence, and pretended for awhile not to remember the young man's declared intention when he left the house. "It seems odd to me," said Brooke, "that Uncle Barty should always live alone as he does. He must have a dreary time of it."

"I don't know anything about your Uncle Barty's manner of living."

"No;—I suppose not. You and he are not friends."

"By no means, Brooke."

"He lives there all alone in that poky bank-house, and nobody ever goes near him. I wonder whether he has any friends in the city?"

"I really cannot tell you anything about his friends. And, to tell you the truth, Brooke, I don't want to talk about your uncle. Of course, you can go to see him when you please, but I'd rather you didn't tell me of your visits afterwards."

"There is nothing in the world I hate so much as a secret," said he. He had no intention in this of animadverting upon Miss Stanbury's secret enmity, nor had he purposed to ask any question as to her relations with the old man. He had alluded to his dislike of having secrets of his own. But she misunderstood him.

"If you are anxious to know——" she said, becoming very red in the face.

"I am not at all curious to know. You quite mistake me."

"He has chosen to believe,—or to say that he believed,—that I wronged him in regard to his brother's will. I nursed his brother when he was dying,—as I considered it to be my duty to do. I cannot tell you all that story. It is too long, and too sad. Romance is very pretty in novels, but the romance of a life is always a melancholy matter. They are most happy who have no story to tell."

"I quite believe that."

"But your Uncle Barty chose to think,—indeed, I hardly know what he thought. He said that the will was a will of my making. When it was made I and his brother were apart; we were not even on speaking terms. There had been a quarrel, and all manner of folly. I am not very proud when I look back upon it. It is not that I think myself better than others; but your Uncle Brooke's will was made before we had come together again. When he was ill it was natural that I should go to him,—after all that had passed between us. Eh, Brooke?"

"It was womanly."

"But it made no difference about the will. Mr. Bartholomew Burgess might have known that at once, and must have known it afterwards. But he has never acknowledged that he was wrong;—never even yet."

"He could not bring himself to do that, I should say."

"The will was no great triumph to me. I could have done without it. As God is my judge, I would not have lifted up my little finger to get either a part or the whole of poor Brooke's money. If I had known that a word would have done it, I would have bitten my tongue out before it should have been spoken." She had risen from her seat, and was speaking with a solemnity that almost filled her listener with awe. She was a woman short of stature; but now, as she stood over him, she seemed to be tall and majestic. "But when the man was dead," she continued, "and the will was there,—the property was mine, and I was bound in duty to exercise the privileges and bear the responsibilities which the dead man had conferred upon me. It was Barty, then, who sent a low at-

torney to me, offering me a compromise. What had I to compromise? Compromise! No. If it was not mine by all the right the law could give, I would sooner have starved than have had a crust of bread out of the money." She had now clenched both her fists, and was shaking them rapidly as she stood over him, looking down upon him.

"Of course it was your own."

"Yes. Though they asked me to compromise, and sent messages to me to frighten me;—both Barty and your Uncle Tom; ay, and your father too, Brooke; they did not dare to go to law. To law, indeed! If ever there was a good will in the world, the will of your Uncle Brooke was good. They could talk, and malign me, and tell lies as to dates, and strive to make my name odious in the county; but they knew that the will was good. They did not succeed very well in what they did attempt."

"I would try to forget it all now, Aunt Stanbury."

"Forget it! How is that to be done? How can the mind forget the history of its own life? No,—I cannot forget it. I can forgive it."

"Then why not forgive it?"

"I do. I have. Why else are you here?"

"But forgive old Uncle Barty also!"

"Has he forgiven me? Come now. If I wished to forgive him, how should I begin? Would he be gracious if I went to him? Does he love me, do you think,—or hate me? Uncle Barty is a good hater. It is the best point about him. No, Brooke, we won't try the farce of a reconciliation after a long life of enmity. Nobody would believe us, and we should not believe each other."

"Then I certainly would not try."

"I do not mean to do so. The truth is, Brooke, you shall have it all when I'm gone, if you don't turn against me. You won't take to writing for penny newspapers, will you, Brooke?" As she asked the question she put one of her hands softly on his shoulder.

"I certainly shan't offend in that way."

"And you won't be a Radical?"

"No, not a Radical."

"I mean a man to follow Beales and Bright, a republican, a putter-down of the Church, a hater of the Throne. You

won't take up that line, will you, Brooke?"

"It isn't my way at present, Aunt Stanbury. But a man shouldn't promise."

"Ah me! It makes me sad when I think what the country is coming to. I'm told there are scores of members of Parliament who don't pronounce their h's. When I was young a member of Parliament used to be a gentleman;—and they've taken to ordaining all manner of people. It used to be the case that when you met a clergyman you met a gentleman. By-the-by, Brooke, what do you think of Mr. Gibson?"

"Mr. Gibson! To tell the truth, I haven't thought much about him yet."

"But you must think about him. Perhaps you haven't thought about my niece, Dolly Stanbury?"

"I think she's an uncommonly nice girl."

"She's not to be nice for you, young man. She's to be married to Mr. Gibson."

"Are they engaged?"

"Well, no; but I intend that they shall be. You won't begrudge that I should give my little savings to one of my own name?"

"You don't know me, Aunt Stanbury, if you think that I should begrudge anything that you might do with your money."

"Dolly has been here a month or two. I think it's three months since she came, and I do like her. She's soft and womanly, and hasn't taken up those vile, filthy habits which almost all the girls have adopted. Have you seen those Frenches with the things they have on their heads?"

"I was speaking to them yesterday."

"Nasty sluts! You can see the grease on their foreheads when they try to make their hair go back in the dirty French fashion. Dolly is not like that;—is she?"

"She is not in the least like either of the Miss Frenches."

"And now I want her to become Mrs. Gibson. He is quite taken."

"Is he?"

"Oh dear, yes. Didn't you see him the other night at dinner and afterwards? Of course he knows that I can give her a little bit of money, which always goes for something, Brooke. And I do think it would be such a nice thing for Dolly."

"And what does Dolly think about it?"

"There's the difficulty. She likes him well enough; I'm sure of that. And she has no stuck-up ideas about herself. She isn't one of those who think that almost nothing is good enough for them. But——"

"She has an objection."

"I don't know what it is. I sometimes think she is so bashful and modest she doesn't like to talk of being married, —even to an old woman like me."

"Dear me! That's not the way of the age;—is it, Aunt Stanbury?"

"It's coming to that, Brooke, that the girls will ask the men soon. Yes,—and that they won't take a refusal either. I do believe that Camilla French did ask Mr. Gibson."

"And what did Mr. Gibson say?"

"Ah;—I can't tell you that. He knows too well what he's about to take her. He's to come here on Friday at eleven, and you must be out of the way. I shall be out of the way too. But if Dolly says a word to you before that, mind you make her understand that she ought to accept Gibson."

"She's too good for him, according to my thinking."

"Don't you be a fool. How can any young woman be too good for a gentleman and a clergyman? Mr. Gibson is a gentleman. Do you know,—only you must not mention this,—that I have a kind of idea we could get Nuncombe Putney for him? My father had the living, and my brother; and I should like it to go on in the family."

No opportunity came in the way of Brooke Burgess to say anything in favor of Mr. Gibson to Dorothy Stanbury. There did come to be very quickly a sort of intimacy between her and her aunt's favorite; but she was one not prone to talk about her own affairs. And as to such an affair as this,—a question as to whether she should or should not give herself in marriage to her suitor,—she, who could not speak of it even to her own sister without a blush, who felt confused and almost confounded when receiving her aunt's admonitions and instigations on the subject, would not have endured to hear Brooke Burgess speak on the matter. Dorothy did feel that a person easier to

know than Brooke had never come in her way. She had already said as much to him as she had spoken to Mr. Gibson in the three months that she had made his acquaintance. They had talked about Exeter, and about Mrs. MacHugh, and the cathedral, and Tennyson's poems, and the London theatres, and Uncle Barty, and the family quarrel. They had become confidential with each other on some matters. But on this heavy subject of Mr. Gibson and his proposal of marriage not a word had been said. When Brooke once mentioned Mr. Gibson on the Thursday morning, Dorothy within a minute had taken an opportunity of escaping from the room.

But circumstances did give him an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Gibson. On the Wednesday afternoon both he and Mr. Gibson were invited to drink tea at Mrs. French's house on that evening. Such invitations at Exeter were wont to be given at such short dates, and both the gentlemen had said that they would go. Then Arabella French had called in the Close and had asked Miss Stanbury and Dorothy. It was well understood by Arabella that Miss Stanbury herself would not drink tea at Heavitree. And it may be that Dorothy's company was not in truth desired. The ladies both declined. "Don't you stay at home for me, my dear," Miss Stanbury said to her niece. But Dorothy had not been out without her aunt since she had been at Exeter, and understood perfectly that it would not be wise to commence the practice at the house of the Frenches. "Mr. Brooke is coming, Miss Stanbury; and Mr. Gibson," Miss French said. And Miss Stanbury had thought that there was some triumph in her tone. "Mr. Brooke can go where he pleases, my dear," Miss Stanbury replied. "And as for Mr. Gibson, I am not his keeper." The tone in which Miss Stanbury spoke would have implied great imprudence, had not the two ladies understood each other so thoroughly, and had not each known that it was so.

There was the accustomed set of people in Mrs. French's drawing-room;—the Crumbies, and the Wrights, and the Apjohns. And Mrs. MacHugh came also,—knowing that there would be a

rubber. "Their naked shoulders don't hurt me," Mrs. MacHugh said, when her friend almost scolded her for going to the house. "I'm not a young man. I don't care what they do to themselves." "You might say as much if they went naked altogether," Miss Stanbury had replied in anger. "If nobody else complains, I shouldn't," said Mrs. MacHugh. Mrs. MacHugh got her rubber; and as she had gone for her rubber, on a distinct promise that there should be a rubber, and as there was a rubber, she felt that she had no right to say ill-natured things. "What does it matter to me," said Mrs. MacHugh, "how nasty she is? She's not going to be my wife." "Ugh!" exclaimed Miss Stanbury, shaking her head both in anger and disgust.

Camilla French was by no means so bad as she was painted by Miss Stanbury, and Brooke Burgess rather liked her than otherwise. And it seemed to him that Mr. Gibson did not at all dislike Arabella, and felt no repugnance at either the lady's noddle or shoulders now that he was removed from Miss Stanbury's influence. It was clear enough also that Arabella had not given up the attempt, although she must have admitted to herself that the claims of Dorothy Stanbury were very strong. On this evening it seemed to have been specially permitted to Arabella, who was the eldest sister, to take into her own hands the management of the case. Beholders of the game had hitherto declared that Mr. Gibson's safety was secured by the constant coupling of the sisters. Neither would allow the other to hunt alone. But a common sense of the common danger had made some special strategy necessary, and Camilla hardly spoke a word to Mr. Gibson during the evening. Let us hope that she found some temporary consolation in the presence of the stranger.

"I hope you are going to stay with us ever so long, Mr. Burgess?" said Camilla.

"A month. That is ever so long;—isn't it? Why I mean to see all Devonshire within that time. I feel already that I know Exeter thoroughly and everybody in it."

"I'm sure we are very much flattered."

"As for you, Miss French, I've heard so much about you all my life, that I felt that I knew you before I came here."



"Who can have spoken to you about me?"

"You forget how many relatives I have in the city. Do you think my Uncle Barty never writes to me?"

"Not about me."

"Does he not? And do you suppose I don't hear from Miss Stanbury?"

"But she hates me. I know that."

"And do you hate her?"

"No, indeed. I've the greatest respect for her. But she is a little odd; isn't she, now, Mr. Burgess? We all like her ever so much; and we've known her ever so long, six or seven years,—since we were quite young things. But she has such queer notions about girls."

"What sort of notions?"

"She'd like them all to dress like herself; and she thinks that they should never talk to young men. If she was here she'd say I was flirting with you, because we're sitting together."

"But you are not; are you?"

"Of course I am not."

"I wish you would," said Brooke.

"I shouldn't know how to begin. I shouldn't indeed. I don't know what flirting means, and I don't know who does know. When young ladies and gentlemen go out, I suppose they are intended to talk to each other."

"But very often they don't, you know."

"I call that stupid," said Camilla.

"And yet, when they do, all the old maids say that the girls are flirting. I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Burgess. I don't care what any old maid says about me. I always talk to people that I like, and if they choose to call me a flirt, they may. It's my opinion that still waters run the deepest."

"No doubt the noisy streams are very shallow," said Brooke.

"You may call me a shallow stream if you like, Mr. Burgess."

"I meant nothing of the kind."

"But what do you call Dorothy Stanbury? That's what I call still water. She runs deep enough."

"The quietest young lady I ever saw in my life."

"Exactly. So quiet, but so—clever. What do you think of Mr. Gibson?"

"Everybody is asking me what I think of Mr. Gibson."

"You know what they say. They say

he is to marry Dorothy Stanbury. Poor man! I don't think his own consent has ever been asked yet;—but, nevertheless, it's settled."

"Just at present he seems to me to be,—what shall I say?—I oughtn't to say flirting with your sister; ought I?"

"Miss Stanbury would say so if she were here, no doubt. But the fact is, Mr. Burgess, we've known him almost since we were infants, and of course we take an interest in his welfare. There has never been anything more than that. Arabella is nothing more to him than I am. Once, indeed;—but, however;—that does not signify. It would be nothing to us, if he really liked Dorothy Stanbury. But as far as we can see,—and we do see a good deal of him,—there is no such feeling on his part. Of course we haven't asked. We should not think of such a thing. Mr. Gibson may do just as he likes for us. But I am not quite sure that Dorothy Stanbury is just the girl that would make him a good wife. Of course when you've known a person seven or eight years you do get anxious about his happiness. Do you know, we think her,—perhaps a little,—sly."

In the meantime, Mr. Gibson was completely subject to the individual charms of Arabella. Camilla had been quite correct in a part of her description of their intimacy. She and her sister had known Mr. Gibson for seven or eight years; but nevertheless the intimacy could not with truth be said to have commenced during the infancy of the young ladies, even if the word were used in its legal sense. Seven or eight years, however, is a long acquaintance; and there was, perhaps, something of a real grievance in this Stanbury intervention. If it be a recognized fact in society that young ladies are in want of husbands, and that an effort on their part towards matrimony is not altogether impossible, it must be recognized also that failure will be disagreeable, and interference regarded with animosity. Miss Stanbury the elder was undoubtedly interfering between Mr. Gibson and the Frenches; and it is neither manly nor womanly to submit to interference with one's dearest prospects. It may, perhaps, be admitted that the Miss Frenches had shown too much open

ardor in their pursuit of Mr. Gibson. Perhaps there should have been no ardor and no pursuit. It may be that the theory of womanhood is right which forbids to women any such attempts,—which teaches them that they must ever be the pursued, never the pursuers. As to that there shall be no discourse at present. But it must be granted that whenever the pursuit has been attempted, it is not in human nature to abandon it without an effort. That the French girls should be very angry with Miss Stanbury, that they should put their heads together with the intention of thwarting her, that they should think evil things of poor Dorothy, that they should half despise Mr. Gibson, and yet resolve to keep their hold upon him as a chattel and a thing of value that was almost their own, was not perhaps much to their discredit.

"You are a good deal at the house in the Close now," said Arabella, in her lowest voice,—in a voice so low that it was almost melancholy.

"Well; yes. Miss Stanbury, you know, has always been a staunch friend of mine. And she takes an interest in my little church." People say that girls are sly; but men can be sly too sometimes.

"It seems that she has taken you so much away from us, Mr. Gibson."

"I don't know why you should say that, Miss French."

"Perhaps I am wrong. One is apt to be sensitive about one's friends. We seem to have known you so well. There is nobody else in Exeter that mamma regards as she does you. But, of course, if you are happy with Miss Stanbury that is everything."

"I am speaking of the old lady," said Mr. Gibson, who, in spite of his slyness, was here thrown a little off his guard.

"And I am speaking of the old lady too," said Arabella. "Of whom else should I be speaking?"

"No;—of course not."

"Of course," continued Arabella, "I hear what people say about the niece. One cannot help what one hears, you know, Mr. Gibson; but I don't believe that, I can assure you." As she said this, she looked into his face, as though waiting for an answer; but Mr. Gibson had no answer ready. Then Arabella

told herself that if anything was to be done it must be done at once. What use was there in beating round the bush, when the only chance of getting the game was to be had by dashing at once into the thicket. "I own I should be glad," she said, turning her eyes away from him, "if I could hear from your own mouth that it is not true."

Mr. Gibson's position was one not to be envied. Were he willing to tell the very secrets of his soul to Miss French with the utmost candor, he could not answer her question either one way or the other, and he was not willing to tell her any of his secrets. It was certainly the fact, too, that there had been tender passages between him and Arabella. Now, when there have been such passages, and the gentleman is cross-examined by the lady, as Mr. Gibson was being cross-examined at the present moment,—the gentleman usually teaches himself to think that a little falsehood is permissible. A gentleman can hardly tell a lady that he has become tired of her, and has changed his mind. He feels the matter, perhaps, more keenly even than she does; and though, at all other times he may be a very Paladin in the cause of truth, in such straits as this he does allow himself some latitude.

"You are only joking, of course," he said.

"Indeed, I am not joking. I can assure you, Mr. Gibson, that the welfare of the friends whom I really love can never be a matter of joke to me. Mrs. Crumbie says that you positively are engaged to marry Dorothy Stanbury."

"What does Mrs. Crumbie know about it?"

"I dare say nothing. It is not so;—is it?"

"Certainly not."

"And there is nothing in it;—is there?"

"I wonder why people make these reports," said Mr. Gibson, prevaricating.

"It is a fabrication from beginning to end, then?" said Arabella, pressing the matter quite home. At this time she was very close to him, and though her words were severe, the glance from her eyes was soft. And the scent from her hair was not objectionable to him as it would have been to Miss Stanbury. And the mode of her head-dress was not dis-

pleasing to him. And the folds of her dress, as they fell across his knee, were welcome to his feelings. He knew that he was as one under temptation, but he was not strong enough to bid the tempter avaunt. "Say that it is so, Mr. Gibson!"

"Of course, it is not so," said Mr. Gibson—lying.

"I am so glad. For, of course, Mr. Gibson, when we heard it we thought a great deal about it. A man's happiness depends so much on whom he marries;—doesn't it? And a clergyman's more than anybody else's. And we didn't think she was quite the sort of woman that you would like. You see, she has had no advantages, poor thing! She has been shut up in a little country cottage all her life;—just a laborer's hovel, no more;—and though it wasn't her fault, of course, and we all pitied her, and were so glad when Miss Stanbury brought her to the Close;—still, you know, though one was very glad of her as an acquaintance, yet, you know, as a wife,—and for such a dear, dear friend —" She went on, and said many other things with equal enthusiasm, and then wiped her eyes, and then smiled and laughed. After that she declared that she was quite happy—so happy; and so she left him. The poor man, after the falsehood had been extracted from him, said nothing more; but sat, in patience, listening to the raptures and enthusiasm of his friend. He knew that he had disgraced himself; and he knew also that his disgrace would be known, if Dorothy Stanbury should accept his offer on the

morrow. And yet how hardly he had been used! What answer could he have given compatible both with the truth and with his own personal dignity?

About half an hour afterwards, he was walking back to Exeter with Brooke Burgess, and then Brooke did ask him a question or two.

"Nice girls those Frenches, I think," said Brooke.

"Very nice," said Mr. Gibson.

"How Miss Stanbury does hate them," says Brooke.

"Not hate them, I hope," said Mr. Gibson.

"She doesn't love them;—does she?"

"Well, as for love;—yes; in one sense,—I hope she does. Miss Stanbury, you know, is a woman who expresses herself strongly."

"What would she say, if she were told that you and I were going to marry those two girls? We are both favorites, you know."

"Dear me! What a very odd supposition," said Mr. Gibson.

"For my part, I don't think I shall," said Brooke.

"I don't suppose I shall either," said Mr. Gibson, with a gravity which was intended to convey some smattering of rebuke.

"A fellow might do worse, you know," said Brooke. "For my part, I rather like girls with chignons, and all that sort of get-up. But the worst of it is, one can't marry two at a time."

"That would be bigamy," said Mr. Gibson.

"Just so," said Brooke.

[To be Continued.]

Temple Bar.

#### YOUNG HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

THE most beautiful period in the life of human beings is that just following marriage, when the frenzy and anxiety of courtship is all over, and love reaches the peaceful Lotus-land, in which there is no more climbing up the climbing wave—no more worry and jealousy, and heartbreaking uncertainty. In a previous article we ventured to counsel young people not to eat their cake too soon—to make good use of that extended time of alternate joy and despair, quarrelling and peace making, regret and happy

anticipation, which precedes marriage. "The cruel madness of love," which most people suffer during that perplexing period, is in itself a sort of "liberal education," begetting an enlarged sympathy with all other forms of human ill. But the extraordinary contrast presented by the year before marriage and the year after marriage would almost lead one to recall the advice, and beg young people to escape at once from alternate cat-scratching and ringdove-cooing into the sober and beautiful and happy calm

of post-nuptial life. The small jealousies are for ever gone. The right of absolute possession confers a certain sense of superiority which is generous in its allowances and interpretations. Harry no longer feels a prodigious qualm of anger and aversion if he sees from afar off his Emily seated in conversation with that offensive captain, who has a habit of leering at women, and who, as Harry knows, was requested by the secretary to withdraw his name from the member-list of a certain club some few days ago. There is no longer any fear that some slight cause of quarrel may arise just as the evening draws to a close, and send these two young people to their respective homes with a frightful load of misery upon their hearts. Explanations, when explanations are required, are not now difficult to make; and there is no longer necessary that tiresome hunt for an opportunity. Above all, the young people are not dependent on others for the chances of being brought together. It is well known what a terrible amount of boring our young men and women are compelled by society to suffer before they can get to speak quietly together. Harry, who hates the theatre and all its ways, pretends to have an inordinate love for all the new pieces which are being brought out, so that Emily may be induced to ask her elder sister and her mamma to go with her and him. Emily, who takes picture-exhibitions to be the dullest things in this unhappy world, is forced to cultivate a spurious artistic taste, that so she may have an excuse for walking round one or two hushed rooms in Harry's company. In either case they may not be able to exchange above half-a-dozen sentences relative to their own particular secret, and yet for that gratification one or other has to suffer hours of social martyrdom. Then look at the frightful amount of hypocrisy which this period demands. To ward off suspicion great attention has to be paid to the person or persons who accompany Emily. The inevitable dragon has to be pacified. The clumsy and obvious way in which some boys when in love endeavor to conciliate the dragon are extremely amusing. Young man, it is not necessary to make love to her. Doesn't she know that your pretty speeches are tortured out of you, in order that she may

be lenient, and allow you and some other fatuous young person to sit unmolested for ten whole minutes on a seat behind the top screen, when there are only two other people in the exhibition-room, and they are fast asleep? It has been our great good fortune to know a number of dragons, of divers hues and temperaments. As a rule, they are the kindest of human beings; and in more than one instance with which we are acquainted they have been quite as desirable and agreeable companions as the young ladies who were protected by their sheltering wing. Young man, if at the moment when you are so hypocritically anxious to convey to the mind of your particular friend's dragon that she, the dragon, is an angel, and the descendant of angels, you would for a second seriously ask yourself whether the term might not, in sober earnest, be as fitly applied to her as to your mutual and youthful friend—if you would seriously ask yourself whether, in wit, and graceful manner, and pleasant looks, and easy conversation, the dragon might not, after all, be put up as a perpetual model for her whom alone you are then considering—if you would seriously ask what special graces they are which you suppose to exist in this other young creature, and which render the uncomplaining dragon's society a plague and a pest—you might gain some wisdom by the comparison, and perhaps be led to act upon its direct conclusions. But then you are young; and, as a writer remarked the other day, while a man over twenty-one is probably a fool, a man under twenty-one is certain to be a fool.

All that time of perplexity, trouble, and hypocrisy, is now at an end.

"The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love  
no longer meet

The matron's glance that would those looks reprove."

For the young wife is now herself a matron, in a small way. She has little airs of patronage for her girl-friends. She is anxious to give them the result of her large experience of her wedded life, extending over a couple of months, perhaps, in order to counsel them in their love affairs. She is delighted to become the repository of love-secrets, and assumes, in the most innocent fashion, a motherly air of



caution and profundity in advising her young friends. She is inexhaustibly talkative at this time—talkative to old gentlemen about the sanitary effects of country air, and eager to acquire knowledge on the subject of water-rates—talkative to elderly ladies upon furniture, the dire cost of table-linen, and the difficulty of keeping the silver bright—talkative to middle-aged ladies upon the incurable curse of servants, and how to pacify a surly gardener—talkative to girls of her own age on the advantages of getting married.

"My dear, you must marry," she says, with an air of profound and patronizing wisdom, to some poor girl who is already engaged to one suitor, and pestered by three or four others, but who does not think of marrying any the more for that.

"I suppose I must, *some time*," says the girl wickedly.

"But, my dear, you don't know—you don't know. You go on tormenting yourself and all these poor young men to no purpose. You are losing the best part of your life in aimless flirtation."

"Oh, cousin Kate, how can you say so?" protests the young hypocrite, who is at the same moment profoundly conscious that a young gentleman is studying her profile and the delicate *pose* of her arm and fan.

"You are scattering your attentions on so many, when you ought to devote them to making one man supremely happy."

"When I marry, cousin Kate," she retorts, "I expect my husband to devote himself to making me supremely happy."

"My dear, you will soon acquire a notion of the duties of a wife when you marry; and you will find your best pleasure in fulfilling them."

"Cousin Kate, how long have you been married, that you begin to talk like my grandmother already?" says the young princess, moving off in petulance and pride to receive the homage and admiration of her three or four too obedient suitors.

Sometimes, of course, the example of the young wife, if she be given to proselytizing, has a prodigious effect upon her circle of feminine acquaintance. You will sometimes see a whole bevy of girls smitten with the marrying mania, and all arising from the fact that the prime spirit

among them has suddenly taken a husband. It is very difficult to get a sheep to jump over a ditch; but once you have got the first over, the rest of the flock need little inducement to follow.

There is scarcely any prettier sight to be seen in modern society than when you happen to walk into a drawing-room where a number of people are dancing, and find the young husband and the young wife dancing together. There is something so unusual in the sight of a husband and wife seeking each other's society in public, as if they could not be sufficiently together, that one naturally regards the spectacle as a sort of phenomenon. Of course society forbids a husband to dance with his wife, or to take her in to supper, or to pay her any attention whatever when other ladies are present; but you may chance to see the young husband and wife snap their fingers at these understood laws. Married as they are, they are still the boy and the girl who were busy courting some few weeks or months ago. At that time did he care a straw for dancing with any human being in the world except one? Did not he dance with her out of all proportion to the number of the dances and the wishes of the other partners? We may assume that in more temperate measure she also preferred to dance with him above all other people. Why, he asks himself now, should that ceremony of some few weeks ago debar him from one of his old pleasures? You find him whirling her along the room in a mad gallop, her face flushed and happy with excitement, her long train sweeping the shiny shoes of the wall-flowers. They are, as we say, boy and girl once more. The young wife has entirely lost that odd assumption of matronly wisdom she has been laboring to acquire and attain; and it is her sweetheart she is dancing with. Perhaps she forgets all the attendant and recent circumstances, and is possessed with a vague consciousness that she must dance much and enjoy herself now he is here, for at a certain advanced period of the evening he will be going home to his dull bachelor-chambers, and she will be retiring to her solitary room, to spend a wakeful hour or so in calculating the mighty chances of the future. These young people who are whirling there are as much lovers as they were in the days when

they studied the whims of dragons, and thought earth had but one supreme bliss—a sea-side cottage in summer-time, with honey-suckle, and sweet-brier, and wild roses round the porch, with an utter absence of watchful friends, and the full, uninterrupted enjoyment of each other's society. They are still in the idyllic period. He still regards her as his beautiful and bountiful lady, who stepped down from her high estate and presented him with the white rosebud of her love. Existence is full of joy to them, for they are always near each other, and they are their own masters. He is still to her tender, and respectful, and assiduously attentive; and she still repays him with gracious looks, and hidden smiles, and all the nameless telegraphy of affection. In short, life is at its very apex. Never before has it been so beautiful; never afterwards shall it be so full of enjoyment. Look at a young husband and wife a month or two after their marriage; and—if they have "married for love," and are otherwise worthy young people—you catch life just at its flower.

Now, regarding the whole matter from a utilitarian point of view, we counselled lovers to protract the "engaged" period as long as possible. In like manner, and much more emphatically, we would have this beautiful time that follows a happy marriage carried as far into the remainder of life as possible. What is it that cuts it short? Why do people naturally look for a marked and perceptible difference in the relations between husband and wife after they have been a little time—say a year or two—married? There are a great many causes which may tend, more or less directly, to this very unsatisfactory result; and we shall look at one or two of them.

In the first place, the young wife sets out with an idiotic determination to be matronly all at once. This is very pretty for a time, while the natural girliness shines through the amiable hypocrisy, and while its only effect is to alternately amuse and embarrass the young husband. We happen to know, for example, a young creature who, some few years ago, married a clergyman in the north of England. His living was not a very brilliant one; but, on the other hand, it was not a poor one; and certainly it was sufficient to keep them

both decently dressed. However, nothing would do for the young wife but that she must needs make all her husband's clothes; and if anything could have reconciled one to an arrangement which made him a perpetual guy, it was the good-humor with which he wore the wondrously-shaped garments, and the innocent and garrulous pride she betrayed in talking of them. We say, this determination to be superhumanly matronly—to anticipate the current of years, and become prematurely practical—is very pardonable while it is only a pretty affectation; but, unfortunately, it constantly tends to produce the actual change which is at first only assumed. The girl does become prematurely practical; and in her haste to fit herself for her new duties she flings for ever behind her that charm of girliness, that novelty and freshness of character, which was once her principal attraction. The husband, who is inclined to be amused by the superior airs of practical wisdom exhibited by his young wife, begins to be aware of the fact that she is growing to be what she would be. He discovers, in short, that he has married, not a wife, but a housekeeper. In time, the only ground on which they meet in common is that of domestic affairs. She considers the household to be so exclusively her sphere of occupation, and she so religiously limits herself to that sphere, that a certain marked line begins to separate them. He confines himself to his own business or avocations; she, in the plenitude of her virtuous resolutions, occupies herself solely with the practical necessities of every-day life; and so they drop down into the ordinary routine of marriage, as it is exemplified in nine-tenths of common-place lives.

The fatal blunder lies in the primary notion apparently possessed by most girls, that in entering the sphere of marriage they must surrender themselves entirely to certain paramount duties, and that these duties demand the sacrifice of all the graceful little occupations which lent a charm to their not very dramatic or picturesque lives during the period of girlhood. Lady-moralists, inveighing against the undomesticated habits and uselessness of the modern young gentlewoman, have pushed their theories to such an extreme that a notion seems to

have got abroad that marriage sets a death-seal upon all the pretty accomplishments and occupations of 'young-ladyhood.' Men marry, we are told, in order to get good dinners cooked. They seek a wife that she may sew on buttons, look after the servants, sit up at night, and hold her tongue. Why, Mrs. Poyser had a nobler theory of marriage when she suggested that "what a man wants in a wife mostly, is to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he's wise." If it comes to be argued upon that ground, our lady-instructors may be informed that a bachelor can get a much better-cooked dinner at his club than his wife is ever likely to provide for him at home; and that the expense of keeping up an establishment for a wife would more than cover the wages of the most experienced housekeeper that could be found. However, a large number of women seem to fancy that it is their proper business after marriage to sink into the position of a housekeeper. Very well. The husbands accept the arrangement. And then, of course, one is not expected to chat much with one's housekeeper; nor is one expected to stay in of an evening in order to please her. Perhaps this consideration may explain a good deal of the phenomena exhibited in certain households.

Heaven forbid that we should suggest to any girl that her chief occupations in married life should be playing the piano and stitching beads on useless pen-wipers for a bazaar. The determination on the part of many young gentlewomen to amend their ways and alter their habits upon becoming wives betrays a praiseworthy and proper consciousness of the valueless character of their lives as girls. They feel that they must do something to redeem themselves from insignificance and uselessness; and that they must look out for some worthier employment than the trivial, and rather tiresome, routine of small pleasures in which they have been accustomed to spend their time. But why fly to the other extreme? The man who marries expects to find a companion who shall share his intellectual pleasures as well as his dinners; who shall be able to read and pass her opinion on the last new volume of poems, as well as deliver a dictum on the color of window-curtains; who shall be able to snatch

time from her domestic duties to accompany him to this or that picture-exhibition, instead of spending all her leisure in calling upon people for whom she doesn't care a straw, or in planning big entertainments for a lot of remarkably ungrateful and critical guests. On entering the gateway of marriage, the young neophyte need not throw behind her her slight acquaintance with modern poets, her slender acquirements in foreign languages, her interests in pictures, or whatever other intellectual preferences may have so far idealized her previous life. There is nothing incompatible with the character of a wife in having a lively desire to see Mr. Morris's new poem, or in taking a great interest in Miss Neilson's progress as an actress, or in being anxious to know when Mr. Burne Jones is going to emancipate his great powers from a clogging mannerism. All these various interests she may have shared with her husband, when they were both young creatures, conversing between the figures of a quadrille, or in walking home from church. Probably he looks forward to having this charming companion for ever beside him during life; and very likely he will scarcely notice the gradual degrees by which she will subside from being a companion into being a sort of household fixture, a woman who "*sans aucune affaire, est toujours affairée*," and who ultimately lowers marriage to the level of a business-arrangement, in which he brings in money for her to spend more or less judiciously upon their joint requirements.

One constantly finds marriage degraded in this way from its high estate. You see a young couple just married whom you may have known in their pre-marital state. You know that both are fairly gifted with brains, that they have several strong æsthetic sympathies in common, that the husband has plenty of means to indulge these intellectual tastes, and that the young people are remarkably fond of each other. It is impossible to conceive more auspicious conditions for the commencement of a long life-journey together. Intellectual tastes in common form one of the very strongest links between husband and wife. They not only widen and beautify the character, but they add possibilities to the character of each which may afford to

the other a series of those delicate little surprises which are always grateful in the closest friendship. You feel that this spirit which is so nearly linked to your own has not exhausted itself. It is not altogether open and bare. You come upon little whims and caprices of opinion, of judgment, which are so many miniature conundrums for you to solve or give up. Two young people, so situated, have the most grateful prospect before them. Perhaps it is the very couple you have caught, in defiance of all tradition and custom, dancing together. Their life, you anticipate, is to be a prolonged banquet of the more exalted emotions and intellectual pleasures. But already the young wife has got into her perverse little brain the notion that great sacrifices are expected of her. She is to abandon all those finer studies which used to adorn her girlhood. She is now a wife—it is her business to throw aside such trivial pursuits and devote herself entirely to studying the welfare of her husband. Why the welfare of her husband should depend entirely upon highly-polished furniture, punctual dinners, and accurately-kept domestic accounts (all most desirable things in their way) does not appear to us to be quite clear; but doubtless the theory has been implanted in her mind by some practical and methodical mother, or aunt, or other adviser. So long as her aim is apparent, and the character of matter-of-fact housekeeper sits awkwardly upon her, the result is very amusing; but in process of time, as we have already said, this assumed character grows permanent, and the husband finds that his dearest companion has somehow raised a barrier between herself and him, and that she has taken her place among the rank and file of ordinary married women.

Very often the husband has his share in the production of this lamentable result. Shortly after marriage, he acquires such a distorted notion of his duties that he considers the chief employment of his life to be the making of money and the increasing the comforts of his household for the benefit of his wife. Here, again, another puzzle confronts us—why a husband should naturally assume that the best means of securing the welfare of his wife is the amassing of money. They are but human creatures. They can

only live a certain time. Why, in the name of all that is wonderful, should he sacrifice the young years of their married life in toiling for money which they will never spend—which will never benefit them in any way whatever? Prudence, you say, demands that they shall lay up provender for their old age. But people who can look forward to a fair competency in their old age do not the less sacrifice the best years of their life in needlessly increasing that competency. Why not postpone that wearisome quest of gold for a year or two, and enjoy in the mean time the greatest happiness of life? Children, you again urge, have to be provided for. But again we reply that children are but human beings, who have no more right to sacrifice the lives of their parents than they have to sacrifice their own. It may seem very harsh and cruel to say it; but men and women are not bound to think exclusively of their children. The ordinary habit of English society is, in this respect, most absurd. A. and B. marry, and have children. A. and B. consider they must be economical, or even penurious, not in order to give their children C. and D. a fair education and equal chances to those which A. and B. possessed, but to start them in married life in that social position which A. and B. have now secured. C. and D. marry their respective husbands or wives; and, instead of enjoying the results of the economy of C. and D., they proceed to increase the hoard for *their* children. And so the game goes on; no one taking the enjoyment he is entitled to out of his labor, but gathering up the fruits thereof for his son, who, in his turn, cannot enjoy them, but adds to them and passes them on to *his* son. In any case, would it not be advisable to leave over for a year or two this inevitable drudgery which tends so much to take the color and glow out of life? If middle age must be mercenary, let us at least have a year or two of nobler impulses and more exalted enjoyment. It is given to few men to have the rare faculty of combining the finer pleasures of life with that ceaseless pursuit of money into which, it seems, the majority of us must in time fall. If men and women must come, sooner or later, to live exclusively for their children, let them



devote a certain space of time to themselves; and no more suitable or beautiful time can be found than that which immediately follows marriage.

It seems to us that the decline of love between married people is a far sadder thing than the same catastrophe occurring to unmarried people. The latter accident, let sentimentalists say what they like, is always reparable. Human nature is not constructed on the impossible principle that a man or woman can only love once; and so long as one is free, there still remains a possible solace for all love-misfortunes. But once let the love of husband and wife cool or die out, and what is to supply its place? They may continue to live on the most amicable terms—they may be excellent companions for each other—they may appear to outsiders to be a remarkably happy couple; and yet all the time they may lack that very element which consecrates marriage and, in certain beautiful instances which must occur to every reader's mind, renders it a perpetual treasure and source of happiness. Who that has read the following lines can ever forget the utter pathos of them—

"J'ai vu ma seule amie, à jamais la plus chère,  
Devenuë elle-même un sépulcre blanchi,  
Une tombe vivante où flottait la poussière  
De notre mort chéri,

De notre pauvre amour, que, dans la nuit profonde,  
Nous avions sur nos cœurs si doucement bercé;  
C'était plus qu'une vie, hélas! c'était un monde  
Quis'était effacé!"

The majority of married men and women seem to accept their fate with equanimity—to regard it as a natural thing that their first love should die out and their life become a whitened sepulchre. There is surely no such direful necessity. One does occasionally meet with married people who have preserved intact the affection which first made their life grateful and lovely—people who have made that post-nuptial period of which we speak perpetual. Be sure, in such cases, that there is some higher bond between husband and wife than the common one of mutual interest, even if that should take the idealised form of parental care.

Chambers's Journal.

#### AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

"I TELL you what 'tis, Pen, you've just fallen in luck's way—that's where it is."

I had spent the evening with him; we had supped. Penuel Crossley, my old schoolfellow, the dunderheadedest boy in the school, without a shilling's-worth of brains, or sixpence-worth of expectations, had, somehow or other, managed to make a good match a year ago, on the strength of which he had just taken the Manor-house in our little village of Copseford, and settled down in dignified ease as a country "squire," with a four-wheeler of his own; whilst I, who used to write half his exercises for him, was still working hard for a living, and trudging it on foot. I didn't grudge him his prosperity, but I wanted him at least to admit that it came through no effort of his own—that it was, in fact, nothing but luck.

"Luck!" cried Crossley, a little contemptuously, I thought—"luck! do you say? Look you here, my good fellow; my luck is just this; it is *all my eye*—that's what my luck is."

"Nonsense," I retorted. "Do you mean to tell me that you've worked for the money you spend in paying for this place? Do you mean to say that your gold is the fruit of your brains or your hands? That it is good money, warm from the sweat of your brow, or that—"

"Now, don't," he interrupted; "don't I tell you it's all my eye?"

"It's not all my eye," I continued, "if you—"

"Hush! I didn't say 'twas all your eye: I said it was all *mine*. Look at me."

I looked at him. I saw through the wreathing clouds of smoke with which he surrounded himself, a great, tall, handsome, hulking fellow, with close curly hair, like a Roman gladiator, and a pair of very handsome eyes, a little constrained perhaps in their expression, partly, as I judged from school antecedents, because he hadn't much to express, and partly from his being a little far-sighted. I knew he could not see objects close to him without peculiar spectacles.

"You don't see anything wrong about me, then?" he asked, when I had concluded my scrutiny.

No, I didn't. He was toying with a lead-pencil which was in his hand when he asked the question.

"Nor yet now?" and he deliberately took the lead-pencil, and tapped it against his left eye—right on the eyeball—and played a little tattoo upon it. "Nor yet now?" he said.

"Pen, what *do* you mean?" I cried, aghast.

"Just this: I tell you it's all my eye. It's only a glass one, but a capital bit of window-glass it is—as good as most window-glass you'll find in London—too dark to see through, but it keeps the draught out." And he turned away for a minute, whisked his eye out, wiped it with his handkerchief, and then, covering up his sightless cavity, brought the eye to me to examine. It was so thin one could blow it away with a breath, and it looked like a fragile shell of porcelain.

"This is my luck," he said, when he had inserted his eye again. "It is my eye—all my eye—and nothing else. If you want to know how, just light up another Manila, and listen."

"But which is the artificial eye?" I asked, for I declare I could not tell as I looked at him.

"Left," said Pen, tapping it affectionately. "Tisn't bad, eh? There are only three people know it beside yourself—namely, the optician, my father-in-law, and my wife—so I've kept my secret pretty well; and you need not go and tell everybody about Copsford that the new squire has a game eye! Twopenny-worth of gunpowder did it, at school, after you left, so it's no wonder you didn't know. I had loaded a small brass cannon which wouldn't fire; and looking down the muzzle to see why it wouldn't go off, the charge went in, and my eye went out. I left school—blown out of it, as it were; and having recovered from the accident, and had my eye replaced with this very artistic piece of china-ware, I went home to Stepminster, to study medicine under my father. My father, although called Dr. Crossley by courtesy, was not a properly qualified doctor of medicine; he was, strictly speaking, a 'medical man;' but folks

in our town were never very particular about what letters a professed surgeon wrote after his name, so long as he could write enough of them. Dr. Crossley was Medical Inspector to the Local Board of Health (unkind persons called him Inspector of Nuisances), and had little or no private practice. It was his idea that I should keep the loss of my eye a profound secret, because he wished gradually to work me into his own position, for which his failing health was rapidly incapacitating him. He had some notion the Board might fancy a man could not 'inspect' enough for the post with one eye. For my part I should have thought a nose the most needful organ for an inspector of nuisances; and I have found one eye quite enough to see through a Board and all their wooden ways. After a few years, I began to relieve my father of his duties, until, though he still nominally held the position of inspector, the whole of the work was done by me. As it was satisfactorily done, the Board made no difficulty about transferring the appointment to me on my father's retirement, which only shortly preceded his death. One member of the Board in particular complimented me very highly on my assiduity in the discharge of the duties of the office. 'He is only a young man, sir,' he said, addressing the chairman; 'but he has an eye like a hawk.' He was right. I had *an* eye. Such was the energy with which I worked to put down nuisances, that the mere mention of my eye was almost sufficient to get them removed. A person whose neighbor kept pigs in his back-yard had simply to say to that neighbor, 'Look out; the Inspector has his eye upon you,' and there was really no need for my interference. Such was the beautiful respect and awe in which the townsfolk held my eye. But not one of them knew the *singular* meaning which attached to being under my eye—not a soul of them knew he was telling the truth by accident.

"Some time before I was appointed inspector, a wealthy old gentleman, by the name of Tredgold, a widower, had settled in Stepminster. Some said he was a retired Liverpool merchant, others that he was a retired London broker. People hardly knew what he was, or where he had come from, or what for. He was not very communicative on these

points; but it was agreed that he was rich, and it was indisputable that he had a very pretty only daughter, Laura. He therefore became an object of interest to parents of marriageable young men in Stepminster; whilst Miss Tredgold became a ditto ditto to those young men themselves. The Tredgolds were invited out a good deal. They were not at all proud; they appeared fond of society; they accepted those invitations; and in turn their hosts became their guests. They were very much liked, I really believe for their own sakes, more than on account of Mr. Tredgold's wealth. Mr. Tredgold was excellent company; had seen a great deal of the world, could make himself at home in any society, and, what is more, could make every one else feel so too, if not a little too much so at times, for he was somewhat eccentric. As for Laura Tredgold, there could not be two opinions about her: she had the blackest eyes, the prettiest face, and the best fortune of any girl in Stepminster; more, she was known to be good-tempered, unassuming, and, in a word, nice.

"Now, although the Tredgolds had been settled for four years in our town, and notwithstanding one after another of the best and most well-to-do of our young gentlemen, young professional men, and young tradesmen had laid continual siege to her heart during that time, Miss Tredgold was still disengaged. She referred all suitors to her father, who professed to be flattered by their attentions, but told each of them, with never-failing affability, 'he had other intentions respecting his daughter's future.' This was his continual reply to all applications—'he had other intentions respecting his daughter's future;' and he never varied a word, but delivered it with equal good-humor and courtesy in every case.

"Stepminster was puzzled as to what those intentions could be. It was demonstrable that Miss Tredgold was not engaged elsewhere. They never received visitors from a distance; and more than one disappointed suitor ascertained, through his servants, from the Tredgolds' servants, that Miss Tredgold was actually free still.

"I became acquainted with the family through my connection with a private

musical society for the practice of vocal and instrumental chamber music. The society had been founded very recently by Mr. Tredgold, himself no mean amateur on the double-bass. We met at members' houses alternately, and managed to spend some of the pleasantest evenings I can call to mind in this way. My own part in the performances was chiefly confined to singing tenor. Laura Tredgold played the piano or organ with real nervous feeling, besides which she had a very respectable soprano voice. My great interest in the study and practice of music led Mr. Tredgold to invite me to his house rather frequently, to try over some of Mendelssohn's trios with Laura and himself, until I became a constant visitor, always welcomed to their home and table.

"It went on like this for a good bit, and the trios frequently came down to duets between Miss Tredgold and myself, whilst her father would add a double-bass *obligato* to her piano accompaniment. At last I grew very miserable. I began to feel that I loved Laura Tredgold, and that my position as a miserable one-eyed inspector of nuisances was an insuperable barrier to telling her so, and much less her affable old father rasping away at his double-bass in happy unconsciousness of my feelings. I tried to stifle these feelings, and to look upon our acquaintance simply in the light of a musical one. I am afraid the very effort I made to hide them must have in some way betrayed them to Laura, for I became impressed with a growing conviction that she knew what I felt, and that her own inclinations were at least not unfavorable towards me. I noticed, or thought I did, that when I entered the room a faint blush would overspread her cheek—that she would look round and single out mine from among the other faces at the meetings of the musical society, and that having found it, her eyes would stay restfully and satisfied on mine for a moment—her deep lustrous dark eyes—before turning with greater unconcern upon the rest. And when she parted from me of an evening, I remember how she would raise those eyes to mine with a gentle expression that made me dizzy to think about as I would run out of the house and reflect on my one-eyed-ness. Laura had speak-

ing eyes, as folks say. They were not bashful eyes, but mild and gentle; and when I looked into their depths, they seemed to flash back already a favorable answer to what I longed to, yet dared not, ask. That the longer I reflected on the social inequality between my position and hers, the more resolved I became at least to try my fate, and hear at worst my rejection, will be readily understood by the lad who has read his first love-story. It was not so much this—it was my eye. I dared not tell her, lest, if she rejected me, it should get bruited about Stepminster that the Board had a one-eyed inspector. That would be ruin. It was clear to me I must keep this secret locked up in my own—eyelid. But suppose I should be married with my glass eye, and never tell my wife? I should be found out! There would be an end to all confidence, for I should be a wretched deceiver; and would it not be obtaining a wife and a fortune under false pretences?

"However, candidly, I only expected rejection of my suit, after the experience of so many more eligible young men than myself. And should I, for this, put my eye into any one's power, and lose my place as inspector? No: I would risk keeping the secret, and know my fate first. I could easily tell her afterwards. Excuse my not dwelling on the terms in which I laid bare the state of my feelings to Laura Tredgold. It is neither here nor there to the story.

"I have loved you, Mr. Crossley," she said, with emotion, "and only you. I have never loved another. Yet I fear I can never be yours. You do not know—not know," she continued, sobbing on my shoulder, "what brought us to Stepminster. No; you don't know. Yet, if you will ask my father, first, for his consent to your suit, and next to tell you what brought us to Stepminster; if his answer to the first is favorable to your desire, and if his answer to the second is satisfactory to your mind, I will be your wife."

"This seemed queer to me. What did I care what brought them to Stepminster? Absolutely nothing.

"Whilst we had been talking—Laura and I—the old gentleman had been upstairs, to rummage out some new tricos for our next practice.

"'Lovely things!' said Mr. Tredgold, patting them affectionately.

"'Could I have a little conversation with you, Mr. Tredgold, in private?'

"'Oh, nonsense! Not now. I know what you've got to say—or I guess. That's all my eye, sir,' he said severely: 'we are going to practise now. Oh, they are lovely things!' and he took an enthusiastic rasp at his double-bass. 'We will talk, if you like, after supper, when Laura goes to bed. Now, then—one, two, three.'

"And off we went into chamber music. It was a very constrained affair, after what I knew, and what Laura knew, and what we both judged, I feel sure, that he seemed to know was coming. For three blessed hours we kept this up; then supper came, which I thought never would end. At last, Laura kissed her father, and wishing me good-night, resting her full dark eyes on mine with a new and happier meaning in them, retired.

"'Well, Mr. Crossley,' the old gentleman began, when he heard Laura's footstep die away up the stairs—'well, sir, I expect I know what you have to say. I may as well be candid, and tell you I am not taken by surprise. I have had a good many young men here, and I have observed their attentions to my daughter have naturally resulted in a little conversation with me. I have also watched you, and had no doubt your attentions would result similarly in a few words in private with me. Now, let us have these few words short and to the purpose. You are come to tell me you love my daughter Laura?'

"This was a most unpromising beginning, certainly. It is very annoying to get the ground cut from under your feet with this bewildering candor.

"'I certainly was about to say, sir, that I love your daughter; that I love her truly and disinterestedly; and that in making this confession, I have not an eye to—'

"'You have *not* an eye to?' echoed Mr. Tredgold, emphasizing the 'not' in a very unpleasant manner.

"'I mean, sir, I am not in the slightest degree influenced by pecuniary considerations, knowing, though I do, that Miss Tredgold's position is very far above mine, from a pecuniary point of view. In fact, a reflection on this very unequal-



ity has for a long time prevented my declaring the state of my feelings to Miss Tredgold herself, notwithstanding I had reason to hope that it would be reciprocated on her part.'

"Well, sir, I can only say I have other intentions respecting my daughter's future—'

"Mr. Tredgold coughed. The very words. It was all over, I thought.

"Than pecuniary ones,' the old gentleman added, after a slight pause. 'They are a very one-eyed sort of consideration, sir, after all.'

"I acquiesced, but I wished he would not allude to partial blindness even in that metaphorical manner.

"But,' Mr. Tredgold continued, 'having seen a good deal of you for some time past, I am not disposed to think you a man influenced by considerations of that kind. Have you mentioned your sentiments to Miss Tredgold? Yes? And they are returned? Yes? In that case you may consider the matter settled, so far as my consent is concerned. I am simply anxious for her happiness. No doubt, you wonder at my ready assent in your case to a suit which I have refused a number of gentlemen in much better positions than your own. I have my own reasons. I do not want money for my daughter. I can give her as much as I think it good for any young pair to have.'

"What a gem of a father-in-law! I thought.

"The fact is, I am a student, sir,' he went on—'a humble one, it is true, of individual character as delineated in the human eye.'

"I began to feel very particularly uncomfortable.

"At one time I studied phrenology. What is moral character? says the phrenologist. Moral character, he replies, is bumps. I tried nosology. What is the index of intelligence? asks the nosologist. It is your nose. He knows nothing. They are all wrong together. Where do I look to read the moral and perceptive faculties of the human mind?—whither do I turn to seek for infallible indications that my confidence shall not be misplaced? To the eye, sir. The eye is the window of the soul. That is where a man's character is written. Depend upon it, it is all in your eye.'

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. No. 3.

"Really, this was very disagreeable. I was so perplexed I could not tell what to do. It flashed through my mind that I had better go down on my knees, and at once avow myself a wretched one-eyed impostor, regardless of all consequences to the inspectorship. But this is weakness, I thought. Should I give up the secret of so many years' standing, and lose Laura and the inspectorship at one fell swoop? No! With a powerful effort, I controlled my feelings.

"I have read your eyes,' said Mr. Tredgold, 'and I must say they impress me with a favorable opinion of the candor and frankness of your disposition.'

"What a guilty being I felt!

"A very favorable opinion, sir. And I will say I have confidence in you. Plainly, I like you; and I would rather have you for a son-in-law than any other young gentleman I know; and I believe you will make Laura a good husband.'

"For very shame, I could hardly find words suitably to express my acknowledgments of his good opinion; but I blurted out something, and the old gentleman shook me cordially by the hand, and wished me good-night.

"I don't know if you will think me unduly inquisitive,' I said, 'but I should like to ask you one question before I go.'

"Not at all. You probably mean as to the amount of the settlement—'

"No, no,' I interrupted, coloring. 'I assure you that was furthest from my thoughts. It is on a very different subject. Your daughter wished me to ask why you came to Stepminster?'

"Mr. Tredgold looked at me keenly for a moment, then he replied, with some abruptness, 'Change of air.—Good-night.'

"The manner in which he said 'good-night' did not admit of further conversation.

"Why had Laura insisted on my asking this question? Surely, not to elicit such an unsatisfactory piece of information as this. I fancied I heard the old gentleman chuckle to himself as he shut the street-door on me.

"Could there be any reason worth keeping secret connected with Mr. Tredgold's coming to Stepminster? Had he done anything wrong? Did he want to avoid anything or anybody? It did not

look like it, for he had taken no pains to live a quiet retiring life in town. Again, *why* did Laura wish me to know the reason that had brought them here? It mattered nothing to me, that I could see. I loved Laura Tredgold: that was enough for me.

"Then I thought about my eye. Could I tell them, after deceiving them hitherto? The worst of the first step in deception is, it makes the others so easy. I did not see that I could. Besides, surely it was no crime to have a glass eye: it was my misfortune. Why should I go and tell people, 'Look here; this is a glass eye,' when they liked it better for believing it to be real? It would be cruel—heartless. Besides, Laura did not love me for my eye. No: I would not tell her yet, I determined—I would rather she should find it out. Perhaps I would lead her on gently to the discovery, and so break the blow, and to be able to say, 'La! bless me—what! didn't you know it?' That would be the preferable course.

"When I next saw Laura, she was very eager to know if her father had told me anything about the reason which brought them to settle in Stepminster. I mentioned his reply, and it caused her a good deal of apparent uneasiness.

"He ought to have told you that, Pen. I don't think I ought to be your wife till you know."

"I protested my utter indifference to the cause that brought them here, whatever it might be.

"But Pen," she said, plucking at her dress—"Oh dear, you ought to know it. I wish I could tell you. I am sure you will regard me with an eye of scorn by-and-by, when you find I have kept something from you." The tears were coming up in her beautiful eyes as she looked at me.

"No, I said: nothing would ever make me change my opinion of her, as the dearest darling—well, we will leave the epithets. In fact, as I thought of my secret, which I had not disclosed, it was rather a relief to me that she should not tell me why they came to Stepminster. It encouraged and excused me, as it were, for my own reserve. But I would much have preferred, though, she should have said 'eyes of scorn,' instead of *an* eye. Everybody seemed to

talk about *an* eye to me in a way which seemed quite personal.

"Are you sure, Pen, you will forgive me, whatever you learn about me in the future?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Well, in course of time we were married. I still maintained my office as inspector. No one ever had such a wife as mine—the best tempered and most lovable creature, I really believe, in the world. Our congeniality of feeling was something wonderful. Even down to little matters of the most trivial character in likes and dislikes, there was perfect unanimity between us. It may seem a very absurd instance to give of this unanimity, it is so trifling; but I have always had a great antipathy to flies. I very nearly exposed my secret on one occasion before the Board, owing to flies. It was autumn, and a fly had been buzzing about my face, stinging me for some time whilst reading a Report. Then I missed him; I thought he was gone. Meantime, that fly was intently engaged in my glass eye. It was a wonder the Board never noticed it; if they had, I should have been found out. At home, I have devoted a great deal of my leisure, in the fly-season, to devising traps and poisonous sweetmeats for them, and I have fly-cages in every room. I was almost afraid Laura would think this suspicious; but no, she never did. Her skin is particularly delicate and sensitive. Laura did not like flies: I was glad of that.

"There was one thing, I must say, caused me no little annoyance about Laura. It was only a little thing in itself, and no doubt I ought to have been above feeling hurt at such a trifle. Still, ever so little a thing, when it's in your eye, for instance, as a speck of dust, does cause a great deal of annoyance. With the congeniality of feeling between us, I certainly did feel hurt that Laura should keep her desk constantly and consistently locked from me. I wanted some ink one day. I knew she had some in her desk, and asked for the keys. The way she hustled about to open that desk herself, and the excuses she made to prevent my going to it, were a masterpiece of female diplomacy. It was not that I wanted to go to her desk, so much as that I didn't like being locked away

from it. It preyed on my mind when I considered the mutual confidence that should subsist between man and wife. To be sure, I had not told her about my glass eye—that was the only secret I had from Laura—but then she didn't know that, and she at least believed I had withheld nothing whatsoever from her, so that there was no excuse for her withholding anything from me. Another thing to do with the desk was this: Laura had received at least two letters since our marriage, not in female handwriting, which she very artfully cajoled and persuaded me out of wanting to see. I knew they were in the desk. And there was a certain neat little parcel, 'a present,' she said, 'from a friend.' *That* went into the desk too. But why this mystery? A harmless deception on my part was excusable, but I could not bear deception in other people.

"By-and-by, from this very little seed, there grew up a sort of constraint between us, until Laura, observing it, at last threw me her keys, and calling me a 'bad Penny' (a playful title of reproach), bade me examine her desk myself, and not be suspicious about nothing. Then I felt ashamed of myself, and wouldn't do it. Then Laura insisted on turning it out before my eyes, and showing me its contents. I would not read the letters, but I saw a little box with a brooch in it, which I much doubted being the same she had received in the packet alluded to. It was all very well her calling me a 'horrid Bluebeard,' but I knew the handwriting on the paper enclosing it was not the same, for I distinctly remembered that writing.

"One day, coming home tired after a fagging morning's work at inspecting, I found my household in great commotion. One of my female domestics was crying, and on my entering the house, she began: 'Oh, if you please, sir, missus have fell.'

"'Fell? fell?' I asked in amazement. 'What do you mean, girl?'

"'Fell, sir; fell down-stairs and hurt herself.'

"'Where is she?' I asked, pushing past her to seek my wife.

"'I hope you'll bear up, sir—but missus have gone. Gone, sir—left the house,' the servant added, seeing my look of incredulity. 'I was up-stairs,

cleanin' of myself for dinner,' the girl continued, 'when I heard somethin' fall on the stairs, and I heard missus scream. I went and helped her up, for she had fell and hurt her forehead. She went to her room cryin' very much, and wouldn't let us do nothin' for her. She put on her things, sir, and went out almost directly afterwards, sayin' she had left a note for you, sir. She was sobbin' very much when she left.'

"Seriously agitated about my wife, I ran up-stairs, and found on Laura's dressing-table the following note:

"'DEAREST PEN—Forgive my leaving you thus. I have suffered much from deceiving you so long, but never thought it would come to this. Do not follow me: my peace depends upon it. You will soon know all. My father will know of my going. LAURA.'

"Cool, upon my word. Was this the woman whom I had loved, and cherished, and adored, and kept no secret from—that is, nothing worth mentioning—to go and own to a systematic course of deception? And her father a base accomplice too! he knew of her going. Clasp my hands frantically to my forehead, 'O woman, woman! look upon the wreck you have made!' I exclaimed. The emotion was too powerful, for my glass eye fell out with the force of the blow, and shivered itself to fragments at my feet. On second thoughts, I was glad she could *not* look upon the wreck she had made.

"Yet, could I believe Laura false? Then the demon of jealousy whispered to me about the letters, and the 'present from a friend.' I hardly dared to think about the agitation she had invariably betrayed when I had referred to this subject. At least, I would go to her father, Mr. Tredgold—go and wring the truth from him, deceitful impostor that he was—and know the worst.

"But stay. It was utterly impossible to go as I was—without my eye. I had been accustomed to keep a spare eye against emergencies in my desk at the inspector's office. I had broken that a month ago, and though I had written for a new one to be addressed to the office, it had not yet arrived. Delay was agonizing; but I could certainly do nothing till I had been to London and got my vision repaired.

"Holding my handkerchief to my face, I set off immediately to the railway station, telling all the inquiring friends who stopped me, that something had blown in my eye (this was no fib, for gunpowder had, years before!). Arrived there, I eagerly inquired if my wife had been seen to leave. She had, the station-master told me; she had in fact left by the previous train, with a ticket for London—apparently much distressed in mind—dressed in travelling costume, with a thick black veil on. Evidently for the purpose of avoiding recognition as much as possible, I decided. I was therefore on the very road to overtake her, while, as my train was express, I should be in London within an hour of the time at which she could arrive.

"On reaching London, after a few unsuccessful inquiries at the Waterloo terminus respecting a lady answering the description I gave, I told a cabman to drive me to Mr. Bernotti's, the optician in Regent Street.

"Will you walk into a private room, and wait, sir, for a few minutes? Mr. Bernotti is engaged just now."

However, presently, Mr. Bernotti appeared. A pleasant little man, with twinkling eyes, a buoyant disposition, and a cork leg, which always seemed restive, and not properly broken in—it never went well with the other leg; it was too fast for it; and it appeared to impress the natural leg with a hopeless conviction of inferiority.

"After profuse apologies for keeping me waiting, and several conciliatory flourishes which his cork leg seemed to get up independently of him, and entirely on its own account, Mr. Bernotti said, 'This is your size, I see by my books—No. 193 Hazel'—taking one from a case of several hundreds—'and a very neat eye it is. Shall I put you up an 'off-eye' for spare use? Thank you, sir.—Am I doing pretty well in eyes? Thank you, yes; nothing to complain of.—You would hardly have thought it? No; probably not—few persons would, in fact. You see that the triumph of art is so perfect, one does not really know who has glass eyes and who has not. Scores of people, in every town, wear them who are never suspected of such a thing, the illusion is so perfect. Yours, I am proud to own, is a very successful

case. There are others no less so. Among the list of persons who have obtained respectable damages from various railway companies for the loss of an eye, and even pensions from government, I could point to at least a few instances in which the eye so damaged has been one of my make. No one has been the wiser. In fact, only the other day, I was deceived myself. A French gentleman was introduced to me by a friend as requiring an eye. This is his eye, sir—No. 81 Gray. Well, sir, after carefully matching the artificial eye by the real one, I directed his attention to the extreme lightness of our manufacture, and begged him to hold it up to the light and observe its transparency. If you will believe me, sir, that gentleman's other eye, which I took for real, was glass. He was blind as a bat. I never knew it till he told me.'

"With renewed apologies, Mr. Bernotti followed his leg, which flourished off down-stairs. Having wished him good-afternoon, I set out to prosecute my search after my wife.

"I need not detail the particular steps by which I sought to carry out this purpose; but I may state that I drove to every metropolitan railway station, and made most careful inquiries. Next day, after fruitless search, I determined to return to the Waterloo terminus, and endeavor to elicit something which might guide me in fresh investigations. I found waiting for me there a telegram: 'From Mr. Tredgold, Stepminster, to Pennel Crossley, Esq., London.—Come down. It is all right. Laura is here.'

"I was so thankful! But what could she have meant by 'having deceived me,' and 'for so long?' I thought, referring to her note. And why should she have written me such a note at all, and aroused such cruel suspicions? There was a good deal to be explained, at any rate.

"I returned to Stepminster by next train, and hurried off to Mr. Tredgold's. Laura received me at the door in an ecstasy of delight; and I was about putting twenty different questions to her at a time, to know the reason of her singular conduct, when old Mr. Tredgold said, 'Wait a bit. None of that. Just cast your eye this way, Pen, my boy: here's a little bit of a round I want you and



Laura to try over with me before I allow a word to be said about this little mystery.—No: I insist,' he said, seeing me about to remonstrate. 'Pleasure first, business afterwards.'

"The cloth was laid for supper, and we sat round the table, a plate in front of each of us, while Mr. Tredgold handed Laura and me the notes of the round, keeping a copy for himself.

"When I had glanced at my copy, I felt ready to sink through the floor with mortification. I could not believe my eyes—eye, I mean.

"Now then,' cried Mr. Tredgold smartly. "Laura begins—one, and two, and—"

"Laura began, blushing, and in a voice very unlike her natural one, to sing:

"Oh, do you know the Glass-eye Man?  
Oh, do you know his name?  
Who keeps the shop in Regent Street,  
And goes a little lame.'

"This was terrible; but reflection was out of the question, for Mr. Tredgold, with his stentorian bass, immediately began singing, to the same air, by way of reply:

"Oh yes, I know the Glass-eye Man;  
Bernotti is his name;  
He keeps the shop in Regent Street,  
And goes a little lame.'

"But the worst was, the terrible proof Mr. Tredgold gave that he really *did* know the Glass-eye Man, for he had no sooner finished the verse, than, with a burst of laughter, he took out his own eye—to my terrible surprise, a glass one—and placed it on the plate before him. I was almost stupefied. But in a moment the old gentleman recovered himself from his chuckles sufficiently to call out: '*Cho-rus, if you please!*' In which I very lugubriously joined.

"Then there's one of us knows the Glass-eye Man,  
There's one of us knows his name,  
Who keeps the shop in Regent Street,  
And goes a little lame.'

"Now,' said my eccentric father-in-law, 'it's my turn.' And he addressed the inquiry to me to the same tune.

"I was forced, very reluctantly, to own, in reply, as he had done, that he certainly did know the individual referred to.

"Very well, then,' he remarked, when I had finished, 'out with it, can't you?'

"Very furtively I obeyed, and placed

my eye on the plate before me. My wife gave a scream of laughter, which much disconcerted me. There we were, two of us—Mr. Tredgold and I—holding our handkerchiefs up to our faces, and contemplating the upturned glance of our eyes from our plates. It was most ludicrously horrible.

"*Cho-rus, if you please.*'

"Whereupon we stated harmoniously that there were 'two of us' knew the Glass-eye Man.

"I thought we had done.

"No, no,' said Mr. Tredgold; 'pass the harmony round.'

"It therefore devolved upon me to put the question to my wife: 'Did she know,' &c.

"Before I had finished, the truth flashed across me—sure enough she did.

"With a little terrified cry, she deposited *her* eye on the plate, and ran out of the room, leaving us to sing the chorus by ourselves, to wit:

"Then there are three of us know the Glass-eye Man;  
Bernotti is his name;  
Who keeps the shop in Regent Street,  
And goes a little lame.'

"In a few minutes, Laura returned with her 'off-eye' inserted in place of the one left in the room. 'You know now why I went to London, Pen. I fell down going up-stairs with my spare eye in my hand, and the other one falling out, I broke both unfortunately at once. The two letters you were so suspicious about were from Bernotti—so was the box. You might have known he would not have addressed letters to two persons in one house in the same handwriting, on such a private matter, you dear old goose you. But you need not be jealous again, for we will have our eyes down together in future—won't we, dear?'

"Yes,' said Mr. Tredgold; 'we'll all have our eyes down together, now the mischief is out, and perhaps they'll come cheaper, like that. But now, Mister Crossley, I'll have a word with you. I'll tell you why we came to Stepminster. Soon after Laura left school, she met with the accident that deprived her of the sight of one eye. When it was replaced with the best imitation we could procure, I began to see there would be plenty of suitors yearning to accept her one eye as a drawback that might be

balanced by her money, for everybody knew of her *misfortune* as well as her fortune. I did not care to have Laura wooed under circumstances so disadvantageous to her real merits, so I removed here, where at least there could be no knowledge of her infirmity to prejudice her future. I had no intention that Laura should marry without her husband's knowing the secret as soon as she was honestly loved for her own sake. If I withheld that secret from you, it was your own fault. I was disposed to you from the first, from discovering that *you* had a glass eye; and I gave you every opportunity to own it, even leading the conversation to the subject. You refused. I therefore considered myself justified in strictly forbidding Laura to tell you her secret till I gave her permission. Thought I, you will both find out the

truth by-and-by; but till you do, not a penny of my money shall you touch, Mister Pen, as a penalty for your deception. Now that you understand one another, there is no further reason for your not giving up the one-eyed inspectorship to some man who is better qualified for the office. The next thing is for you and Laura to take a couple of months' holiday, and travel about the country till you cast your *one eyes* upon some comfortable little property where you can make up your minds to settle down in quiet—and you can send me the bill, and then we'll see what else can be done for you.'

"Need I say, we did so—or that, in consequence, here we are?"

"There," said Pen, when he had finished his story; "I hope I have convinced you that my luck is 'all in my eye!'"

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Saturday Review.

FINE FEELINGS.

THERE are people who pride themselves on the possession of what it pleases them to call fine feelings. Perhaps, if we were all diligent to call spades spades, these same fine feelings would come under a less euphemistic heading; but, as things are, we may as well adopt the softening gloze that is spread over the whole of our language, and call them by a pretty name with the rest. People who possess fine feelings are chiefly remarkable for the ease with which they take offence; it being indeed impossible, even for the most wary of their associates, to avoid giving umbrage in some shape, and generally when least intending it and most innocently minded. Nothing satisfies them. No amount of attention, short of absolute devotion and giving them the place of honor everywhere, sets them at ease with themselves or keeps them in good-humor. If you ask them to your house, you must not dream of mixing them up with the rest. Though you have done them an honor in asking them at all, you must give them a marked position, and bear them on your hands for the evening. They must be singled out from the herd and specially attended to, introduced to the nicest people, made a fuss with and taken care of, else they are offended, and feel they have been

slighted; their sensitiveness or fine feelings being a kind of Chat Moss which will swallow up any quantity of *petits soins* that may be thrown in, and yet never be filled. If they are your intimate friends, you have to ask them on every occasion on which you receive. They make it a grievance if they hear that you have had even a dinner-party without inviting them, though your space is limited and you had them at your last gathering. Still, if it comes to their ears that you have had friends and did not include them, they will come down upon you to a dead certainty if they are of the franker kind, and ask you seriously, perhaps pathetically, how they have offended you? If they are of the sullen sort they will meet you coldly, or pass you by without seeing you; and will either drift into a permanent estrangement or come round after a time, according to the degree of acidity in their blood and the amount of tenacity in their character. They have lost their friends many times for no worse offence than this.

They are as punctilious, too, as they are exacting. They demand visit for visit, invitation for invitation, letter for letter. Though you may be overwhelmed with serious work, while they have no weightier burden strapped to their shoulders

than their social duties and social fineries, yet you must render point for point with them, keeping an exact tally, with not a notch too many on their side, if you want to retain their acquaintance at all. And they must be always invited specially and individually even to your open days; else they will not come at all, and their fine feelings will be hurt. They suffer no liberties to be taken with them, and they take none with others; counting all frock-coat friendliness as taking liberties, and holding themselves refined and you coarse if you think that manners *sans façon* are pleasanter than those which put themselves eternally in stays and stiff buckram, and are never in more undress than a Court suit. They will not go into your house to wait for you, however intimate they may be; and they would resent it as an intrusion, perhaps an impertinence, if you went into theirs in their absence. If you are at luncheon when they call, they stiffly leave their cards and turn away; though you have the heartiest, jolliest manner of housekeeping going, and keep a kind of open house for luncheon casuals. They do not understand heartiness or a jolly manner of housekeeping; open houses are not in their line, and they will not be luncheon casuals; so they turn away grimly, and if you want to see them you have to send your servant panting down the street after them; when, their dignity being satisfied, their sensitiveness smoothed down, and their fine feelings reassured, they will graciously turn back and do what they might have done at first.

When people who possess fine feelings are poor, their sensitiveness is indeed a cross both for themselves and their friends to bear. If you try to show them a kindness or do them a service, they fly out at you for patronizing them, and say you humiliate them by treating them as paupers. You may do to your rich acquaintances a hundred things which you dare not attempt with your poor friends cursed with fine feelings; and little offices of kindness, which pass as current coin through society, are construed into insults with them. Difficult to deal with in every phase, they are in none more dangerous to meddle with than when poor. They are as bad if they have become successful after a period of struggle. Then your attention to

them is time-serving, bowing to the rising sun, worshipping the golden calf, &c. Else why did you not seek them out when they were poor? Why were you not cap in hand when they went bare-headed? Why have you waited until they were successful before you recognized their value? It is funny to hear how bitter these sensitive folks are when they have come out into the sunlight of success after the dark passage of poverty, as if it had been possible to dig them out of their obscurity when their name was still to make—as if the world could recognize its prophets before they had spoken. But this recognition after success is a very delicate point with people of fine feelings, supposing always the previous struggle to have been hard; and even if there has been no struggle to speak of, then there are doubts and misgivings as to whether they are liked for themselves or not, and morbid speculations on the stability and absolute value of the position they hold and the attentions they receive, and endless surmises of what would be the result if they lost their fame or wealth or political power or social standing—or whatever may be the hook on which their success hangs, and their fine feelings are impaled. The act of wisdom most impossible to be performed by these self-torturers is the philosophic acceptance of life as it is and of things as they fall naturally to their share.

Women remarkable for fine feelings are also remarkable for that uneasy distrust, that insatiable craving, which continually requires reassuring and allaying. As wives or lovers they never take a man's love, once expressed and loyally acted on as a certainty, unless constantly repeated; hence they are always pouting or bemoaning their loveless condition, getting up pathetic scenes of tender accusation or sorrowful acceptance of coolness and desertion, which at the first may have a certain charm to a man as flattering to his vanity, but which pall on him after a short time, and end by annoying and alienating him; thus bringing about the very catastrophe which they began by deprecating before it existed. Another characteristic with women of fine feelings is their inability to bear the gentlest remonstrance, the most shadowy fault-finding. A rebuke of any gravity throws them into hysterics on the spot; but even

a request to do what they have not been in the habit of doing, or to abstain from doing that which they have used themselves to do, is more than they can endure with dry-eyed equanimity. You have to live with them in the fool's paradise of perfectness, or you are made to feel yourself an unmitigated brute. You have before you the two alternatives of suffering many things that are disagreeable and that might be easily remedied, or of having your wife sobbing in her own room, or going about the house with red eyes and an expression of exasperating patience under ill-treatment, far worse to bear than the most passionate retaliation. Indeed, women may be divided broadly into those who cry, and those who retort, when they are found fault with; which, with a side-section of those wooden women who "don't care," leaves a very small percentage indeed of those who can accept a rebuke good-temperedly, and simply try to amend a failing or break off an unpleasant habit, without parade of submission and sweet Griseldadom unjustly chastised, but kissing the rod with aggravating meekness. For there are women who can make their meekness a more potent weapon of offence than any passion or violence could give. They do not cry, neither do they complain, but they exaggerate their submission till you are driven half mad under the slow torture they inflict. They look at you so humbly; they speak to you in so subdued a voice, when they speak to you at all, which is rarely, and never unless first addressed; they avoid you so pointedly, hurrying away if you are going to meet them about the house, on the pretext of being hateful to your sight and doing you a service by ridding you of their presence; they are so ostentatiously careful that the thing of which you mildly complained under some circumstances shall never happen again under any circumstances, that you are forced at last out of your entrenchments, and obliged to come to an explanation. You ask them what is amiss, or what do they mean by their absurd conduct; and they answer you "Nothing," with an injured air, or an affected surprise at your query. What have they done that you should speak to them so harshly? they are sure they have done all they could to please you, and they do not know what right you have to

be vexed with them again. They have kept out of your way, and not said a word to annoy you; they have only tried to obey you, and to do as you ordered, and yet you are not satisfied! What can they do to please you? and why is it that they never can please you, whatever they do? You get no nearer your end by this kind of thing; and the only way to bring your Griselda to reason is by having a row; when she will cry bitterly, but finally end kissing and making up. You have to go through the process. Nothing else, save a sudden disaster or an unexpected pleasure of large dimensions, will save you from it; but as we cannot always command cataclysms or godsendings, and as the first are dangerous and the last costly, the short and easy method remaining is to have a decisive "understanding," which means a scene and a domestic tempest, with smooth sailing till the next time.

Sometimes the fine feelings are hurt by no greater barbarity than that which is contained in a joke. Women with fine feelings are seldom able to take a joke; and you will hear them relating, with an injured accent and as a serious accusation, the merest bit of nonsense you flung off at random, with no more intention of wounding them than had the merchant the intention of putting out the Efreet's eye when he flung his date-stones in the desert. As you cannot deny what you have said, they have the whip-hand of you for the moment; and all you can hope for is that the friend to whom they detail their grievance will see through them and it, and understand the joke if they cannot. Then there are fine feelings which express themselves in exceeding irritation at moral and intellectual differences of opinion — fine feelings bound up in questions of faith and soundness of doctrine, having taken certain moral and theological views under their especial patronage, and holding all diversity of judgment therefrom a personal offence. The people thus afflicted are exceedingly uncomfortable folks to deal with; and manage to make every one else uncomfortable too. You hurt their feelings so continually, and so unconsciously, that you might as well be living in a region of steel-traps and spring-guns, and set to walk blindfold among pitfalls and water-holes. You fling your date-stone,



here too, quite carelessly and thinking no evil, and up starts the Efrete who swears you have injured him intentionally; you express an opinion without attaching any particular importance to it, but you hurt the fine feelings which oppose it, and unless you wish to have a quarrel you must retract or apologize. As the worst temper always carries the day, and as fine feelings are only bad tempers under another name, you very probably do apologize; and so the matter ends. Other people show their fineness of feeling by their impatience of pain, and the tremendous grievance they think it that they should suffer as others—they say, so much more than others. These are the people who are great on the theory of nervous differences, and who maintain that their cowardice and impatience of

pain means an organization like an Æolian harp for sensibility. The oddest part of the business is the sublime contempt these sensitives have for other persons' patience and endurance, and how much more refined and touching they think their own puerile sensibility. But this is a characteristic of humanity all through; the masquerading of evil under the name of good being one of the saddest facts of an imperfect nature and a confused system of morals. If all things showed their faces without disguise, and if spades were always called spades and not softened down to agricultural implements, we should have fine feelings placed in a different category from that in which they stand at this moment, and the world would be the richer by just so much addition of truth.

♦♦♦  
Chambers's Journal.

#### EPITAPHS.

As numberless as stars in the heavens are graves on the face of the earth. Reader, do you care to wander through country churchyards, where sheep are nibbling the long grass and wild-flowers, and blithe birds singing in old trees, whose rough bark and branching splendor have been the growth of centuries—where peace, and quiet, and everlasting stillness seem fitting for the repose of the sons of Adam, when their spirits have journeyed from this troubled world forever?

Do you care to wander through ancient burial-yards in the midst of noisy cities, where living, waking, busy man is constantly passing by the dust of his brother man—where life, in its very essence of activity, seems strangely at variance with the mound that covers him who is "a dead man out of mind?" And again, do you care to wander through beautiful new cemeteries, where elegant monuments, carefully tended flowers, and fresh young trees may take away from the solemnity of the old churchyard, but give bright and pleasant feelings about the grave? Do you like to read the records of the dead, the lamentations of the living, and the curious ideas and verses that one finds inscribed on stone and engraven on granite?

If so, perhaps on some snowy or rainy day, when the "ingle nook" is prefera-

ble to the regions outside, the following collection of epitaphs may while away some spare half-hour.

Epitaphs are what?—The thoughts of the living (and sometimes those of the dead) expressed in words, and engraved in memory of those who are gone before. Very often they are texts from the Holy Scriptures. Affection mingled with Hope, speaks forth in these terms: "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me;" or in praise of the good life and blessedness of the death of the departed, as, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and such-like texts. Resignation exclaims: "Thy will be done;" and Faith: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Again, we find quotations from the poetical version of the Psalms, and verses of poetry of different kinds, recording, generally, the brevity of life. In the cemetery at Tunbridge Wells, we see the following:

Our life hangs by a single thread;  
Soon 'tis cut, and we are dead.  
Then boast not, reader, of thy might;  
Alive at noon, and dead at night.

Also, in the same cemetery, on a girl aged sixteen:

Behold this flower, so young and fair,  
Called hence by early doom,  
Come forth to shew how sweet a flower  
In Paradise might bloom.

An epitaph of a much higher charac-

ter claims our notice on an old stone in a desolate little kirkyard at Roslin—the same is also to be found at Haddington:

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die,  
Which, while it lived, did vigour give  
To as much virtue as could live.

At Melrose Abbey is another of the same kind:

Earth walketh on the Earth,  
Glistening like gold;  
Earth goeth to the Earth  
Sooner than it wold;  
Earth buildeth on the Earth  
Palaces and towers;  
Earth sayeth to the Earth,  
"All shall be ours."

A beautiful inscription is this on the tombstone of Sir John Grahame, in Falkirk Churchyard:

Heir lyes Sir John the Grahame, baith wight and wise. Ane of the chief reskewit Scotland thrise. Ane Better Knight not to the world was lent—nor was guide Grahame of Truth and Hardiment. Sir John was slain by the Engl. 22d July, 1298.

In Glasgow Cathedral is an epitaph, which is engraved on the lid of a very old sarcophagus, discovered in the crypt:

Our Life's a flying Shadow, God's the Pole,  
The Index pointing at him is our Soul,  
Death's the Horizon, when our Sun is set,  
Which will through Chryst a Resurrection get.

On a stone in the churchyard at Langtown, in Cumberland, we read:

Life's like an inn where travellers stay;  
Some only breakfast and away:  
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;  
The oldest only sup and go to bed;  
Long is his bill who lingers out the day;  
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

To go farther afield. Come to Russia, and amidst the thousands who fell in the roar of the battle, and found a grave in that far-distant country: the *Times* says: 'A the Malakhoff there is nothing but a large wooden cross at the head of a mound full of dead with this inscription in white paint:

Unis pour la victoire,  
Réuni par la mort,  
Du soldat c'est la gloire,  
Du brave c'est le sort.

In a secluded ravine, among many other tombs, we find this quaint inscription:

I am anchored here below, with many of the fleet,  
But once again we will set sail our Admiral Christ to meet.

Here and there, the melancholy yew-tree and fading rosebud speak for themselves of the weary and of the young who repose beneath the dust of the earth, without other record than the silent thought that occurs to the mind of the passer-by, that "all flesh is grass, and the glory thereof is as the flower of the field;" but here and there also, rude country wit makes sad havoc with solemn thoughts, and causes a smile, however unwillingly, to rise. For instance, in the churchyard at Nettlebed, Oxfordshire, we have what follows:

Here lies father and mother, and sister and I;  
We all died within the short space of one short year.

They all be buried at Wimble, except I,  
And I be buried here.

Here is one which apparently included the living as well as the dead:

John Palfreman lies buried here,  
Aged 4 and 20 year;  
Near this place his mother lies;  
Likewise his father when he dies.

Surely the following must be of Hibernian origin.

Here lies the body of Nicholas Round,  
Who was lost in the sea, and never was found.

The next inscription which I have noted down is to the memory of a wife:

Here lies my wife, a sad slattern and shrew;  
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too.

At Ocknam, Surrey:

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,  
And down fell from the tree;  
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,  
And so Death lopped off me.

At Cookham we find,

An honest man's the noblest work of God.  
Here lies an honest woman.

A very impolite one exists in Sunbury Churchyard:

Here lies my beast of a first wife.

In striking contrast we find in Ross Churchyard:

Behold an angel dwelt among men.

At Lincoln:

My sledge and hammer lie reclined,  
My bellows too have lost their wind,  
My fire's extinguished, forge decayed,  
And in the dust my vice is laid.  
My coal is spent, my iron gone,  
My last nail driven, my work is done.  
Finis coronat opus.

Walking through the old churchyard

at Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, I came upon the following :

This world's a city full of streets,  
And Death's the market-place where all men meet.  
If Death were merchandise that gold could buy,  
The rich would live, the poor alone would die.

Here is a great mistake ! To make sense,  
it should be, "If *life* were merchandise," &c.

On the south wall of Streatham Church is this singular inscription :

Elizabeth, wife of Major-General Hamilton, who was married 47 years, and never did *one* thing to disoblige her husband.

The following is on a tombstone in San Diego, California :

This year is sakraed to the memory of William Henry Shraken, who cam to his deth being shot with Colt's revolvers—one of the old kind, brass mounted, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

A curious play upon words is this epitaph on Barraud, the watchmaker, late of Cornhill, London :

*My main-spring broke*—no further use the *key*  
That served to *set me going* ; my *Hour* is come,  
And I who made—to *measure Time*—full oft with  
glee,  
Have fall'n beneath th' unerring *hand*—'tis done.

*Enca's'd* within this marble Tomb—I wait  
The *action* of th' Almighty *regulator*—my *works* if  
*good*

Will meet reward—and tho' 'tis now too late  
To *mend*, I hope redemption thro' my Saviour's  
blood."

The next is perhaps more widely known, but so singularly unflattering, that I cannot refrain quoting it. It is an epitaph on Mr. William Wright :

Here lies the body of W. W.,  
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

The following epitaphs, many of them quaint and comical in the extreme, I believe to be authentic, but (with one exception) I know not in what quiet grass-grown nooks they have their habitation. Whilst in life, we often have a desire to choose the spot where our mortal remains shall rest ; when death comes, our friends, guided by various reasons, choose that last home for us. In the following epitaph, we see a strange contentment with this choice, supposed to be the utterance of the dead himself.

Here lie I at the Chancel door ;  
Here lie I because I'm poor.  
The further in, the more they pay ;  
But here I lie as warm as they.

The next is on a Miss Partridge, who died in the month of May :

What ! shoot a partridge in the month of *May* !  
Was that done like a sportsman—oh ! Death, eh !

Our interest is now awakened by an extraordinary assertion :

Here lies  
Elizabeth Wise.  
She died of thunder sent from Heaven,  
In 1777.

I withhold all comment on the next :

Oh ! do not weep, my husband dear ;  
I am not dead, but sleeping here ;  
Then mend your ways, prepare to die,  
For you are soon to come to I.

Written under in pencil was this :

I do not weep, my dearest life,  
For I have got another wife ;  
Therefore, I cannot come to thee,  
For I must go to cherish she.

In the following, also, the widower seems to rejoice in his loss :

This dear little spot is the joy of my life,  
It raises my flowers, and covers my wife.

The annexed epitaph is on a young woman who gained her livelihood by selling eggs, and from the tenor of it, we judge her brother must have erected the stone to her memory :

Here lies the body of Mary M'Groyn,  
Who was so very pure within,  
She broke the outward shell of sin,  
And hatched herself a cherubim.  
N.B.—Her brother, made of sterner stuff,  
Adds to her business that of snuff.

On a tombstone in a churchyard near Cheltenham, we find a strong and unvarnished opinion in the mineral-water line :

Here lies I, and my three daughters ;  
So much for drinking the Cheltenham waters.  
If we had kept to the Epsom salts,  
We never would have lain in these 'ere vaults.

The next calls forth our sympathies, there is such a ring of sorrow, such deep pathos in the few words so curtly spoken :

Poorly lived,  
Poorly died,  
Poorly buried,  
And no one cried.

On a photographer we read :

Here I lie taken from life.

He was hard up for a rhyme who penned this to the memory of a neighbor :

Here lies W. A.,  
Lately removed from over the way.

The next is highly complimentary to a father's feelings :

Here lies the mother of children 5,  
Three are dead and Two are alive ;  
Those who are dead preferring rather  
To die with their mother, than live with Father.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW ON MATRIMONY.

UNDER the heading "Bored Husbands," the *Saturday Review* indulges in the following sentiments:—

The curtain falls on joined hands when it does not descend on a tragedy, and novels for the most part end with a wreath of orange blossoms and a pair of high-stepping grays, as the last act that claims to be recorded; for both novelists and playwrights assume that with marriage all the great events of life have ceased, and that, once wedded to the beloved object, there is sure to be smooth sailing and halcyon seas to the end of time. It sounds very cynical and shocking to question this pretty belief; but unfortunately for us who live in the world as it is, and not as it is supposed to be, we find that even a union with the beloved object does not always ensure perfect contentment in the home, and that bored husbands are by no means rare. The ideal honeymoon is of course an Elysian time during which nothing works rusty or gets out of joint; and the ideal marriage is only a lifelong honeymoon, where the happiness is more secure and the love deeper, if more sober; but the prose reality of one and the other has often a terrible dash of weariness in it, even under the most favorable conditions. Boredom begins in the very honeymoon itself. At first starting in married life there are many dangers to be encountered, not a shadow of which was seen in the wooing. There are odd freaks of temper turning up quite unexpectedly; there is the sense, so painful to some men, of being tied for life, of never being able to be alone again, never free without responsibilities; there are misunderstandings to-day, and the struggle for mastery to-morrow—the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which may prove to be the tempest that will destroy all; there is the unrest of travelling, and the awkwardness of unusual association, to help in the general discomfort; or, if the happy pair have settled down in a vale and a cottage for their month, there is the "sad satiety" which all men feel after a time when

they have had one companion only, with no outside diversion to cause a break. But the honeymoon at last draws to a close, and the relieved bridegroom gets back to his old haunts, to his work, his friends, and his club; and though he takes to all these things again "with a difference," still they are helps and additions. This is the time of trial to a woman. If she gets over this pinch, and is sensible enough to understand that human nature cannot be kept up at high pressure, even in love, and that a man must sooner or later come down from romance to work-a-day prose, from the passionate lover to the cool and sober husband—if she can understand this, and settle into his pace, without fretting on the one hand, or casting about for unhealthy distractions on the other—she will do well, and will probably make a pleasant home, and thereby diminish the boredom of life. But, unfortunately, not every woman can do this; and it is just during this time of the man's transition from the lover to the friend that so many women begin to make shipwreck of their own happiness and his. They think to keep him a romantic wooer still, by their tears at his prosaic indifference to the little sentimentalities once so eagerly accepted and offered; they try to hold him close by their flattering but somewhat tiresome exactions; their jealousies—very pretty perhaps, and quite as flattering—are infinite, and as baseless as they are infinite; all of which is very nice up to a certain point and in the beginning of things, but all of which gets awfully wearisome as time goes on, and a man wants both a little change and a little rest. But women do not see this; or, seeing it, they cannot accept it as a necessary condition of things; wherefore they go on in their fatal way, and, by the very unwisdom of their own love, bore their husband out of his. Or they grow substantially cold because he is superficially cooler, and think themselves justified in ceasing to love him altogether because he takes their love for granted, and so



has ceased to woo it. If they are jealous, or shy, or unsocial, as so many women are, they make life very heavy by their exclusiveness, and the monastic character they give to the home. A man married to a woman of this kind is, in fact, a house prisoner, whose only hours of freedom lie beyond the four walls of home. His bachelor friends are shut out. They smoke, or entice him to drink more than his wife thinks is good for him; or they induce him to bet on the Derby, or to play for half-crowns at whist or billiards, or they lead him in some other way of offence abhorrent to women. So the bachelor friends are shouldered out, and when the husband wants to entertain them, he must invite them to his club—if he has one—and pay the penalty when he gets home. In a few years' time his wife will be glad to encourage her sons' young friends to the house, for the sake of the daughters on hand; but husbands and sons are in a different category, and there are few fathers who do not learn, as time goes on, how much the mother will allow that the wife refused. If bachelor friends are shouldered out of the house, all female friends are forbidden anything like an intimate footing, save those few whom the wife thinks specially devoted to herself and of whom she is not jealous. And they are very few. There are perhaps no women in the world so exclusive towards their husbands as are Englishwomen. A husband is bound to one woman only, no doubt; but she thinks him also bound to have no affection whatsoever outside the house and family. If he meets an intelligent woman, pleasant to talk to, of agreeable manners and ready wit, and if he talks to her in consequence with anything like persistency or interest, he offends against the unwritten law; and his wife, whose utmost power of conversation consists in putting in a yes or no with tolerable accuracy of aim, thinks herself slighted and ill-used. She may be young and pretty, and dearly loved for her own special qualities, and her husband may not have a thought towards his new friend, or any other woman, in the remotest degree trenching on his allegiance to her; but the fact that he finds pleasure, though only of an intellectual and æsthetic kind, in the society of any other

woman,—that he feels an interest in her life, chooses her for his friend, or finds community of pursuits or sympathy in ideas,—makes his wife by just so much a victim and aggrieved. And yet what a miserably monotonous home is that to which she would confine him! He is at his office all day, badgered and worried with various business complications, and he comes home tired, perhaps cross—even well-conducted husbands have that way sometimes. He finds his wife tired and cross too; so that they begin the evening together mutually at odds, she irritated by small cares, and he disturbed by large anxieties. Or he finds her preoccupied and absorbed in her own pursuits, and quite disinclined to make any diversion for his sake. He asks her for some music; she used to be ready enough to sing and play to him in the old love-making days; but she refuses now. Either she has some needle-work to do, which might have been done during the day when he was out, or baby is asleep in the nursery, and music in the drawing-room would disturb him—at all events she cannot sing or play to-night; and even if she does—he has heard all her pieces so often! If he is not a reading man, those long, dull, silent evenings are very trying. She works and drives him wild with the click of her needle; or she reads the last new novel, and he hates novels, and gets tired to death when she insists on telling him all about the story and the characters; or she chooses the evening for letter-writing, and if the noise of her pen scratching over the paper does not irritate him, perhaps it sends him to sleep, when at least he is not bored. But dull, objectless, and vacant as their evenings are, his wife would not hear of any help from without to give just that little fillip which would prevent boredom and not create ceremony. She would think her life had gone to pieces, and that only desolation was before her, if he hinted that his home was dull, and that, though he loves her very dearly, and wants no other wife but her, yet that her society only—*toujours perdrix*—without change or addition, is a little stupid, however nice the partridge may be, and that things would be bettered if Mrs. or Miss So-and-So came in sometimes, just to brighten up the hours. And if he were to make a practice of bringing home his men friends, she would

probably let all parties concerned feel pretty distinctly that she considered the home her special sanctuary, and that guests whom she did not invite were little less than intruders. She would, perhaps, go willingly enough to a ball or crowded *soirée*, or she might like to give one; but that intimate form of society which is a mere enlargement of the home life she dreads as too much like the supplementing of deficiencies, and thinks her married happiness safer in boredom than in any diversion from herself as the sole centre of her husband's pleasure. The home life stagnates in England, and in very few families is there any mean between dissipation and this stagnation. We can scarcely wonder that so many husbands think matrimony a mistake as we have it in our insular arrangements, that they look back regretfully to the time when they were unfettered and not bored, or that their free friends, who watch them as wild birds watch their caged companions, curiously and reflectively, come to share their opinion. Wife and home, after all, make up but part of a man's life; they are not his all, and do not satisfy the whole of his social instinct; nor is any one woman the concentration of all womanhood to a man, leaving nothing that is beautiful, or in its way desirable, on the outside. Besides, when with his wife, a man is often as much isolated as when alone, for any real companionship there is between them. Few women take a living interest in the lives of men, and fewer still understand them. They expect the husband to sympathize with them in the kitchen gossip and the nursery chatter, the neighbors' doings, and all the small household politics; but as a race they are utterly unable to comprehend his pleasures, his thoughts, his duties, the responsibilities of his profession, or the bearings of any public question in which he takes a part. But even if this were not so, and granting that they could enter fully into his life, and sympathize with him as an intelligent equal, not only as compassionate saints or loving children, there would still be the need of novelty, and still the certainty of boredom without it. For human life, like all other forms of life, must have a

due proportion of fresh elements continually added to keep it sweet and growing, else it becomes stagnant and stunted, as everything else would be. And daily intercourse undeniably exhausts the moral ground. After the close companionship of years no one can remain mentally fresh to the other, unless, indeed, one or both be of the rarest order of mind, and of a practically inexhaustible knowledge. Save these exceptional instances, we must all of necessity get worn out by constant intercourse. We know every thought, every opinion, and almost every square inch of information possessed; we have heard the old stories again and again, and know exactly what will lead up to them, and at what point they will begin; we have measured the whole sweep of mind, and have probed its depths; and though we may love and value what we have learnt, yet we want something new—fresh food for interest, though not necessarily a new love for the displacement of the old. But this is what very few Englishwomen can understand or will allow. They hold so intensely by the doctrine of unity that they are even jealous of a man's pursuits if they think these take up any place in his mind which might else be theirs. They must be good for every part of his life; and the poorest of them all must be his only source of interest, suffering no other woman to share his admiration, or obtain his friendship, though this would not touch his love for themselves, or interfere with their rights. But this is a hard saying to them, and one they cannot receive; wherefore they keep a tight grasp on the marital collar, and suffer no relief of monotony by judicious loosening, or by generous faith in integral fidelity. The practical result of which is that most men are horribly bored at home, and that the mass of us really suffer from the domestic stagnation to which national customs and the exclusiveness of our women doom us as soon as we become family men. It must, however, in fairness be added, that most men obtain some kind of compensation, and that very few walk meekly in their bonds without at times slipping them off, with or without the concurrence of their wives.

## THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

PISA is one of those old Italian towns which occupied a prominent position, and played an important part in mediæval history. It is said to have been founded about 600 years B.C., and was a town of the ancient district of Etruria. In recent times it belonged to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, now incorporated in the kingdom of Italy.

Pisa is chiefly celebrated now for its wonderful Leaning Tower. This was erected about the year 1150, by the German architect Wilhelm of Innsbruck. It was designed as a belfry for the cathedral, and stands in a square close to the building to which it is attached. We may remark, in passing, that the erection of belfries apart from the churches was common in the early days of ecclesiastical architecture; and many instances of this peculiarity are to be found in this country.

The leaning tower is built wholly of white marble, and consists of eight circular stories, each ornamented with rows of columns, and gradually narrowing in width from the base towards the top.

The summit is a flat roof, with an open gallery, which commands a magnificent view. Its height is 188 feet, or about fourteen feet less than that of the monument in London.

The tower leans so much from the perpendicular, that a plummet dropped from the top falls at a distance of about fifteen feet from the base. The ordinary observer wonders that, with so great a deviation, it does not come to the ground; but it stands in obedience to the law of physics, by which any body of matter will maintain that position so long as a perpendicular line drawn from its centre of gravity shall fall within its base. The "centre of gravity" may be explained, to those who are unacquainted with scientific terms, as the *balancing point*, or point at which the entire weight of a body will be equally divided, and exactly balanced on the one side and on the other. As this point is found in the leaning tower to fall within the space covered by its foundations, there is no reason why it should not continue to stand, as it has done, for many centuries to come.

The appearance of the tower has led many to suppose that the law above mentioned is actually violated; and, in fact, so nearly is the limit of compliance with

it approached, that scientific observers have occasionally formed the same opinion by calculation, and have been forced to the conclusion that the building was held together only by the great tenacity of the mortar; but the balance of authority, as well as of probability, is against this conclusion.

As to the *cause* of the inclination of the tower, opinions have also been divided. Some have attributed it to a subsidence of the foundation, or a movement of the adjacent earth. But others have contended, with more show of reason in support of their argument, that its leaning was the original device and purpose of the architect, and that it was therefore one of those triumphs of architectural skill which in the Middle Ages would have been cordially welcomed and appreciated. Captain Basil Hall made a series of careful investigations on the subject, and established, as he believed, to demonstration, that the tower was built as it now stands. He found that the line of the tower, on the side towards which it leans, has not the same curvature as the line on the opposite side. If, he remarked, the tower had been built upright, and then made to incline over, the line of the wall on the side towards which the inclination was given would be more or less concave; but he found the contrary to be the fact, the line of the wall on the leaning side being decidedly more convex than that on the opposite side. Captain Hall had, therefore, no doubt whatever that the design of the architect was apparent in every successive layer of the stone.

These conclusions are partly supported by the remarks of another scientific observer, to the effect that the name of "the Leaning Tower" does not convey a true notion of the form of the building. It is, he remarks, in fact, a "twisted" tower, there being an irregular curvature in the building. But he conjectures that this "twist" was due to the subsidence of the foundation during the erection, and an attempt on the part of the architect to "right" the building as the work proceeded.

We may add that from the leaning tower of Pisa the great astronomer Galileo made, early in the seventeenth century, a series of observations from which he deduced the principles of the gravitation of the earth.

## HENRY J. RAYMOND.

BY THE EDITOR.

SITTING in our office on the morning of June 18th, an acquaintance stepped in with the abrupt remark, "Raymond of the *Times* is dead!" We recall at this moment the astonishment, amounting almost to horror, with which we heard the announcement,—the feeling as if "the times were out of joint," and the due order and precedence of things inverted. Cut down without warning, in the very culmination of his life, in the apparent enjoyment of vigorous health, with his work only half finished,—surely Death had made a mistake!

Then came the mournful drapery of the press, the tender tributes of co-workers in the profession, the pomp of the funeral pageant, the noble threnody of Mr. Beecher, and the last sad scene which ends the history of us all.

Probably no man has ever been more written about than Mr. Raymond, since his death. It was the signal for a universal and spontaneous tribute from the entire press of the country, and it seems impossible at this day to say anything regarding him which will not seem to the public a more than thrice-told tale. Friends, enemies, critics, political opponents, those who knew him best and those who knew him not at all, have pointed the moral of his life—and with singular completeness and uniformity.

Henry Jarvis Raymond was born in the village of Lima, Livingston county, New York, on the 24th of January, 1820. His education was commenced in the district school in the vicinity of his father's house, and subsequently continued in the village academy, and the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. In the summer of 1836 he entered the University of Vermont, and four years later graduated at the head of his class. Previous to this he had had a short term of teaching in a district school at Scottsville, Monroe county, and it is said that his mind was bent on teaching as a profession; but, after spending weeks in fruitless efforts to secure a school in the vicinity of his home, he determined to seek his fortunes in New York. Here he entered upon the study of law, in the office of Mr. E. W. Marsh, and continued the

contributions, commenced during his course at college, to Horace Greeley's paper, the *New Yorker*. In order to earn a living while studying law, he taught a Latin class in a classical school, and corresponded with the country press. About this time he received an offer of a school in North Carolina, at \$400 a year; but Mr. Greeley offered him the same amount for his services on the *New Yorker*. He accepted the latter offer, and remained in New York.

When the *Tribune* was started by Mr. Greeley, in 1841, he gave Mr. Raymond a position as assistant editor. In this capacity he laid the foundation of his fame, and became distinguished for his indefatigable industry, and for the facility, readiness, and brilliancy of his composition. He would write a leader, or take down a speech, after a phonographic method of his own, with equal skill; and Mr. Greeley has since said of him that he was the only assistant he has ever had with whom he felt called upon to remonstrate for excessive work.

Leaving the *Tribune* in 1843, he accepted an editorial position on the *Courier & Enquirer*, which he held until his resignation, in 1851.

Mr. Raymond entered upon political life in 1849, when he was elected to the State Legislature by the Whigs of his district. In the following year he was re-elected, and was also chosen Speaker of the Assembly, a position which he filled with marked ability. He was elected for the third time, in 1851, and again chosen Speaker by a large majority over Hon. Horatio Seymour.

In the spring of 1851 Mr. Raymond visited Europe, and travelled extensively in England and on the continent. Returning in August, he began to lay the foundations of the great enterprise with which he has since been identified, and on the 18th of September, 1851, appeared the first number of the *New York Times*. This was the crowning point of Mr. Raymond's life; and the years since then, in which he has so ably conducted this great journal, form the portion of his career upon which we can look with most unqualified satisfaction.



The advent of the *Times* was an era in American journalism. It became at once, and has continued ever since, a standing protest against the pitiful personalities, the substitution of *men* for *principles*, the vulgar "sensationalism," and the party fanaticism, which degrade the American press, and which lead us sometimes seriously to question whether it is a good or an evil to society. It drew at once to its staff the best talent of the country, and, in both ability and reliability, approximated nearer to the standard of the *Nation* and the best English papers, than any other journal in the land.

In this Mr. Raymond's influence was paramount and decisive. He had a true sense of the dignity of his profession and his responsibility to the public; and he was too conscientious, not merely morally but intellectually, to permit his being drawn into the vortex of radical politics and reforms. He was not only a writer but a thinker, and he could not but perceive that in life there is no such thing as absolute, unqualified truth; "he could not help seeing all sides of a subject, its limitations as well as its inclusions." Seeing this, it was simply impossible for him to grasp one side of an idea and crusade against whoever happened to view it at another angle.

It was this judicial cast of mind, together with the conservatism which inevitably comes of great intellectual cultivation, which militated against Mr. Raymond's success in politics. Though as consistent, probably, as a man can possibly be, whose experience is constantly bringing new knowledge, he was regarded, or rather certain partisans affected to regard him, as a "trimmer." From this charge, when too late, he has been triumphantly vindicated, alike by friend and foe; but it was true to this extent—he could not help doubting methods, though his principles never wavered. Owing to this, his political career, though brilliant, was a failure, at least in results. A man who steps into the mire of American politics, particularly when the tides of party feeling run as high as in the past decade, must go in with his whole heart and soul, or he is certain to miss the mark. There is no room for doubt, for hesitation, for inquiry: he that is not with me on all points is against

me on all points, and it was just this blind belief and devotion of which Mr. Raymond was constitutionally incapable.

It is to be regretted that he ever entered the political arena. He fought brilliantly, he left a noble record, but he fought a fight of which the issues were predetermined against him. And the failure injured his fame, and impaired his usefulness. Success in politics is too often in the United States considered the test of ability, and to have attained that success it would have been necessary for Mr. Raymond to have lived in the twentieth century. He was too far in advance of the culture of a country in which reason bears about the same relation to politics that it did to religion in the Middle Ages.

We have diverged somewhat from the chronological order of events in Mr. Raymond's career, as the greater portion of his public life was subsequent to 1851. We resume at 1852, when he was sent as a substitute for a regular delegate to the Whig national convention at Baltimore. Here he made one of the greatest speeches of his life, and became at once famous as an orator. The majority of the Southern delegates were in favor of the nomination of Mr. Fillmore, and, knowing that Raymond would vote for Gen. Scott, determined to exclude him from the convention. Mr. Cabell, of Florida, made a fiery onslaught upon him and then manœuvred to prevent his replying. Whenever Raymond attempted to speak, Cabell rose also. For four long hours Mr. Raymond stood upon the platform before a hostile convention, and struggled to be heard, and when at last he succeeded, he poured forth such a complete vindication of his rights as a member, that he was installed in his seat in triumph; and then, turning upon his antagonist, withered him with a torrent of burning sarcasm, which annihilated Cabell forever.

We will enumerate briefly the principal events of his subsequent political career. In 1854 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York State, and in 1856 he drew up the "Address to the People" adopted by the Republican party in its first national convention, held at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Mr. Raymond also bore a conspicuous part in the memorable campaign of 1860,



which culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln and the secession of the Southern States.

In 1864 he was elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, and gained marked distinction in the stormy debates of that memorable session. He was a conservative republican in his views, and advocated them in many powerful speeches; but the radical faction was too strong for him, and, as we have remarked before, he advocated a cause already predestined to defeat, the success of which no eloquence or ability could secure. The Philadelphia convention of August 14th, 1864, which ended in such unfortunate failure, enlisted the warmest sympathies of Mr. Raymond, and he prepared the Declaration of Principles adopted by the convention, accompanying it with an address which forms one of the most sagacious, lucid, and statesman-like documents in our political literature.

This was the last time Mr. Raymond took a prominent part in public life outside of his professional duties. The object of the convention was misrepresented by the press, and misapprehended by the Republican party, and its utter failure to exercise any permanent influence on public affairs was deeply humiliating to its projectors. Mr. Raymond served out his term in Congress, declined a renomination, and, from that time to his death, confined himself exclusively to his editorial duties.

When stricken down, Mr. Raymond

was in the very prime of life, and apparently in vigorous health; but the baleful seeds of disease, caused by overwork, had been early sown in his constitution, and their growth was as sudden as it was fatal. On the morning of June 18th, he was discovered in the hallway of his residence, prostrate and senseless from a stroke of apoplexy. He had been out to a political meeting during the preceding evening, and returning home late, had just locked the outer door, and closed the inner one, when disease claimed its victim. He was conveyed to his room, and the best medical aid summoned; but death was before them, and he remained insensible until 5 o'clock, when he slept tranquilly away into another world.

We have spoken in the beginning of this sketch of the unanimity with which the press, after his death, joined in eulogizing the character of Mr. Raymond—a unanimity which was both its impeachment and its honor. The good that he did lives after him; the evil, it was confessed, never existed.

Those who had pursued and vilified him in life were the first to pay tribute to his merits when it was alike too late for justice to give him satisfaction or malice to do him injury. If his death would point the lesson of his life, if it would but teach us to do the same justice to a man that we give to his memory, who can say how much he will have done for the profession which he dignified, and the country which he loved!

## POETRY.

### GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

HORACE, ODES, BOOK 4, NO. 1.

#### ARGUMENT.

Horace, now advanced in life, repels the renewed attacks of Love. Suddenly (stanza 5), thinking of Ligurine, he changes his mind.

OUR long truce broken, and war again?  
O spare me, Venus, I pray!  
For such as I was in sweet Cinara's reign,  
Such, such am I not to-day.  
Nigh fifty years have steeled my heart,  
No longer it brooks thy sway;  
Fierce mother of sweet young Loves, depart  
Where soft youth woos thee away.

To Maximus' home let thy bright swans bear  
Thy airy and festal car—

"Young Maximus Paullus" Go! kindle me there  
A soul for thee meeter far,  
For of noble line, and a champion true  
To the tremblers that crouch at the bar.  
Young, polished, and fair—far, far shall he bear  
Thy glittering banners to war.

He viewing, the while, with a conqueror's smile  
His prodigal rival retreat,  
By Alba's lakes 'neath the citrus domes  
Thy marble image shall seat.  
And there in thy nostrils shall breathe alway  
Rich incense and odors sweet,  
And the pipe and the lute, and the Phrygian flute,  
And songs shall mingle and meet.

And twice in the day shall maidens and boys,  
Like Sallians, thy praises resound  
With triple beat of delicate feet,  
That glisten like snow on the ground.

But beauty and youth and mutual truth  
All empty and vain have I found,  
I care not for merry drinking bouts,  
Or brows with fresh flowerets crowned.

Ah, still, Ligurina, o'er my trembling cheek  
I feel the thin tear-drops fleet.  
Why hushes my eloquent tongue as I speak?  
Why falls it in silence unmeet?  
In the dreams of the night I see you in flight,  
I grasp, or I follow, ah, cruel! ah, sweet!  
In the plain, o'er the grass, through the rivers  
that pass,  
I fly in the wake of your feet.

FRANCIS DAVID MORICE.

#### THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

The wind was blowing up from the west  
On the eve of a stormy day,  
And she saw the ship that she loved the best  
Veering across the bay.  
The sails were ragged, and old, and worn,  
And they flapped to and fro in the blast,  
Like the wings of a spent and wounded bird  
When the foot of the hunter hath past.  
And it's oh ship! brave ship! safe may your voy-  
age be;  
And it's oh for the dawn of to-morrow's morn! and  
it's oh for a rippling sea!

The wind had sobbed itself to rest,  
Like a weary, wayward child;  
And she lay with her babe asleep on her  
breast,  
And dreamed of the ship, and smiled.  
She smiled as she thought in her happy sleep  
That the long, long parting was o'er;  
But she did not hear how the storm awoke,  
And the breakers dashed on the shore.  
And it's oh ship! brave ship! she could not sleep,  
if she  
Had dreamt of the crash, and had seen the flash  
which lighted the boiling sea.

She did not wake though the wind was high,  
But turned in her dream with a start,  
And her sleeping lips framed the well-known  
cry,  
Which dropped from the full, full heart,  
As water falls from a shaken cup  
Suddenly over the brim:  
"Lord, keep my captain safe to-night,  
And all at sea with him!"  
And it's oh ship! brave ship! but where will your  
captain be?  
And it's oh! it was well there was none to tell, it  
was well there was none to see!

They are striving now to reach the shore,  
The captain and all his men;  
And still that fond prayer is murmured o'er  
Again, and again, and again.  
The waves are high, the rocks are hid,  
And none can see the land;  
But the captain stands himself at the helm,  
And steers with a steady hand,

And it's oh ship! brave ship! and how can it ever  
be  
That you clear the rocks, and weather the shocks  
of that tearing, roaring sea?

The night is dark, the storm is high,  
But the ship lies safe in a creek,  
And the captain stands with a light in his eye,  
And a flush on his sun-browned cheek.  
And the captain's wife sleeps sound and still  
Through the wild and angry blast,  
For the morn shall rise on a peaceful bay,  
And her captain home at last.  
And it's oh ship! brave ship! brave and strong  
you may be,  
But was it your strength that saved you at length  
from the might of the cruel sea?

FLORENCE FIELDS.

#### FORSAKEN.

SHE stood within the bayed recess,  
And gazed out on the sleeping sea  
Bathed in the starlight's loveliness,  
As still as mortal things may be;  
Far off she saw the fisher's sail,  
The one lone thing upon the wave,  
She murmured, "Ah! the love he gave  
Than that slight bark was far more frail."

She leaned against the tapestry;  
The vision of a long-lost son  
In faded colors curiously  
With antique shapes was worked thereon.  
Still gazed she—could no more discern  
The shadows on the ocean vast;  
Beneath the horizon sank the mast,  
She whispered, "He will ne'er return."

There came up from the darkened west  
A cloud with ever-deepening frown;  
The waves awoke, and from their crest  
Snow-flakes by rising winds were blown.  
The white cliffs took a wilder form,  
In broken shafts the moonbeams slid,  
The frightened stars their glories hid,  
She sadly sighed, "There comes a storm."

The fierce night bellowed into day,  
The cruel day thundered into night,  
Till once again the pallid gray  
Waxed stronger into noontide's light;  
The wild winds hush into a psalm,  
And softer sounds the heavens fill.  
A sweet voice whispers, "Peace, be still!"  
She murmured low, "There comes a calm."

God's acre owns another mound;  
The grass with fresh-dropped tears is wet  
Where loving hands have planted round  
The lily and the violet.  
Years pass. There comes across the sea  
A man whose brow is lined with care;  
He seeks that grave—he bows him there—  
"Oh, Lillian! I come back to thee!"

—Once a Week.

## AT EVENTIDE.

I PACED the village lane at eve,  
The flaming sun had gone to rest,  
And left the clouds that flecked the heavens,  
In glowing tints of crimson drest.  
There was no wind to stir the trees,  
The fragrant air was sweetly still;  
The white rim of the moon appeared,  
And faintly tipped the verdurous hill.

The poplars in the distance seemed  
As though they almost reached the sky;  
While clouds above their vernal heads  
In quiet beauty floated by.  
No sound was heard save notes of birds,  
That calmly rose and softly died;  
Not e'en one zephyr came to blow,  
Or turn one blade of grass aside.

The stars looked white and cold, and each  
Its image in the river placed;  
The while the moon with pensive smile  
The hills and vales and woodlands graced.  
Deep silence reigned on land and sea,  
So great that soon it seemed a power;  
One might have heard a green leaf stir,  
Or dewdrop shaken from a flower.

Rare odors lay upon the air,  
The clouds now vanished one by one;  
Till every vestige of the day,  
The sunset's blush, all, all had gone.  
The shadows of the trees lay still,  
The lane looked like a path of light:  
The great white splendor of the day  
Had been transfigured by the night!

S. H. BRADBURY.

## NEVER SATISFIED.

A MAN in his carriage was riding along,  
A gayly-dressed wife by his side;  
In satin and laces she looked like a queen,  
And he like a king in his pride.  
A wood-sawyer stood in the street as they pass'd;  
The carriage and couple he eyed,  
And he said, as he worked with a saw on a log,  
I wish I was rich, and could ride.

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,  
One thing I would give if I could,  
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the  
health

Of the man who is sawing the wood.  
A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,  
Whose face as the morning was fair,  
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,  
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage—the lady she saw,  
Arrayed in apparel so fine,  
And said, in a whisper, I wish in my heart  
Those satins and laces were mine.  
The lady looked out on the maid with her work,  
So fair in her calico dress,  
And said, I'd relinquish position and wealth,  
Her beauty and youth to possess.

Thus it is with the world; whatever our lot,  
Our mind and our time we employ  
In longing and sighing for what we have not,  
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

## STARRY WAVES.

## I.

STARRY waves! starry waves!  
Dancing on the sea,  
Brightly come, darkly fade,  
Die in melody.  
The moonbeams gently fall  
Upon the dreaming flowers,  
Of fragrant forest trees,  
And blooming myrtle bowers;  
While from the lonely shore  
I gaze upon the sea,  
Whose silver-crested waves  
Are beautiful to me.

## II.

Nightingale! nightingale!  
Chanting in the grove,  
Cease awhile, bird of song!  
Listen to my love.  
He strikes his joyous harp  
On yonder rosy isle,  
And at its thrilling tones  
The blossoms seem to smile.  
My heart with rapture wild  
Is throbbing by the sea;  
Ye dancing, starry waves!  
Oh, bear my love to me.

## III.

Summer moon! summer moon!  
Glory of the skies!  
Softly gild, sweetly guard,  
Where his pathway lies.  
His kiss is on my brow—  
Oh blissful, balmy shore!  
He tells me he is mine,  
And mine forever more.  
Ye silver-crested waves!  
Oh, clap your hands with glee;  
Proclaim, ye starry waves!  
My bridal by the sea.

*Chorus.*—Starry waves! starry waves!  
Dancing on the sea,  
Brightly come, darkly fade,  
Die in melody

## A FRIEND WELCOMED.

THE joy of meeting makes us love farewell.  
We gather once again around the hearth,  
And thou wilt tell  
All that thy keen experience has been  
Of pleasure, danger, misadventure, mirth,  
And unforeseen.

And all without an angry word the while,  
Or self-comparison—naught dost thou recall  
Save for a smile

Thou knowest how to lend good fortune grace,  
And how to mock whate'er ill luck befall  
With laughing face.

But, friend, go not again so far away;  
In need of some small help I always stand,  
Come what so may;  
I know not whither leads this path of mine,  
But I can tread it better when my hand  
Is clasped in thine.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

#### A SONG.

THERE'S music I know  
In the measured flow  
Of words to the light guitar,

And a magic spell  
Hath the gentle swell  
Of Æolian notes afar.

And I love the roar  
Of waves on the shore,  
Of the dark and sonorous sea,  
And my spirit bounds  
When I hear the sounds  
Of nature's glad symphony.

Yet sweeter by far,  
Than harp or guitar,  
Or song the nightingale sings,  
Are the tones that start  
From a kindred heart  
When love breathes over the strings.  
M. J. P. H.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Walter Savage Landor. A Biography.* By JOHN FORSTER. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

SAYS ALISON, in the opening of his great work, "the biography of Napoleon is the history of Europe," and so the life of any man, who has guided the current, or maintained an interest in the development, of his age, is, to a certain extent, an epitome of the times in which he lived. This is peculiarly true of Landor. For he was not merely the *littérateur*, dwelling in solitude with his own creations, or those which the past has transmitted to us, but took as profound and passionate an interest (and no small part) in the struggles between Pitt and Fox, the Whigs and the Tories; in the expansion of "Yankee land;" in the rise of the South American Republics; and in all the great questions which, during his life of nearly a century, challenged the attention of the world, as in the special pursuits of the man of letters. "Born in the year when the English colonies in America rebelled; living through all the revolutions in France, and the astonishing career of the great Napoleon; a sympathizer with the defeated Paoli and the victorious Garibaldi; contemporary with Cowper and Burns, yet the survivor of Keats, Wordsworth, and Byron, of Shelley, Scott, and Southey, living while Gibbon's first volume and Macaulay's last were published: to whom Pitt and Fox, and even Burke, had been familiar, as were Peel and Russell; who might have heard Mirabeau attempting to save the French Monarchy, and Mr. Gladstone predicting the disruption of the American Republic;" who in his youth shook hands with a man who had dined with Pope, Warburton, and Fielding, and yet almost lived to hear of the murder of Abraham Lincoln—it would seem incredible that one man should have had such strange and varied experiences, and well might Landor himself exclaim, that "surely he must have assisted in another life!" Yet Landor's career embraces this whole period, and Mr. Forster's biography, though necessarily special and personal, throws many a side light upon contemporary politics, history, and letters.

With Landor's works we are ashamed to say

that at present we have no further acquaintance than is afforded by the copious extracts which Mr. Forster has incorporated with his Biography; but though as yet so little known, he is conceded by the ablest critics to have been one of the greatest masters both of Poetry and Prose that England has ever produced. It is with his character, however, that we have principally to do here. Of that character it is temerity for any one to express decided opinion, so full is it of the most violent contrasts. Some have considered it impossible to explain some of his eccentricities except on the supposition of insanity; some have regarded him as a brilliant savage, destitute alike of refinement and of principle; but Mr. Forster, who knew him best, thinks otherwise. His book—the temper of which, the desire "naught to extenuate," while at the same time sifting out all which has been set down by malice or misconception, is most admirable—harmonizes the extremes of his character; shows the noble and generous nature which never failed to assert itself after the brief ebullitions of temper were over, and proves the explosions of wrath and extravagance, in which he too often indulged, to have been but "sound and fury, signifying nothing" except the intensity of his emotions, his impatience of contradiction, and the warmth of the impulses which he had never learned to control.

Probably the best, and in some respects the most truthful, outline of Landor's character has been drawn by Charles Dickens in *Lawrence Boythorne* (Bleak House), of which it is well known Landor is the original.

In some reminiscences, also by Dickens, published since Landor's death, are some anecdotes, of which we use one or two as strikingly illustrative of the latter's character:—

"The impression was strong upon the present writer's mind, as on Mr. Forster's, during years of close friendship with the subject of this biography, that his animosities were chiefly referable to the singular inability in him to dissociate other people's ways of thinking from his own. He had, to the last, a ludicrous grievance (both Mr. Forster and the writer have often amused themselves with it) against a good-natured nobleman, doubtless perfectly unconscious of having ever given him offence. The offence

was, that on the occasion of some dinner party in another nobleman's house, many years before, this innocent lord (then a commoner) had passed in to dinner, through some door before him, as he himself was about to pass in through that same door with a lady on his arm. Now, Landor was a gentleman of most scrupulous politeness, and in his carriage of himself toward ladies there was a certain mixture of stateliness and deference belonging to quite another time, and, as Mr. Pepps would observe, 'mighty pretty to see.' If he could by any effort imagine himself committing such a high crime and misdemeanor as that in question, he could only imagine himself as doing it of a set purpose, under the sting of some vast injury, to inflict a great affront. A deliberately designed affront on the part of another man it therefore remained to the end of his days. The manner in which, as time went on, he permeated the unfortunate Lord's ancestry with this offence was whimsically characteristic of Landor. The writer remembers very well when only the individual himself was held responsible in the story for the breach of good breeding; but in another ten years or so it began to appear that his father had always been remarkable for ill-manners, and in yet another ten years or so his grandfather developed into quite a prodigy of coarse behavior."

One day at a friendly dinner at Gore House "Landor's dress—say his cravat, or shirt-collar—had become slightly disarranged on a hot evening, and Count D'Orsay laughingly called his attention to the circumstance as we rose from table. Landor became flushed, and greatly agitated: "My dear Count D'Orsay, I thank you! My dear Count D'Orsay, I thank you from my soul for pointing out to me the abominable condition to which I am reduced! If I had entered the drawing-room, and presented myself before Lady Blessington in so absurd a light, I would have instantly gone home, put a pistol to my head, and blown my brains out!"

Much of this extravagance was worn off by a long life and attrition with the world; but at any time it was but an eccentricity, and underneath it lay a heart as loyal and tender as ever beat in human bosom, and a soul which never descended to an ignoble action. For man as an individual, and for public opinion, Landor was but too likely to feel a scornful contempt; but no man ever sympathized more profoundly with all that is generous and universal in human nature.

Of the workmanship displayed by Mr. Forster in this Biography it is only necessary to say that in art, method, and style it is fully equal to the Life of Goldsmith by the same author, which forms one of the three or four really excellent biographies in English literature. It has been complained that the Life of Landor is too copious and diffuse; and he has certainly made liberal use of his materials; but it must be recollected that much which is trivial and commonplace to us who live so near its era, will probably be of peculiar interest to posterity. What would be the criticism on Boswell if Johnson had died yesterday and Boswell's Life of him were published to-day? For oneself, who here make acquaintance with Landor almost for the first time, we would not have a page omitted. Moreover the arrangement is such that the reader can select, without breaking the thread of the narrative.

The Biography is embellished with a noble portrait of Landor, taken on the eve of his seventy-eighth birthday, of which he himself pathetically writes in a letter to Mr. Forster:—"Perhaps when I am in the grave curiosity may be excited to know what kind of countenance that creature had who imitated nobody, and whom nobody imitated; the man who walked through the crowd of poets and prosemen and never was touched by any

one's skirts; who walked up to the ancients and talked with them familiarly, but never took a sup of wine or a crust of bread in their houses. If this should happen, and it probably will within your lifetime, then let the good people see the old man's head by Boxall."

*Women's Suffrage. The Reform Against Nature.* By HORACE BUSHNELL. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

It is a fortunate thing that just at this time, when it is imperatively necessary for the public to form some definite opinion with regard to the enfranchisement of women, that the two aspects of the question should be presented by such able dialecticians as Dr. Bushnell and Mr. Mill.

The work of the latter, which, as all who are familiar with his writings would conjecture, is on the affirmative side, is ably reviewed elsewhere;\* the argument of Dr. Bushnell we propose to trace in this paper.

Probably the most salient impression which Dr. Bushnell's treatise will make upon the mind of the reader will be the index which it affords of the change of attitude which within a few years educated opinion has undergone with regard to what has been called "the proper sphere of woman." It is doubtless within the memory of most of us when for women to do anything except marry, teach school, or sew, was too unfeminine to be thought of; and the mere hint of her entering the learned professions was declared to be fatal to the social fabric. That time, with its prejudices, we may safely say has passed away, and we believe Dr. Bushnell but echoes the wishes of every just man when he demands for woman the same advantages in the struggle for life which accrue to the other sex. He thinks that the laws with regard to the property of married women should be reformed, so as to place the wife on precisely the same footing as the husband; that women should receive the same pay for the same labor as men; that they could become, not improperly, managers of hotels, bank-tellers, brokers, actuaries of insurances, private bankers, type-setters, overseers of printing, and the like; that the practice of medicine should be open to them in all its departments except surgery, which requires the firm nerve of a man; that many of the duties of lawyers could be performed by them; that the ministry should be open to them except in its executive functions; that they might well perform the duties of postmasters, and public and private clerks; and that, first of all and above all, they should receive the same educational advantages as men and with men. In fact, he advocates her admittance to everything which does not involve administrative duties, but here he draws the line, and on this ground he opposes women's suffrage. But why stop here? If she can minister in all things why not administer in some?

The author says that some years ago when he first heard of the college education of the sexes in common, which he now advocates so strongly, he was not a little shocked by even the rumor of it; and who can say that another few years may not work the same change in many opinions

\* The article on Mr. Mill's work here referred to was unavoidably omitted this month.—EDITOR.



which he clings to now? This is one of the drawbacks of treating a debatable subject in an era of disintegrating opinions. We can never feel absolutely certain of having at length reached stable ground.

Having thus "stated the question," Dr. Bushnell proceeds to his argument proper, and first of all relegates to its appropriate limbo the specious cant about "principle" and "natural right." He proceeds to show that "no right of suffrage is absolute in either man or woman," that all men are *not* created free and equal, that government does *not* derive its just powers from the consent of the governed, that the sentimental phraseology which the framers of our Constitution borrowed from the French Revolution will not bear logical analysis, and, in fact, places the suffrage in its just position as no "natural right" at all, but simply a political method adopted as an experiment in various countries of the world, of which ours is the principal. This chapter is one of the ablest contributions to our recent political literature, and we should be glad to see it in the hands of every individual of the rising generation. It seems to us on the whole unanswerable, and brings this question, as well as all others which it is our fate as the political experimenters of the world to decide, out of the region of sentiment to the tribunal of utility and results.

It is unnecessary to follow the author through his 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th chapters, in which he lapses into sentiment, and endeavors to show that the reform is against nature and God. They will be convincing to those who are accustomed on this subject to *feel* and not to think; but they can never be used as tangible logic, for we are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the constitution and course of nature to speak *ex cathedra* on her laws; and neither Dr. Bushnell (we say it with all due respect) nor any one else can tell us anything about the wishes of Deity with regard to female suffrage. The sufficient answer to this is that nature is probably able to take care of herself. Says Mr. Mill:—"The anxiety of mankind to interfere in behalf of nature, for fear lest nature should not succeed in effecting its purpose, is an altogether unnecessary solicitude. What women by nature cannot do, it is quite superfluous to forbid them from doing."

We now come to what, after all, is the only proper ground on which to base this discussion—the probable effects of woman's enfranchisement on woman herself, on society at large, and on politics in particular. Here the author marshals what are certainly serious and weighty, if not conclusive objections, and worthy the gravest consideration by all who reflect on this subject unaffected by the glare of sentimental pyrotechnics, and partisan feeling.

He believes that the whole nature of woman would be thwarted by it, that she would cease to be the lubricating element in life, and that she would become "tall, brawny, sharp-featured, lank, and dry;" that she would impart into politics more intense feeling and excitement than was ever there before; that she will become degraded, as all human beings are, by contact with degradation; that her presence is more likely to add debauchery of a certain kind to the indecency which already attends the primary meetings and the polling places than to elevate them; and,

most important of all, that it will have a tendency to loosen the bonds of marriage and to make it a more civil partnership, dissoluble at the pleasure or convenience of either or both of the parties. In fact, the mere agitation of the measure has had a decided influence in this latter direction.

We would add that, waiving their *right* to the suffrage, it is our own personal conviction that the first effect of the enfranchisement of woman would be to double the ignorance at the polls, which is already gnawing at the very vitals of the government.

It is a recognized fact that educated men, the intelligent classes of the community, have almost ceased actively to participate in public affairs; the conviction of their utter powerlessness has been forced upon them; and they shun the moral slime of the polling place as they shun the filth of the street. Can it be expected that the wives and daughters of these men will find it any more to their taste? Is the interest in public affairs stronger in the women of the household than in the men? Bridget will go; Patrick's importance and the pecuniary value of his vote will be doubled when he has a wife whom he can persuade or force to the polls; but in the hands of intelligent women—the only class from whose participation in affairs the State can hope for relief—the ballot will probably be far more frequently a weapon of offence than of defence. With the enfranchisement of woman we should simply have doubled the power of the ignorance and its consequent corruption which already threatens the very structure of our government.

But, say the champions, woman will elevate the ballot; the degrading elements which keep you from the primary meetings and the polls will vanish before the influence of feminine influence. A consummation most devoutly to be wished! but we simply say, Not Proven. The vilest moral sinks of which the world knows are made by the co-operation of the sexes, women as well as men, and if the women of a given class are purer and better than the men, it is precisely because their position has protected them from the temptations which have corrupted the latter. If the political influence of the sex would for a time prove beneficial, which we believe it would not, subjected to the same processes it would soon sink to the same level as that of man; and thus, while the department of politics would not have gained, society would have lost its most powerful and most refining conservative element.

As John Stuart Mill says: "Utility is the ultimate appeal in all ethical questions," and the final test of utility is experience. We would ask the champions of this measure whether experience has in fact proved that woman's influence upon public affairs is *certain* to prove an elevating influence? We would ask them whether any assembly, convened for the debate of momentous questions, ever displayed more lamentable ignorance of even elementary principles, more riotous disorder and crude sentimentalism, and more disgraceful intolerance and personalities than the recent Convention held in New York, under the auspices of the recognized leaders of this movement? Our mind was wonderfully cleared by our attendance on the three days' session of this Convention. It doubtless furnished the most conclusive argument against female suffrage which

the struggle has yet developed, and, unless we mistake the signs of the time, has powerfully influenced public opinion. This, of course, did not and could not affect our mind with regard to the principle of the question, if suffrage were a principle; but it effectually disposed of the modest claims of its advocates and exponents that woman as a voter would prove "the reformation of politics and the salvation of the government."

Probably the most singular feature of Dr. Bushnell's book is, that the author, while deploring the probable effects of public life upon the feminine instincts, would have "the embargo on woman as respects advances toward marriage" removed. He thinks that "the present iron-clad modesty, which is simply ridiculous in either party, might be so far mitigated as to let feeling feel its way, and carry on its own courtship." That, in fact, she should be allowed, within reasonable limits, the privilege of seeking as well as being sought. "The assumption now is that women must be first lassoed and taken, courted long and skilfully then, and almost to the death, before they can venture an approving look;" and that "on the one side there is a close fence of prudery" which, in order to get over, "the man must go it bravely." As to the supposed necessity for this privilege, we fancy that any one who will take the trouble to observe social life in our cities will conclude that it does not require very desperate courage on the part of a man to get over the "close fences" which the fair ones set up; and that whatever may be the "assumption" on the subject, a reform in the opposite direction might be effected without laying the sex open to any very serious accusation of impracticable prudery.

This suggestion of the Doctor's is based upon his assumption that marriage is the one thing needful. But marriage is to be judged by its results. In itself it is neither good nor evil, and is frequently as productive of the latter as of the former.

Moreover, a suggestion should be carefully weighed, and recommended with hesitation, which is so markedly at variance with the first principle of Political Economy and the Utilitarian school. Any immediate improvement which would result from an increase of early marriages would, probably, be more than neutralized by an increase of population which would hopelessly complicate the problem; and Dr. Bushnell's panacea would end very much as the discovery of the Rosicrucian who learned his broomstick to fetch water, but, unable to stop it, was drowned.

*Scripture Manual.* By CHARLES SIMMONS. Thirty-sixth Edition. New York: M. W. Dodd.

A CYCLOPÆDIC work which has reached its thirty-sixth edition is probably its own best recommendation, and it is only necessary to suggest to those who are not already familiar with it the scope and character of the Manual. It is a thorough and systematic compilation of all the Proof Texts of the Bible which illustrate the Christian doctrines, arranged under their appropriate heads, with ample references to kindred subjects.

Of course this will be an immense saving of labor to students, and more particularly to expounders of Biblical ethics. We doubt if, since the Apostles went forth to "preach the Gospel

unto all the world," ministers have had any more difficult work than adequately to illustrate a line of argument with actual Scripture texts. The greatest attainable familiarity with the Scriptures could not suffice except in a very limited degree. With this Manual, however, a complete knowledge of the teachings of the sacred writers on any given subject can be obtained in an hour's study.

The author believes that "the Bible furnishes very ample materials for all needful moral instruction, reproof, and encouragement," and it has been his care in selecting topics for illustration to take those "which in all ages have been considered of primary importance in theological and moral inquiry." Such are "the perfections, prerogatives, designs, providence, and law of God;—the character, rights, and destiny of man—the economy of grace—our essential duties towards God and each other, and civil and religious institutions."

It is claimed for the work that it is specially designed and adapted to refute the errors and irreligious tendencies of the day, but the fact is that it is nothing more than a very excellent and thorough concordance to the Scriptures, and to those who believe with the author, we cannot see how the work could be made more satisfactory.

A simple collection and arrangement of the sayings which have been read for eighteen centuries, however good in itself, cannot be reasonably expected to "refute" the ethical speculations of the day; but it may, and doubtless will, render important assistance to those who would oppose to these speculations the professed teachings of revealed religion.

*Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers.* By JANE JAY FULLER. New York. M. W. Dodd.

THIS is a clever, and, on the whole, successful attempt to develop in children a taste for Botany, and to teach them how to cultivate it. Miss Fuller's manner is rather stilted and technical, and much of the instruction is not sufficiently elementary to be comprehended by ordinary children; but the young people will nevertheless find it stimulating and interesting, and it will at least enable them to see something more in flowers than playthings and decorations. Botany is such a beautiful study in itself, and the pleasure it affords so pure and unalloyed, that we have always considered it a pity that children are not taught at least the elementary and obvious portions of it. *Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers* is an experiment in the right direction, and the best thing we can wish the children is that they may find some *Uncle John* to explain it to them in a practical manner.

*Mopsa, the Fairy.* By JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Bros.

MISS INGELOW is, to our mind, the most charming of all living writers for children, and "*Mopsa*" alone ought to give her a kind of pre-emptive right to the love and gratitude of our young folks.

It is a story of those elfin people who are supposed to scamper at night in the pale moonlight, but altogether *sui generis* and distinct from the conventional type of fairy stories. Fanciful to the verge of the fantastic, original, imaginative, humorous, with a charming directness and simplicity of narration, and a string of adventures

absurdly impossible made probable and even credible by the perfect realism of description, we do not know why "Mopsa" should not be pronounced a model of what such stories should be. It requires genius to conceive a purely imaginary work which must of necessity deal with the supernatural, without running into a mere riot of fantastic absurdity; but genius Miss Ingelow has, and the story of Jack is as careless and joyous, but as delicate, as a picture of childhood.

The young people should be grateful to Jean Ingelow and those other noble writers, who, in our day, have taken upon themselves the task of supplying them with literature, if for no other reason, that these writers have saved them from the ineffable didacticism which, till within the last few years, was considered the only food fit for the youthful mind.

*Thackeray's Miscellaneous Works.*—MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co. having just issued the concluding volume of their "Household Edition of Thackeray's Novels," have, in response to a very general demand, concluded to issue his remaining works in the same shape. The Miscellanies will be printed from the latest London edition, and will contain all of Thackeray's writings so far as they are known.

This will be the first time the American public has had an opportunity of obtaining Thackeray's Works in a uniform and complete edition, and his numerous readers will doubtless be grateful. The Household Edition is everything that could be desired in the matter of cheapness and convenience; but we still hope to see the series published in library style, handsomely printed, and with Thackeray's original illustrations.

OUR friend A. Williams, of Boston, sends us a neat little work, the "Watch-Repairer's Guide," designed, says the title-page, "to assist the young beginner in taking apart, putting together, and thoroughly cleaning the English lever and other foreign watches, and all American watches." The Hand-Book will probably be of more interest to the specialist than to the general reader; but it contains a sketch of time-keepers, watch-making, and hints in selecting and taking care of a watch, which may prove valuable to any one who possesses, or desires to possess, that "bosom friend."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Papers from over the Water: A Series of Letters from Europe.* By SINCLAIR TOUSEY. New York: American News Company. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 204.

*Henry Esmond; and Lovel the Widower.* By WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 367.

*Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy.* By EDWARD A. POLLARD. Phila.: National Publishing Co. 1 vol. crown 8vo, pp. 536. *Portrait of Davis.*

*Cipher: A Romance.* By JANE G. AUSTIN. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 175.

*Married against Reason.* By MRS. SHELTON-MACKENZIE. Boston: Loring. Pamphlet, pp. 97.

*The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World. To which is now prefixed The Shabby-Genteel Story.* By WM. M. THACKERAY. Boston: 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 442.

*Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life; An Autobiography.* By JOHN NEAL. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo, pp. 431.

*Wedlock; or, The Right Relations of the Sexes.* By S. R. WELLS. New York: Samuel R. Wells. 12mo, pp. 238.

*Philip Brantley's Life Work, and How he Found it.* By M. E. M. New York: M. W. Dodd. 16mo, pp. 262.

*The Hollands.* By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Boston: Loring. 12mo, cloth, pp. 412.

*Zell's Encyclopædia, Monthly Part, No. 7, concluding with "Bestiality."* Illustrated. pp. 40.

*Love Me Little, Love Me Long.* By CHARLES READE. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 140.

*Hetty.* By HENRY KINGSLEY. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 69.

*Parser and Analyzer for Beginners, with Diagrams and Suggestive Pictures.* By FRANCIS A. MARCH. New York: Harper & Bros. 32mo, cloth, pp. 86.

## SCIENCE.

*Excavations in Herculaneum.*—Naples, May 21, 1869. In the month of March advantage was taken of the visit of his Majesty the King of Italy to Naples to carry into effect the long-cherished desire to recommence excavations in Ercolano. They had been suspended for nearly half a century, partly for the reason that the ground above was occupied by buildings or was private property, and partly from the want of money. A piece of land, however, belonging to a priest having been expropriated and purchased, in the month of March the king initiated the interesting enterprise by giving 30,000 lire out of his own private purse, and by the promise of further assistance for five years. Moreover, his majesty struck the first pick

into the earth. After hard and anxious work for two months, results are now becoming visible; and for the present I content myself with sending you a report of them, extracted from the *Pungolo*:—"The day before yesterday a large room was discovered, which must have served as a kitchen. It was provided with furniture and utensils such as in those times were used in domestic operations, and they are in many respects similar to those which are used in the present day. The most important of all was an 'Armadio' of wood, which appears to have been chestnut, remarkable for its singular construction, and which is the first that has been discovered either in Herculaneum or Pompeii. On account of the different modes in

which those two cities were buried, Herculaneum presents greater richness in the objects brought to light than Pompeii, where everything has suffered much more from humidity, or from the fall of the fragments of the roofs of the houses. In the upper part, that 'Armadio' had a secretaire, the door of which fell down by means of an ingenious arrangement, as may be seen from the hinges, which are still found in their places. Under the secretaire were some drawers, and in the lower part two small doors, which opened outwards, such as are found still in 'Armadii' used for preserving provisions. Unfortunately, as the whole was carbonized, it has been found impossible, as it was at first hoped it might have been, to preserve it. Besides this piece of furniture, so precious as illustrating the private life of that age, fourteen bronze vases, great and small, were found, but of little artistic value. A bronze candelabrum and a lucerna of the same metal are, however, of considerable value and importance. There were found also two small glass amphoræ, a small cup, also of glass, which served to hold millet-seed for birds, and some seeds of which still remain. Besides these articles were discovered various and different vases of terra-cotta, broken in many pieces, one of which contained grain; a marble statuette of Roman sculpture, representing a faun; a marble table in several pieces, and a small slate table, also broken. The site where these objects were found was precisely that in which the king struck the first blow in March last."—H. W., in the *Athenæum*.

*Our Hands.*—The human hand is so beautifully formed, it has so fine a sensibility, that sensibility governs its motions so correctly, every effort of the will is answered so instantly, as if the hand itself were the seat of that will; its actions are so free, so powerful, and yet so delicate, that it seems to possess a quality instinct in itself, and we use it as we draw our breath, unconsciously, and have lost all recollection of the feeble and ill-directed efforts of its first exercise, by which it has been perfected. In the hand are twenty-nine bones, from the mechanism of which result strength, mobility, and elasticity. On the length, strength, free lateral motion, and perfect mobility of the thumb, depend the power of the hand, its strength being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would avail nothing; and accordingly, the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the distinguished character of the human hand.

*Babylonian Discoveries.*—It is remarkable how forcibly the discoveries of science tend to establish the truth of Holy Writ; and it is also worthy of admiration how opportunely those discoveries are made for the correction of errors into which the minds of inquirers are led. These things are not accidental. They occur too frequently to be attributable to chance, or to anything but a providential interposition for the vindication of Truth. The remains of the calcined bones of victims of the un-"holy" inquisition, which were recently dug up at Madrid, assisted, through the disclosure of what intolerant priestly government is capable of, to establish that freedom of religious worship which is one of the grandest features of the Spanish revolution; and now that in our own country philosophy is verging upon infidelity, and the religion of the

Bible is likely, among some persons, to be superseded by a religion of their own making, the discovery is announced by Sir Henry Rawlinson of a close connection between the hitherto mysterious Babylonian documents in our possession and the earliest Biblical history. Not only are we on the point of learning what the Nineveh marbles disclose, from the time of Abraham downwards, but events antecedent to that long distant period are made out; and the site of the Garden of Eden itself is identified with ancient Babylon. The four rivers, of which only one, bearing the name of Euphrates, has hitherto been considered as capable of identification, are all revealed; and "Pison, that compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; Gihon, that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia; and Hiddekel, which goeth towards the east of Assyria," besides "the fourth river, which is Euphrates," are likely to be no greater mysteries than the Tagus or the Thames. The excavations at Jerusalem, upon which indomitable British enterprise and pious fervor are bestowed, brings into light the very stones upon which our Saviour trod, and are both interesting and important; but they yield to the discoveries of the records in the Babylonian documents announced by Sir Henry Rawlinson to the Royal Asiatic Society a few days ago, whereby the Book of Genesis, in its most important points, is confirmed. How long and fervently has imagination dwelt upon Eden's garden, where the first Man was placed, wishing to obtain a clue to the locality, and anxious to tread the same hallowed ground. Inquiry seemed hopeless, and employment of all resources of the human mind ended in despair of discovery ever being made; and now, suddenly, we come upon the whole truth. It is no glimmering of light; but if the statement of Sir Henry Rawlinson is to be relied upon—and so eminent an authority would not give publicity to anything that was doubtful—but a blaze of sunshine all over the wondrous ground, where trees and flowers and fruits were first planted, where creation's holy work was done—the last, best work of all, being Man, made in the image of his Maker, for its direction and enjoyment. Sir Henry Rawlinson has no doubt that those who are occupied in deciphering the strange characters, to which a key has been found, will be able to derive the whole of the history given in the Book of Genesis from the original documents; and it is not too much to expect, he says, "that almost the same facts and the same descriptions will be found in the Babylonian documents as in the Bible." He hopes very shortly to have ready a paper on the Garden of Eden, in which he proposes to show that that was the natural name of Babylon. The Deluge and the building of the Tower of Babel are "most amply illustrated" in the documents referred to. Science was once attributed to Satan, and when Geology was in an infant state, the remains discovered in the several strata of the earth were said by persons whose fears overcame their reason and their confidence in Divine wisdom, that the Evil One had placed these things where they were found, to lead the world astray. A firmer dependence upon Truth has led to marvellous confirmations of the Book of Genesis; the remains of pre-historic times being found exactly in accordance with the order of creation there recorded. There are sceptics still who seem to require a voice from Heaven to

be continually asserting the Power existing there; but surely there are voices in these things than which no utterance could be stronger, no evidence more conclusive. We need go no further than the British Museum to read the story of Sennacherib and his times, as clearly and fully told as it is in the Bible. Lieutenant Warren is developing all the features of buried Jerusalem; and now Sir Henry Rawlinson brings forward these discoveries of Mr. Smith, which will amaze the world, as they amaze all those to whose knowledge they are already brought, confirming, as they do, what is recorded in the Book of Genesis of the Creation, the Garden of Eden and its four rivers, the Tower of Babel, and the Flood. "Before Abraham was I am," is a truth which will more than ever be impressed upon the human mind.

*Balloon Experiments.*—The following letter appears in the *Athenæum*:—It will be remembered that last year an attempt was made to execute aerial trips in this metropolis, surpassing the ascents that have been made on the other side of the channel; but an accident put an end to it in the very beginning—the balloon in question having been destroyed by fire. A new one has since been constructed on the same plan, only larger and stronger, at an expense of £20,000. It ascends, weather permitting, to a height of 2,000 feet, from a vast circus, constructed of wood-work and canvas, on grounds adjoining Ashburnham House. The car is able to carry thirty persons, with 2,000lb. of ballast, and an immense guide-rope, ready to afford aid in case the cable might be broken by a sudden gust of wind. An accident of this kind—which, however, may be considered impossible—would change the captive balloon into a free one, and blow the passengers to a distance of some hundred miles in half an hour. The greatest inconvenience would be felt by the gazers below, who would possibly be cut into more than two by the fall of the big cable, which is upwards of two tons in weight. Since the balloon has been quite ready, the weather has been so unsettled that it was difficult to complete ascents without accident. A private trial trip for special scientific purposes took place on the 5th of May, when Mr. Glaisher, the great air explorer of the age, went up with Mr. You, the director of the balloon, and several other French aeronauts; the expedition, which was a tentative one, being joined by Mr. Karl Blind and a few other gentlemen. The wind pressure on that day was extraordinary, varying from 6,000 to 12,000lbs.; and the spectacle of the gyrations of the balloon, with its appendage containing a human cargo, was magnificent. The force of the wind and the strain on the cable being found so great, it was thought advisable to make a rope of descent, followed by a second attempt, when the state of the atmosphere seemed to have bettered. The balloon, going up to an altitude of 1,500 feet, deviated some 500 feet, through a strong westerly current. The meteorological observations taken were of considerable importance. On the 10th of May the wind-pressure reached to 12,400lbs, when the engines working the pulley had to go up to 4 atmospheric pressures, which gives a real traction force of 60-horse power. For the first time the weather was then clear, and the passengers were able to see, at a glance, Westminster Abbey, Kensington Museum, London Bridge, Har-

row-on-the-Hill, the Crystal Palace, etc. Small clouds coming from the west were visible on a level decidedly lower than the horizontal line of the car. I may mention here that a meteorological observatory is now in course of being established on board, which will be conducted under the honorary supervision of Mr. Glaisher. The readings will bear upon the aneroid and the mercurial barometer, the wet and the dry bulb thermometer, the blackened thermometer, and the blackened thermometer *in vacuo*. Messrs. Negretti and Zambra are constructing an anemometer for registering high level winds. Experiments will, moreover, be tried to ascertain the force of the air electricity. Professional aeronauts are being trained to the difficult art of taking readings accurately; and the best form to be given to the instruments is under the consideration of competent persons. Every reading will be entered in a book of reference, the contents of which will be computed and subjected to proper reductions and calculations. It would be useless to attempt anticipating the results of a series of observations which are just beginning, and which it requires much care and ability to conduct in a satisfactory manner. But it may be allowed to insist on the importance of experiments executed on so large a scale with so much daring. The balloon used for the purpose is the largest in existence, and has proved its capability to hold the pure hydrogen during more than fifteen days, which had hitherto been deemed an impossibility. The working of the apparatus is conducted by Mr. You, one of the aeronauts who took part in Nadar's expedition from Paris to Hanover. He is assisted by Mr. Godard, whose name is well known. The inventor and proprietor, Mr. Giffard, the patentee of the "injector," is desirous of studying the art of ballooning with a view to the application of a regular motive power, the invention of which would be the "crowning glory."—*Wilfrid de Fonvielle*.

*The Progress of the English Colonies.*—At the ordinary meeting of the Society of Arts, last night, Mr. Jno. Robinson, F. R. G. S., a member of the Legislative Council of Natal, read a paper upon this subject. Sir Geo. Grey, K.C.B., late Governor of New Zealand, was in the Chair.

He said, "I have no hesitation in expressing my honest belief that England, in her Colonies, possesses the truest and most lasting sources of national greatness, and the proudest pledges of moral and commercial pre-eminence that any land and people have yet enjoyed. I believe, moreover, that not only is this country bound, by all the solemn obligations that can bind a nation, to retain and to cherish her colonial possessions, but that it is on all accounts to her self-interest to do so. In 1851, India and the colonies were customers of the United Kingdom to the extent of 20,000,000*l.* worth of British goods, or something more than one-fourth of her whole export trade. In 1866, these possessions had increased their consumption of British manufactures threefold, and out of the exports from the United Kingdom that year, amounting in round numbers to 188,000,000*l.*, 61,000,000*l.*, or one-third, went to her dependencies. In 1858, the colonies did as much business with Great Britain as the United States, France, Germany, Turkey and Holland together. But of even



greater consequence in a national point of view than her export business is the import trade of the kingdom. The commodities she gets from her colonies are mostly raw materials, which give employment, in so many countless forms, to the laboring millions of her population and the vast capital of her manufacturers. British colonization benefits the mother country in two ways—it opens out new fields for the energy and industry of her sons, for the enterprise and wealth of her capitalists; but it also, by the extended production of raw staples, which that energy and that capital stimulate, quickens the industry of her toilers, and gives fresh and continuous vitality to her own manufacturing interests. How many hands are employed, how much capital and machinery are engaged in converting into marketable commodities the cotton, wool, flax, jute, sugar, timber, hides, spices and other staples sent to the ports of the United Kingdom from her colonial possessions. These materials are the life-blood of British commerce, and are pouring in year by year in a gradually dilating stream. In 1851 the total imports of Great Britain amounted to 142,000,000*l.*, of which only 20,000,000*l.* came from her colonies. In 1866 74,000,000*l.* were colonial shipments."

*Borneo Observations of the Eclipse of August, 1868.*—Before we take final leave of the memorable total eclipse of August, last year, we have thought it desirable to transfer to our pages the account of the appearances of the prominences, as observed at the most eastern point of observation, by his Excellency J. Pope Hennessy, the Governor of Labuan. The observations were made at Barram Point, in the island of Borneo, and we extract Hennessy's description of the protuberances which suddenly came into view on the disappearance of "Baily's beads." He says:—

"The first was about one-sixth of the sun's diameter in length, and about one twenty-fourth part of that diameter in breadth. It all appeared at the same instant, as if a veil had suddenly melted away from before it.

"It seemed to be a tower of rose-colored clouds. The color was most beautiful—more beautiful than any rose-color I ever saw; indeed, I know of no natural object or color to which it can be, with justice, compared. Though one has to describe it as rose-colored, yet, in truth, it was very different from any color or tint I ever saw before.

"This protuberance extended from the right of the upper limb, and was visible for six minutes.

"In five seconds after this was visible, a much broader and shorter protuberance appeared at the left side of the upper limb. This seemed to be composed of two united together. In color and aspect it exactly resembled the long one.

"This second protuberance gradually sank down as the sun continued to fall behind the moon, and in three minutes it had disappeared altogether.

"A few seconds after it had sunk down, there appeared at the lower corresponding limb (the right inferior corner) a similar protuberance, which grew out as the eclipse proceeded. This also seemed to be a double protuberance, and in size and shape very much resembled the second one; that is, its breadth very much exceeded its height.

"In color, however, this differed from either of the former ones. Its left edge was a bright blue, like a brilliant sapphire with light thrown upon it;

next to that was the so-called rose-color, and at the right corner a sparkling ruby tint.

"This beautiful protuberance advanced at the same rate that the sun had moved all along, when suddenly it seemed to spread towards the left, until it ran round one-fourth of the circle, making a long ridge of the rose-colored masses. As this happened the blue shade disappeared.

"In about twelve seconds the whole of this ridge vanished, and gave place to a rough edge of brilliant white light, and, in another second, the sun had burst forth again.

"In the mean time, the long, rose-colored protuberance on the upper right limb had remained visible; and, though it seemed to be sinking into the moon, it did not disappear altogether until the lower ridge had been formed, and had been visible for two seconds.

"This long protuberance was quite visible to the naked eye, but its color could not be detected, except through the telescope. To the naked eye it simply appeared as a little tower of white light standing on the dark edge of the moon.

"The lower protuberance appeared to the naked eye to be a notch of light in the dark edge of the moon—not a protuberance but an indentation.

"In shape the long protuberance resembled a goat's horn."

We can scarcely doubt that the total eclipse which will be visible in the United States of America in August of the present year, will also yield some interesting results.

*The Caspian Sea on Fire.*—A phenomenon of a most extraordinary nature has lately been witnessed by the inhabitants of the borders of the Caspian Sea. This huge salt lake is dotted with numerous islands, which produce yearly a large quantity of naphtha, and it is no uncommon occurrence for fires to break out in the works and burn for many days before they can be extinguished. Early last month, owing to some subterraneous disturbances, enormous quantities of this inflammable substance were projected from the naphtha wells, and spread over the entire surface of the water, and, becoming ignited, notwithstanding every precaution, converted the whole sea into the semblance of a gigantic flaming punch-bowl, many thousands of square miles in extent. The fire burnt itself out in about forty-eight hours, leaving the surface strewn with the dead bodies of innumerable fishes. Herodotus mentions a tradition that the same phenomenon was once before observed by the tribes inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea.

*A Girdle Round the Earth.*—Often is the practical speed of the electric current brought into conversation. A very satisfactory determination of this datum has been made in America, in connection with a measurement of the difference of longitude between San Francisco and Cambridge, Mass., a distance along the wires of 3,600 miles. Longitude is, where possible, measured by telegraph; thus: A clock accurately set by the stars is placed at each station, and each clock is made to transmit its beats through the line and mark them on a chronograph at the other station; the clock at the receiving station registering its beats upon the same chronograph. The beats thus appear side by side, and the difference between them

is the difference of longitude in time between the two places, plus the short interval occupied by the passage of the current through the wire. To find this in the special case to which I am referring, a second wire was employed, so that a circuit of 7,200 miles was completed, and signals were sent from San Francisco to Cambridge and back again, the instants of their going out and returning home being accurately recorded. The interval, the time spent by the current in traversing 7,200 miles, was eight-tenths, or just over three-quarters of a second. A single battery could not work through such a length; relays (instruments for reinforcing the current) to the number of eleven were included in the circuit; so that in three-fourths of a second the signal had to be repeated eleven times. A relay requires a small fraction of a second to do its work; not enough, however, to seriously affect this determination. At the above speed a signal would go round the world in three seconds and a half. We can beat Ariel out and out.—*Once a Week*.

*Medicine non est.*—Few men among the great authorities in the modern science of medicine are looked up to with greater respect than Claude Bernard (President de l'Académie de Médecine), and it is with dismay that invalids and Mr. Bergh will read the remarks with which he prefaced his last annual course of lectures. Mr. Buckle assures us that with the exception of mathematics and astronomy every science is still in its infancy; and now Professor Bernard brings the weight of his high authority to support the theory as regards medical science. In 1847 he said to the assembled students:—"Gentlemen, the science of medicine, which I am commissioned to teach you, does not exist." This year he repeats the same assertion, qualifying it with the hope that the data since obtained may serve as a foundation for an experimental science. But, unfortunately, vivisection is the real basis of experimental physiology. The sacrifice of superfluous cats and dogs the Professor considers a salutary and by no means inhuman process; even in the case of superannuated horses, he doubts whether they suffer more, and they certainly suffer a shorter time, under the surgeon's knife than under the cabby's whip. Still, this ardent votary of science is accessible to feelings of humanity. The cutting up of a live monkey was too much for even his hardened nerves. The poor brute acted so much like a human being, seizing his hands and uttering piteous cries, that he never attempted to repeat the experiment. He suggests that chloroform be employed to mitigate the agony of the dumb martyrs to science.

*Sir S. Baker Pasha's* force for the conquest of the Soudan will consist, we believe, of two regi-

ments of infantry, each 600 strong, one regiment of irregulars 600 strong, two regiments of cavalry, each 450 strong, two light batteries, and one heavy battery—in all a force of some 3,300 men.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

*Shipping of the Empire.*—The annual returns relating to shipping have been presented to the House of Commons, on the motion this session of Mr. Stevenson. They show that at the end of the year 1868 there stood registered at ports of the United Kingdom and Channel Islands 25,500 sailing vessels of 4,878,233 tons, and 2,944 steam vessels of 902,297 tons; and in the British possessions 11,370 sailing vessels of 1,380,991 tons, and 523 steam vessels of 74,604 tons; making in the whole 36,870 sailing vessels of 6,259,224 tons, and 3,467 steam vessels of 976,901 tons. If we go back to 1859, as a date sufficiently distant to show the progress of shipping, we find at the end of that year registered at ports of the United Kingdom and Channel Islands 25,784 sailing vessels of 4,226,355 tons, and 1,918 steam vessels of 436,836 tons; and in the British possessions 10,177 sailing vessels of 961,283 tons, and 321 steam vessels of 35,928 tons; making in the whole 35,961 sailing vessels of 5,187,638 tons, and 2,239 steam vessels of 472,764 tons. The grand totals are these:—In 1858, 38,200 vessels of 5,660,420 tons; and in 1868, 40,337 vessels of 7,236,125 tons.

*Indian Statistics.*—A number of the "Annals of Indian Administration" for 1867-1868 has just been received from India. It appears that out of more than 150,000,000 inhabitants of the country under direct British dominion, 110,000,000 are Hindoos, 25,000,000 Mussulmans (a much smaller proportion than was popularly supposed); while 12,000,000 belong to those strange tribes who descend from the occupiers of India before the Aryan immigration (as it is now called) took place, primeval men, who lived and worshipped before the great religions of our days had their origin. There are also 4,000,000 of Buddhists and a few Jews and Parsees. The Roman Catholics claim 640,000 native adherents; these are chiefly found in the extreme south of the Peninsula, and descend from the ancient community known as the Christians of St. Thomas. The Protestant missionaries estimated the numbers attached to their persuasion at 213,000 in 1862; but the total is thought to have greatly augmented since the date of that estimate, chiefly by conversion among the aboriginal tribes in remote parts of India and in Burmah. The Christians of European and mixed origin are estimated at about 240,000.

#### ART.

*Some New Chromos.*—Mr. H. A. Ferguson, of New York, has painted a series of "Views of Central Park," which Messrs. L. Prang & Co. have just reproduced in chromo-lithograph.

The views are six in number, representing familiar and conspicuous features, and display the Park in all the wealth and luxuriance of its sum-

mer drapery, and, with one exception, in the glowing splendor of the mid-day sun. The ivy-clad bridge, which forms the portal to the grotto; the beautiful waterfall of the larger lake; the bridge of flowers; the sheep-walk of the upper park, with a glimpse of the city in the distance; the terrace of the Pall Mall, seen from the water; and

the rustic lodge, glowing in the sunset, will summon up pleasant memories to those familiar with the scenes, while to those who, "not having seen, believe," they will give at least partial glimpses of what, in spite of its miles of architecture, is the glory of our city.

Not having seen the originals, we are unable to speak critically of the relative merit of the copies, but the chromos are so well, and even delicately executed, and the pictures are so charming in themselves, that their value seems to us altogether independent of the method of production. The views are small but well conceived, and, so to speak, spacious, and are a fair specimen of miniature landscape art.

We have already had occasion several times to bear testimony to the importance and influence of the art which Messrs. Prang & Co. have popularized in this country, and the results which we predicted of it months ago have been fully justified by the facts. If we mistake not, the names of our artists and a knowledge of their works have become by this means disseminated among classes upon whom the luminary of High Art never shone, and what even the most captious must concede to be intelligible pictures have superseded in a great measure the wretched "gravings" and "pictures" of our pre-lithographic days.

Chromo-lithography, besides its own direct influence, has created a literature which has been a powerful agent in popularizing art, and the effects which were apprehended at its advent—that it would destroy the occupation of our minor artists and art-students—has been altogether disproved by experience. Whatever spreads knowledge and improved standards among the masses can never be prejudicial to the true interests of art, for there is no law in education and in taste more fundamental than that of perpetual progression—that the initiation of small improvements culminates naturally and necessarily in the larger. The buyer of chromos to-day will—pre-supposing the pocket-book—patronize the studios to-morrow.

That chromos should merely develop a taste which they could themselves satisfy—that they should prove the end and not the means—is what none of us desire, but the same may be said of any art, except the very highest. The logical result of the principles propounded by some of the censors who have so strenuously denounced chromo-lithography, would be the exclusion from the practice of their art of four-fifths of the very class of artists in whose interests the denunciations were professedly made. It would be just as fatal to the interests of art if the end of art-culture were the furnishing of occupation to "our minor artists" as if that end were chromo-lithography itself. The chromos of Prang & Co. are immeasurably the best pictures which can be procured for a small sum of money, and this alone is their sufficient *raison d'être*.

*The Marquis Gualtiero*, of the Italian Ministry, has commenced excavations upon his estate near Orvieto, and is already rewarded by the discovery of a number of terra-cotta vases, with reliefs in a high style of art. The most of them represent the labors of Hercules, and the place where they were found is conjectured to have been a place of burial for priests officiating in a temple dedicated to that demigod.—*Putnam's Magazine*.

*Bradford*, the artist, has accompanied Dr. Hayes in his preliminary voyage this summer to the polar seas. He is accompanied by a competent photographer, and proposes to study the peculiar aspects of nature in the Arctic regions, for future use. It is a grand field for pictorial representation, and as yet comparatively unexplored by the painters.

*There is to be an International Art Exhibition at Munich*, and, from the announcements on contributions, it will doubtless be a success. It is expected to include all the most noted works of art produced in Europe during the past ten years, and has received the active support of every government in Europe, except those of England and Austria. How will American art be represented?

*Mr. Healy*, of Cincinnati, now residing in Rome, is said to be at work on a group of the American artists in that city, either as permanent residents or casual visitors. The group will include Church, Gifford, Bierstadt, Launt Thompson, McEntee, and several other well-known artists of New York, now in Rome.

*Since the accession of Napoleon III.* the objects of art in the national galleries of France have increased 45,000. The capital being unable to find room for them, the Emperor proposes to establish galleries in other cities, and has already sent a supply of paintings to Lyons.

*The centenary of Napoleon Bonaparte* is to be celebrated on August 15th. Among the features of the occasion will be the erection upon the Arc de Triomphe, in Paris, of a group representing "the Apotheosis of the Founder of the Napoleonic Dynasty."

*Excavations at Herculaneum* still continue. Among the latest discoveries is a kitchen, with many household utensils, in a good state of preservation. Also a wooden clothes press, entirely carbonized.

*Hans Makart*, the painter of the celebrated picture "The Plague in Florence," has settled permanently in Vienna, where the Emperor has presented him with a studio.

*A new full-length portrait of Beethoven*, said to be an admirable likeness, has been recently discovered in Germany. Copies of it will be made by Alberts' new photographic method.

*General Prim* has caused some amusement in Madrid by refusing a picture, because the artist had failed to represent him in cocked hat and feathers.

#### VARIETIES.

*A Promising Life Insurance Company*.—It is rather amusing to read the premises on which the circulars of Insurance Companies base their logic, as it is to read the logic itself. Thus it is dis-

covered that life is uncertain, and the obvious deduction is Insure your life. And the Utilitarian ethics is relieved of all its complexity by the simple expedient of a *Life Policy*. "Its posses-

sion gives rest and quietness to the mind," "tranquillity of mind gives strength of body," and both together make "life a blessing" and secure its chief end, Happiness.

But it does not require such reasoning to prove the advantages of Life Insurance, and the beneficent results which have accrued to it. It is one of the greatest triumphs which civilization has achieved over the increasing complexities which itself has introduced into human life, and should alone go far to make us trust with the theologians that even evil is self-rectifying.

Of the astonishing development of Life Insurance it is unnecessary for us to speak; but we desire to invite the attention of our readers to the National Life Insurance Company of New York, and to recommend it to those who desire to make such provision against contingencies. This Company is only four years old, but the character of its managers and the special advantages which it offers have already placed it among companies of the first rank. The statement just published for the first half of 1869, shows a most promising development of its business:—

Policies issued in 1868.....	1,321
" " " 1869..to July..	1,251
Increase in Policies of 90 per cent.	
Assets, Jan. 1st, 1869.....	\$438,247.97
" July, 1st, " over	500,000.00

This statement shows an unparalleled rate of increase, and we can of our personal knowledge recommend the Company as safe, liberal in its management, and offering special advantages to insurers, prominent among which is the non-forfeiture of policies, on the principle of the non-forfeiture law of Massachusetts.

This is an advantage of the very first importance—the only plan which has yet been devised to protect the man of moderate means in case of those temporary embarrassments which are frequently inevitable.

*Big London.*—The area of London is about 78,000 acres, or nearly 122 square miles. This, it should be understood, is London as defined by the Registrar-General, including Hampstead, Kentish-town and Stoke Newington on the north; Wandsworth, Norwood and Sydenham on the south; Bow, Poplar and Greenwich on the east; and Kensington, Hammersmith and Fulham on the west. On this area, including these suburbs, stand over 400,000 inhabited houses, with an average of nearly eight persons to a house, giving a mean density of 40 persons to each acre. It is now nearly eight years since the last census, and we are dependent upon the estimates for forming an idea of the present population of London. The estimates, based upon the rate of increase which prevailed between 1841–61, gives 3,126,635 as the number of inhabitants of this large area in the middle of 1868. The county-rate assessment of 1866 placed the annual value of property in London at £15,261,999. The Registrar-General informs us that the population of London resides at a mean elevation of 39 feet above Trinity high-water mark. The elevation of London varies from 11 feet below high-water mark, in Plumstead Marshes, to 429 feet above high-water mark, in Hampstead. On the north side of the Thames, Fulham, Pimlico, Westminster and the Isle of Dogs are below high-water mark; on the south side, Battersea, Ken-

sington, Camberwell, Bermondsey and Rotherhithe. After Hampstead, the most considerable elevations within the limits of London are Shooter's Hill and Sydenham Hill, respectively 411 feet and 360 feet above high-water mark.—*Builder*.

*Indian Ruins.*—The remains of Bejjapoor are interesting in a high degree. One is astonished, after travelling for sixty miles through a region where trees are few and men still fewer, where the abodes of men are wretched villages of clay-houses, and even these few and far between, to come upon this skeleton of a city, where an area of five or six square miles is covered with remains of magnificent edifices, and where imposing domes and graceful minarets meet the eye in whatever direction you turn. In what is called the Bungy's Mahal (built by an enriched bungy or sweeper), we puzzled ourselves in vain to ascertain how some fifty or more beautifully-wrought and massive stones could hang horizontally over the head without any visible support. A day before reaching this, at a village called Hortee, we saw in an old Hindoo temple stones suspended horizontally over the head and bound together by an adaptation of a principle of the arch, the central stone being broader at the top, or else inserted into the contiguous ones by a kind of articulation. Something like this is probably the secret of the Mahal above mentioned. The architects of Bejjapoor seem to have vied with each other who could fly farthest in stone. The Jumma Musjid is a magnificent affair and in remarkably good preservation, but the grandest edifices are the mausoleums. The finest of all of them is the Golgoormurt, whose dome about equals in diameter that of St. Peter's; but it is not, however, a place of worship, but of sepulture; the sovereign who built it wished to live in the recollection of men, and therefore erected for his mausoleum a palace that would stand for centuries and command the admiration of men of distant generations.—*Asiatic*.

*Richardson the Novelist.*—The last few years of Richardson's life were spent in comparative ease and leisure. He had made his business great and flourishing, and, with a natural regret, lamented that he had no son to leave it to. He had been long subject to infirmities which are vaguely described as nervous disorders—one of which was a shaking hand, which made him unable to write. These weaknesses increased with age, and in the year 1761, when he had attained the age of 72, a stroke of apoplexy put an end to his blameless homely life. He left four daughters behind him, all that remained of his family, and a reputation quite unique in history. It seems needless to repeat the description of an anomaly so well known and fully acknowledged. He was a respectable tradesman, distinguished by no aspirations (so far as is apparent) beyond his peers; a good printer, entering with all his heart into his business; a comfortable soul, fond of his fireside and his slippers, and his garden and all homely pleasures; never owing a guinea nor transgressing a rule of morality; and yet so much a poet that he has added at least one character to the inheritance of the world, of which Shakspeare need not have been ashamed—the most celestial thing, the highest imaginative effort, of his generation. Nothing can be more unlike Richardson than *Clarissa*, and yet

without Richardson Clarissa had not been.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

*The Big Trees in California.*—It is five miles to the grove of big trees, though there are trees all around us which would be called big in the East. We climb the hill, our horses all the way plunging their hoofs into granulated granite, hardly enough decomposed to be classed as soil. A few minutes' ride down the south-western slope of the hill and we are among the monarchs of the forest. They do not seem to be at first sight very much larger than the surrounding pines, and it is only by measurement and comparison that we can comprehend their magnitude. The great elm on Boston Common is between six and seven feet in diameter, but here are six hundred trees, the smallest of which is twelve feet in diameter, and the largest thirty-three! The measurements which give these diameters are taken one yard from the ground. Ten feet up they have diminished about one-third, but above that hold their dimensions to a great height. One which fell many years ago, from which the bark has crumbled, is now thirty-three feet in diameter, and you can walk two hundred and fifty feet along that portion of the trunk which has not yet decayed. Sit down and look at the monster, the "grizzly giant." It is ninety feet up to the first limb, which is six feet and four inches in diameter! A limb, one hundred and thirty feet from the ground, has been broken off thirty feet from the body of the tree, and the fallen portion lies before us on the ground, eleven feet in circumference, or nearly four feet in diameter! There are thirteen of us in our party, and we all ride into the burned cavity of one tree still standing, and sit there upon our horses, with room for six or eight more! We ride through the hollow trunk of another fallen tree thirty feet, as if it were a section of the Thames Tunnel, or of a tubular railway bridge.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

*Proportion of the Feet to the Body.*—M. Bonomi has been measuring the Venus de Medici. He finds that, allowance being made for her position, her height is about 5ft. 2in. (the actual height of the statue is 4ft. 11in.), while the foot is exactly 9in. long, rather more than 1-7th of the whole height. This does not quite agree with Vitruvius, who gives 1-6th of the height as the proper length of the foot; but it agrees with the measurements of all the best statues. The greatest width of the foot is 3 in.—i.e., 1-18th of the height. Here, then, says M. Bonomi, we have a rule for shoemakers and for shoe-wearers. Any lady who compresses her foot below these dimensions is not only giving herself pain, but is putting herself "out of proportion."

*The Gentleman's Magazine* describes a new English patent for relief-printing by photography. A drawing is made in line or stipple, and a negative photograph is taken from it. This is used to print, photographically, upon a well-known film of gelatine mixed with a chromic salt, which gives an impression with the whites of the picture in intaglio and the lines in relief. A plaster cast is taken from this matrix, and a type-metal cast from the plaster. This last is touched up, if neces-

sary, and mounted, like a stereotype, for printing. A manifest advantage of the method is, that it allows the block to be produced upon any scale relatively to the original drawing.

The first specimens produced are said to have had the wiriness of an etching, wanting the tone of a wood engraving.

*Austrian Nationalities.*—A statistical work, just published in Austria, fixes in the following proportions the nationality of the populations in that empire: 8,782,000 Germans; 6,521,400 Cthecks, Moravians, and Slaves; 2,380,000 Poles; 2,985,000 Ruthenians; 1,203,600 Slovans; 5,400,800 Magyars; 2,916,000 Croatsians or Servians; 2,884,000 Roumanians; 1,121,000 Jews; 589,100 Italians; 152,800 Zingari; 53,800 Bulgarians, Armenians, Greeks, &c. That country contains 26,600,000 Catholics, 3,100,000 Greeks, 2,400,000 Protestants, and about a million of Jews; the remainder consists of Armenians, Unitarians, Mahometans, and members of various other creeds. The soil of Austria produces yearly, on an average, 518 millions of bushels of grain of all kinds; 203 millions of bushels of potatoes; two millions of tons of beet-root, and 240 millions of gallons of wine.

*Dutch Education.*—Mr. Motley, in speaking of the palmiest days of the Dutch republic, towards the end of his last volume says: "In proportion to their numbers they were more productive of wealth than any other nation then existing. An excellent reason why the people were so well governed, so productive, and so enterprising, was the simple fact that they were an educated people. There was hardly a Netherlander—man, woman, or child—who could not read and write. The school was the common property of the people, paid for among the municipal expenses. In the cities, as well as in the rural districts, there were not only common schools but classical schools. In the burgher families it was rare to find boys who had not been taught Latin or girls unacquainted with French. Capacity to write and speak several modern languages was very common, and there were many individuals in every city, neither professors nor pedants, who had made remarkable progress in science and classical literature."

*A Learned Peasant.*—Not long ago a Russian peasant entered the house of a publisher of St. Petersburg, and asked him for employment. The publisher thought he wanted a place to do manual labor. To his great surprise, however, he learned that the peasant, on the contrary, desired employment as translator from the English, French, German, Spanish and Italian. He said his name was Ivan Pronin, and he lived in the district of Jaroslavi, where he owned a hut and a small piece of ground. All the above-mentioned languages he had learned from grammars and dictionaries. An examination showed that he was able to translate the most difficult passages in a very pure and fluent style. The publisher engaged him immediately to translate an English philosophical work. The most curious feature about this learned peasant is, that he works all day in the field, and devotes only his leisure hours in the evening to literary employment.—*Court Journal.*







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MARSHAL SERRANO.  
(REBEL OF SPAIN.)

